

THE SONG OF

U-RI-ON-TAH



Prescription of
from an Indian

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S. E. Bravender -

From his Indian Friend

Soek-ar-da-no-mah

Said of the On-on-da-gas.

on Christmas 1899



DUSKY U-RI-ON-TAH.

THE
Song of U-ri-on-tah;

OR, THE
Secret History of the Oom-paugh
and the Bee-ess.

BY
URIAH CUMMINGS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

L. E. BARTLETT.

1900.
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URIAH CUMMINGS

TO THE IMMORTALS
OF THE
O. O. T. T. AND THE WA-KON-TEE-PEE
THIS SOUVENIR IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

"In a subtle system of cosmogony and creative effort, in which occurring divinities are recognized as having either performed a part, or as having by antagonistic powers disturbed the work after it was completed, the whole universe (earth, planets and sky) is regarded indeed as animated, either in part or symbolically.

"Each class of creation is believed to have its representative deities, who have eyes and ears open to everything that exists, transpires or is uttered. Viewed in this light; winds have voices, the leaves of the trees utter a language; and even the earth is animated by a host of spirits who have an influence on the affairs of men. Hence many of their chants and songs, accompanied with music, have allusions to this wide and boundless theory of created matter.

"In short, it may be affirmed that the American Indians believe that every element is a part of the creative God. Whenever Indian sentiment is expressed, there is a tendency to the pensive, the reminiscent. It may be questioned whether hope is an ingredient of the Indian mind. All the tendency of reflection is directed toward the past. He is a man of reminiscences rather than anticipation. Intellectualization has seldom enough influence to prevail over the present, and still more rarely over the future.

"The consequence is that, whenever the Indian relaxes his sternness and insensibility to external objects, and softens into feeling and sentiment, the mind is surrounded by fears of evil and despondency. To lament and not to hope, is its characteristic feature."—*Schoolcraft*.

ACCEPTING this authoritative delineation of the chief traits in the life and character of the Ameri-

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can Indian, the reader will readily concede the authenticity of the scenes and incidents so meagerly portrayed in the Song of U-ri-on-tah.

In regard to the measure which has been adopted, the Dusky Chieftain does not feel it obligatory on him to offer apologies to the distinguished author of the "Song of Hi-a-wa-tha," as the measure is distinctively Finnish in its character.

The "Kal-e-va-la," the epic poem chanted by the native bards of Finland, the meter of which was adopted by Longfellow, and by him accredited to the "Kal-e-va-la," dates so far back into the centuries as to be lost in antiquity. Its history has been traced back three thousand years.

Therefore we do not anticipate that the Finlanders will accuse us of plagiarism; much less, then, should it be thought that we are poaching on the Longfellow preserves.

The Dusky Chieftain desires to express his appreciation of the sympathy which, on many occasions, has been eloquently rendered by the four illustrious Chieftains who are so intimately associated with him in the Song of U-ri-on-tah.

While deeply conscious of his inability to clothe the various scenes and incidents with language at all commensurate with their importance, the Dusky

PREFACE.

Chief feels assured that the Warriors will prize most highly the solid and enduring fact that, in so far as the historical portion of the Song is concerned, truthfulness has at every point been vigorously maintained.

Therefore, whatever may be offered in criticism of its literary merits, the fact that nothing has been overdrawn will ever remain a well-spring of pleasure.

In writing the music, the Dusky Chieftain simply followed where the words of the Song led him. The music, then, is but the record of the sound and meaning of the words as the latter fell from his pen.

And in the days to come, should the Great Chiefs derive pleasure in singing these Songs when seated around their Council-fires, they may know that they are drawing nigh to

THE DUSKY U-RI-ON-TAH.

RUTHVEN, 1900.

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THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

The Song of U-ri-on-tah

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—YOUTH—MARRIAGE.

DIMLY seen through mist and vapors,
Darkly outlined 'gainst the heavens,
Rising sheer above the waters
With the purple clouds about it,
Stands an awe-inspiring mountain.



At the foot of this grim giant,
Pressing close upon the foot-hills,
Lies a weird and mystic forest;
And a sea of restless waters,
Reaching far beyond the vision,
Dances in among the ledges,
Round the lonely forest edges.

When the sun comes climbing upward,
Up from out the sea of waters,
Then the mountain and the forest
Glow and smile in gladsome pleasure.

Glint of sunshine through the branches
Lighteth up the slumbering forest—
Sunlight on the rugged mountain,
Sunlight sparkling on the waters,
Sunlight bathing all the landscape
In its wild, entrancing beauty.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.



In the days when Nature bended
All her efforts toward the building
Of the green earth and the waters,
It was here she sat and rested,
Thinking how to mold a feature
To enhance its wondrous beauty.

Long she gazed upon the picture,
Then she rose, with hands uplifted,
And a sigh escaped her bosom,
For she saw no imperfection
In her work, and thus she left it,
To return whenever weary.
It was thus this scene of beauty
Soon became the home of Nature.

Now the wind comes gently murmuring,
Through the deep, dark forest sighing;
White-caps dance upon the billows,
On the broad Atlantic tossing,
And the surf is sadly moaning
Near the borders of the forest.

Then the wind grows strong and stronger,
Wildly waving wondering woodland,
Shrieking shrill through cragged cañon,
Roaring loud upon the mountain.

Clouds come crowding close, concealing
Forks of lightning, half revealing
Scenes of terror; tree-tops reeling
Startle song-birds mute appealing,
And the wild beasts skulking, stealing
To their caverns, crazed from feeling



Their hot life-blood fast congealing.

Over all the scene appalling,
Giant trees are swaying, falling,
Crashing one upon another,
Calling loud for help from brother.

See the mighty billows heaving,
Mountain-top the black sky cleaving,
Forest mourning its bereaving,
Bending low, the blast receiving.

Now the foaming sea is toiling
Through the forest, seething, boiling,
Rolling inland toward the mountain,
At its foot-hills moaning, sobbing,
While the mountain's heart is throbbing,
As he speaks to his beloved :

“ Hush, my dear one, why this sadness?
Soon thine heart shall thrill with gladness;
Proud wilt thou be as his mother;
Proud shall I be as his father.
Shouldst thou leave him on retiring,
He will dwell within the forest.
Thou wilt nurse him at the border
Of the mystic forest yonder,
While I guard his every footstep,
From my lofty summit watching.
When the sun shines on my forehead
I will call to thee each morning,
And together we will guard him,
Night and day will we watch o'er him.

“ Go, my love, to thine own chamber,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Slow retiring through the forest,
Leaving there our choicest treasure.
See! the storm is now fast breaking;
Soon thine heart will cease from aching."

Now the sea with sad awaking
Leaves her lord, her heart nigh breaking,
Backward through the forest making
Slow retreat, yet still retreating.
She is weary of repeating
All her sorrows to the forest;
Rests she now a moment, halting,
While the mountain, proud, exultant,
In the presence of its loved one
Murmurs soft while she is resting.
Mighty monarchs of the forest
Hover o'er with arms extended,
Waiting for the sea's awaking.

Hail! all hail the forest singing,
And the mountain echoes ringing
Back across the sea are flinging
Wildest music, gladness bringing,
Filling all the air with music.
Every note of sorrow silenced,
Tree-tops whisper to each other,
And they nod their glad approval,
As they welcome their new brother.

Sing, O sing, ye wild-wood songsters!
See the sunlight glistening brightly
On the forehead of the mountain;
See him smiling o'er the forest,



"RIDE ALOFT ON TOPMOST BREAKERS."

See him greeting his loved mistress.
And the sea responsive, gladly
Joins the chorus, singing madly,
Mountain, sea, and forest voicing
In a loud and wild rejoicing.

Thus was born this child of Nature,
With the mountain for his father,
And the sea his loving mother.
Trees and rocks each call him brother,
While the wild birds and the flowers
And the nymphs in woodland bowers
Each and all are his sweet sisters.
Thus was born this child of Nature,
Thus was born the wild Mo-he-gan,
Thus was born the U-ri-on-tah.

Strong of limb and tall of stature
Grew this youth, whose shoulders broadened
While he trod his forest proudly.
Fleet of foot he climbed the mountain,
Chased the deer through cragged cañon,
Faced the panther single-handed,
Tamed the wild beasts in the forest.

When his mother sea was raging
He would plunge beneath her billows,
Ride aloft on topmost breakers,
Singing wild his wildest anthems.

Thus grew up this child of Nature,
Thus grew up the brave Mo-he-gan,
Thus grew up the U-ri-on-tah.

In the flush of early manhood,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

In the spring-time in the forest,
In the foot-hills near his father
Builted he a costly wigwam ;
Hung about in wild profusion
Were the skins of bear and panther,
On his couch the furs of otter.

At his wigwam stands the Chieftain
Gazing down upon the forest,
While beyond he sees his mother,
Placid in the bright, warm sunshine,
Wistful gazing on her offspring ;
While around about his wigwam
Song-birds trill their joyous music,
Filling all the air with gladness.

Nymphs and fairies guard the wigwam,
Guard the home of U-ri-on-tah.

Wild bees humming o'er the flowers,
Water laughing in the brooklet,
Eagles perched on lofty summit,
Gazing down upon the Chieftain,
Scream with joy and hail with pleasure
Their loved brother U-ri-on-tah.

See ! he wears their own bright feathers
In a circle round his forehead ;
At his back his bow and quiver.
Now he glances toward the summit,
And he waves his hand above him,
Smiles return to his dear eagles,
Who in turn again are gladly
Screaming forth their wildest rapture



From the peaks of Mon-to-we-se.

Now the mountain bathed in sunlight
Gazes down on U-ri-on-tah,
Gazes long upon his features :

“In thine heart, my Dusky Chieftain,
Where I thought was naught but gladness
I discover signs of sadness.

Whence comes now this look of anguish?
Can it be that thou shouldst languish,
O, my son, my U-ri-on-tah?

Banish thou thy thoughts of sorrow,
Come and visit me to-morrow.

“See! thy mother now is moaning,
Watchful, anxious, yet condoning
All thy faults, yes, every failing,
While her sad heart is bewailing
Lest some dreadful fate befall thee.
Even now she seeks to call thee;
Banish all thy thoughts of sorrow,
Come and visit me to-morrow.”

Left alone is U-ri-on-tah,
Standing still before his wigwam,
With the silent evening coming
As the wild bees cease from humming,
While the pale moon, softly creeping
Up from out the sea, is peeping.
Silvery moon-glade track is gleaming,
Over all the moon is beaming,
Lighting up the mystic forest;
Casting shadows o'er the wigwam,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Flooding now the lofty mountain,
Sparkling o'er the sweet Co-i-o
Of the brooklet, leaping, dancing,
On its way to join the waters
Of Quin-nip-i-ac the tranquil.

Now the nightingale is singing,
Singing softly, gently swinging,
In the topmost branches clinging,
Pouring out his sweetest music
In the ear of U-ri-on-tah.

But in silence sat the Chieftain,
Low his head bent on his bosom,
Closed his eyes, but not in slumber,
Friends around him without number,
Yet his heart was sad and weary,
For his life was dull and dreary;
Yet he knew naught of the longing
In his heart, or thoughts that thronging
Through his brain were aught but fleeting
Shadows banished ere the greeting.
He would rise up in the morning,
Sorrows of the night then scorning,
In the chase forget his sadness
Ere it drive him on to madness.

Midnight now is fast advancing,
Fleecy clouds like spirits dancing,
High o'erhead the moon entrancing,
And the twinkling stars enhancing
All the beauty now surrounding
U-ri-on-tah by his wigwam.

BIRTH—YOUTH—MARRIAGE.

Now uprose the silent Chieftain,
And his eyes were red with weeping.
Yet no longer silence keeping,
Casts aside his feathery helmet,
Casts aside his bow and quiver,
Casts aside his graven gorgets,
Bares his bosom to the night air,
Mounts the rock-cliff near his wigwam,
Groaning loud in mental anguish:

“Hear me, O thou Ha-wea-ne-o,
Hear the wail of U-ri-on-tah!
What are all these earthly treasures,
What are all these fleeting pleasures,
While my soul is rent with anguish?
Day by day I faint and languish
For a sharer of my wigwam.

“I am lonely beyond measure;
Canst thou send me some sweet treasure—
One to whom 'twill be my pleasure
To enslave myself forever;
One who born of sea and mountain
Shall sit down by my own fountain,
Answer back the song of wild birds
With a voice both low and thrilling,
Whose sweet notes the forest filling,
All the livelong day thus singing,
Gladness to my heart thus bringing,
To the heart of U-ri-on-tah?”

Now the moon is slowly sinking;
To the westward o'er the cañon



Slow she sinks behind the sharp peaks
Of the red cliffs overhanging
High in air above the cañon,
Casting shadows down the chasm.

Darkness gathers o'er the forest,
And the nightingale is silent
While the dew drops are gently falling.
Stillness reigns, save now the moaning
Of the surf with stifled groaning
On the beach beyond the forest.

Sobbing sea's sad, soulful sorrow,
Wailing, woeful, wistful, waiting
For a sign from her beloved,
Standing still among the foot-hills,
Moving not since first ascending
On the rock-cliff near his wigwam.

Now his locks are wet with dew-fall;
In his eyes strange scenes seem shifting,
Pictures of the forest gleam there.

Now the sea with billows tossing
Floats beneath his dreamy eyelids.
Deep and deeper glow the night-fires
In his eyes now radiant, shining,
For the spirit is entwining
Happy thoughts around his heart-strings,
Leads him gently to his wigwam,
Speaking softly words of comfort
To the heart of U-ri-on-tah:

"Close thine eyes, my Dusky Chieftain,
Sweetly rest until the morning.

In the gray of early dawning,
When the sun is struggling upward
From its bed beneath the waters,
When it first shall bathe the mountain
With its golden streams of radiance,
Hasten downward through the forest,
Seek the blessing of thy mother,
Plunge beneath her purple waters,
Cleanse thyself from all defiling;
Then return and in thy wigwam
Dress thyself in brightest colors,
Paint thyself with choicest pigments,
Round thy head bright feathers fasten,
Down thy legs let spangles glisten;
Moccasins of finest buckskin
Thou wilt need on this strange journey;
From thy skirts let fox-tails dangle,
O'er thy shoulder hang thy quiver,
On thy breast place sea-shell gorgets,
In thy belt thy Tum-na-he-gan,
And, the bow thy left hand grasping,
Stand thou forth, my Dusky Chieftain;
Then make haste to seek thy father
Who is waiting for thy coming."

Thus the Chieftain sinks to slumber,
With the spirit voice still murmuring
In his ear to soothe the tumult.
Dithyrambic in his bosom.

Then at last the Chieftain dreameth;
Wondrous fancies now are flitting



Through his brain in quick succession ;
He is wandering over mountains
Toward an object far beyond him,
Which is drawing him still onward,
Yet eludes his every effort
To embrace and hold beside him.
Thus the night wore on till morning
Dawned upon the restive Chieftain.

Now the sun is climbing upward,
Tipping all the hills in crimson,
Smiling o'er the dark-green forest,
Drying up the dews of evening,
Flooding all the glorious landscape,
While the purple clouds of morning
Cast their shadows on the waters,
Which are blue, or green, or purple
As the light may fall upon them.
Thus the ever-changing ocean.
Here the sea-gulls skim the surface,
Whirl and turn and greet each other
With a wild, uncanny screaming ;
There the huge and clumsy porpoise
Raise their brown and dusky bodies
Up from out the world of waters,
Then as quickly plunge beneath them,
Rising, plunging, always moving,
Till at last they glide unnoticed
Far beyond the dark horizon,
Where the wild storm-petrel lingers.

"Where is now the U-ri-on-tah?"



BIRTH—YOUTH—MARRIAGE.

Birds, and trees, and rocks are asking.
They have missed him from his wigwam.
Glancing quickly toward the mountain,
They behold the Dusky Chieftain,
Hastening upward near the cloud-line,
Fleet of foot still pressing onward,
Till at last fast disappearing
'Mong the clouds the brave, unfearing
U-ri-on-tah presses upward.

Above the clouds the rock-ribbed mountain,
Cold, calm, cliff-crowned, cragged, capping,
Glow in sunlight bright and glorious.
Spires and peaks here pointing upward,
Radiant in the dazzling sunlight,
Pierce the sky beyond the vision.
'Mid the cliffs the U-ri-on-tah
Calls aloud to his dear father:

“Thou didst ask me to come hither;
I am come upon the mountain.
If my visit is not timely
I will turn and seek my wigwam.”

Soft and low the father speaketh:
“Welcome thou, my U-ri-on-tah,
Bathe thy feet in this clear fountain,
Rest awhile, sit thou and listen,
For thy coming is most timely.

“Turn thine eyes upon the westward,
Let thy gaze be long and steadfast
'Mid the peaks on distant mountains.
Far away and yet still farther,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.



'Gainst the sky's remotest border,
Shining in the sun like silver,
Grandly stands my mountain brother.
'Tis a land of many wonders;
Shade thine eyes and gaze steadfastly,
Then wilt thou behold more clearly
That for which thy heart is longing."

Rises now the U-ri-on-tah,
Shading well his eyes from sunlight;
Like a statue stands he gazing
Over miles of lesser mountains
To the tall and lofty monarch
Whom the father called his brother;
And at last his eyes were fastened
On a gently moving being.
Slow it climbs a mountain pathway,
Halting here among the flowers
Growing wild along its borders.
Bending low, it plucks a flower;
Rising then and gazing eastward
Holds aloft the single blossom.

Now transfixed is U-ri-on-tah,
For the being casts the flower
Toward the pale and breathless Chieftain.

Wildly now the wistful Warrior
Waves his hand, still anxious, watching,
While the being on the mountain
Waves its hand in recognition.

Rapturous joy now fills the bosom
Of the Dusky U-ri-on-tah.

Standing thus, he calls his father :

“What is that I am beholding
On the side of yonder mountain?
Surely it must be a spirit,
Spirit of the wondrous mountain,
Yet it answers to my signal,
And my heart is beating wildly.
Canst thou tell me, O my father,
Tell me, is it not a spirit?
See! its hand is gently waving,
And my heart is madly craving
To be near this wondrous creature.”

Now the loving father speaketh
Gently to the Dusky Chieftain :

“Calm thine heart, my U-ri-on-tah,
While I tell thee why I called thee
Thus to visit me this morning.

“Back, behind yon lofty mountain
Dwells a noble tribe of red-men;
They are counted by the thousands,
They are brave, and proud, and haughty.
Far beyond this tribe of red-men
Dwells the wicked, crafty pale-face
Who make war upon the red-men.

“This young creature 'mid the flowers
Is the daughter of yon mountain;
She is called an Indian Princess;
I have brought thee forth to seek her,
Now prepare to make the journey.

“Thou wilt meet with many dangers

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Climbing o'er those rugged mountains
Lying in the path before thee,
And through many tangled forests
Must thou wander on this journey.
Through the deep and narrow cañons
Thou shalt struggle, tired and lonely,
Wild beasts will beset thy pathway,
Yet thy heart will never falter;
Night and day pursue thy journey.

“When thou comest to the mountain
And art climbing up the foot-hills,
Thou wilt see the Indian Princess
Far above among the flowers,
Waiting there to greet thy coming.
Win the heart of this fair maiden,
And returning bring her with thee.
I will greet thee on returning,
Fare thee well, my U-ri-on-tah!”

With a heart of joy the Chieftain
Bounds away with speed of wild deer,
Plunging headlong down the mountain,
Rushing wild through mighty chasms,
Dashing through the tangled forests,
Leaping over mountain torrents,
Pressing onward, ever westward
Toward the sun, now slow descending.

And as darkness gathered round him,
Far away his mountain father,
Far away the sea, his mother,
Far away the Indian maiden.

Now the half-moon, softly shining,
Cheers the Chieftain on his journey,
Till at last it sank to slumber
Far beyond the rugged mountains,
Which were dark and faintly outlined
On the dim and strange horizon.

Darker grew the gloomy forest,
Yet he presses ever westward ;
And his limbs knew naught of tiring,
Stopping not for meat or water,
Ever onward toward the Princess.

Through the night the U-ri-on-tah
Clambered over rocks and hill-tops,
Climbing now some lonely mountain,
Dashing through some cragged chasm,
Scaling peaks which rose before him,
Winding round some cliff o'erhanging,
Through the haunts of panther creeping,
Ever onward, never sleeping.
By the stars his course is guided
And his courage never falters,
Though the wolves afar are howling
And the panthers, stealthy prowling,
Now beset his every footstep.

Serpents in his path are coiling,
Slowly winding 'mong the branches
Overhead, and hanging downward,
Hissing loud their angry warning.
In the deep and tangled forest,
Thus beset was U-ri-on-tah.





Danger dire doth draw despoiling
Demons from the noisome caverns ;
Evil spirits join the serpents ;
Vanish vicious, varan vampires,
Then return in fourfold numbers,
Crowd around the Dusky Chieftain,
While the serpents now are twining
Round his limbs and close enfolding
Panting, dauntless U-ri-on-tah.

Panthers screaming in the branches,
Demons howling through the forest,
Monsters pressing close about him,
Gaining courage by their numbers,
All conspire to stay the Chieftain
On his journey through the forest.

Closer still the serpents coiling,
Closer draw the forest demons,
While from overhanging branches
Lo! the panthers spring upon him.

Thus at last the U-ri-on-tah,
Wearied with his hours of travel,
Finds himself now slowly sinking ;
Still his courage never falters,
Even though borne down by numbers,
With his bright blade cleaves about him,
With his right arm hews a pathway
With his deadly Tum-na-he-gan,
Till at last to earth he sinketh,
Overborne by myriad monsters.
Reptiles, hissing, coil more tightly

Round his breast to still his breathing.

Now the U-ri-on-tah prayeth :

“Fairy maiden on the mountain,
Canst thou know the bitter anguish
Of thy true-heart in the forest?

I am not afraid to perish,

Yet how fondly did I cherish

Thoughts of greeting thee to-morrow.

Now, alas! the U-ri-on-tah

Dieth in the gloomy forest.

Farewell thou, my fairy Princess,

Farewell thou, my mother ocean,

Farewell thou, my mountain father!

Our Great Spirit now will take me

To his home beyond the river.

Once again farewell, my Princess!”

Far above, in topmost branches

Of the lofty forest monarchs,

Sits a fairy, swinging softly;

Now she glides to lower branches,

While her wings are wide extended,

And, with dark eyes looking downward

On the mass of surging monsters

And the fiery, writhing serpents,

Softly speaks in gentle whispers:

“Flee away, ye hideous creatures,

Flee away to thy dark caverns.”

Serpents hear and, turning, listen,

And their heads are raised in wonder,

While the fairy bids them vanish;

They release their tightened coiling,
Then they glide away in silence.

Faintly now the U-ri-on-tah
Hears the fairy softly calling,
Slowly raising his tired eyelids,
Gazes long upon the vision ;
Rising now, with strength returning,
On his feet he standeth upright,
Gazing steadfast on the vision.
Still his tongue refused to utter
Thanks for service sweetly rendered.

Now the fairy, drawing nearer,
Stands beside him in the pathway,
And she smiles upon the Chieftain.

Never had he seen such beauty,
And his soul was filled with rapture.
Fain would he his thanks now utter,
Yet his tongue was dumb with wonder.
With their eyes fixed on each other
Gazed they steadfast in the starlight.

Then the fairy softly murmurs:
"Tell me now, my haughty Chieftain,
How thou comest, whence thy going,
What should cause the undertaking
Of this journey fraught with dangers.
Drink the nectar from this leaf-cup ;
It will help thee find thy language."

Now the thirsty U-ri-on-tah
Took the leaf-cup from the fairy,
Drank the life-restoring nectar,



Then at length his tongue was loosened,
And he told the lovely vision
Of his home, his mountain father,
Of his wigwam in the foot-hills,
Of his life so lone and dreary,
Of his seeking for a sharer
Of his home, and of his vision
Of the maiden on the mountain,
Of his journey through the forest
On his way to win the Princess;
How the beasts and serpents gathered
Round his pathway in the darkness.
Now he thanked the fairy creature
Who had saved his life from danger;
Would she now accept his homage,
And he bowed his head before her.
Speaking low, he still addressed her:
“I would fain pursue my journey
Toward the mountain where the Princess
Dwells among the birds and flowers.
I will tell her I have met thee,
Tell her how my life was rescued
From the wild beasts in the forest,
And from henceforth I will bless thee.
I will teach my children's children
All the story of the fairy,
How she saved me in the forest.
Now I go upon my journey;
Wilt thou cheer me on departing?”
Now the elfin's lips are parted,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Low and sweet she whispers sadly :

“ Listen now, my haughty Chieftain ;
It is long before the morning,
And I go away beyond thee ;
Then alone thy path thou treadest,
Wild beasts then will soon beset thee,
Serpents will again entwine thee.
Turn, I pray, thou Dusky Chieftain,
Turn thy footsteps toward thy father,
Hasten homeward, leave behind thee
All thy wild love for the maiden
On the mountain 'mid the flowers.
When thou comest not to-morrow
She will soon forget thou livest,
And will signal to another.

“ Maids are fickle, my dear Chieftain,
Calm thy heart, repress thy longing,
Seek thy home and cease thy pining
'Mong the trees and rocks and flowers.
Seek for comfort in thy wigwam,
Go at once ere I shall leave thee
To the wild beasts of the forest,
And when they shall draw about thee
I will come not to thy rescue.

“ Hasten now, lest thou shalt perish—
Turn, I pray thee, look not backward,
And when thou shalt reach thy wigwam
I will hasten there to greet thee ;
I will dwell among the branches
Hanging o'er thy princely wigwam ;

Go at once, my Dusky Chieftain."

Now the U-ri-on-tah gazes
Calmly on the fairy creature,
Till at last his speech returneth :

"Thou hast saved my life, sweet elfin,
And I fain would meet thy wishes,
Yet will I press ever onward,
Upward where the Indian Princess
Waits my coming on the morrow.
Though the wild beasts may beset me,
Though the serpents shall entwine me,
Naught of these one moment stays me,
For I love the Indian maiden
And I cannot live without her.

"On the morrow when I greet her
Should I fail to win her favor,
Then my life is not worth living,
And I then will seek this forest.
I will welcome all the serpents
And the monsters of the caverns
To partake of my dead body.

"But to turn back to my wigwam
Ere I meet the Indian Princess,
Never will I heed thy warning.
Though I perish in the forest
On the instant of thy leaving,
I will turn not from my purpose."
Speaking thus, the Dusky Chieftain,
Turning from the fairy vision,
Strode away adown the forest.

Once he heard the elfin calling,
Uttering softly words of warning;
Then away sped U-ri-on-tah
On the wings of lightning speeding.
Fleet of foot the Dusky Chieftain
Through the forest bravely plungeth,
Till the gray of early morning
Found him climbing up the foot-hills
Of the mountain where the maiden
Stood when she had sent him greeting.

Now the sun bursts forth in splendor,
Lighting up the wondrous mountain,
And the eager U-ri-on-tah
Struggles upward in the morning,
Gazing steadfast far above him,
Far above among the flowers.
Now, behold! he sees the maiden
And his heart beats fast and faster,
As she waves her arms above her,
Casting flowers adown the pathway,
Down the path toward U-ri-on-tah.
O the rapture of the moment,
O the joy his heart now filling!
Every fiber now is thrilling
As he leaps with giant vigor
Over rocks and mountain torrents,
Ever climbing, ever upward,
Till at last he stands before her.

Now the speech of U-ri-on-tah
Cometh not, for here before him



Stands the maiden in her beauty,
And the heart of U-ri-on-tah
Told him more than he could utter.

Not in all his wildest longings
Had he even faintly pictured
Such a face; 'twas not of mortals,
And her form was born of heaven
And her eyes were soft and lustrous.

In them gleamed a world of wonders.
Saw he there his slumbering forest,
Saw the sea in changeful beauty,
Saw the landscape from his foot-hills,
Saw the tree-tops gently waving,
Saw the white clouds chasing shadows,
Fleeting shadows, o'er his wigwam;
Saw them chase each other swiftly
Up the mountain-side, then vanish.
All these things the Chieftain saw there
In the eyes of that sweet maiden.

Not of earth was this fair vision,
And the heart of U-ri-on-tah
Sank within his aching bosom,
For, alas! he felt how hopeless
Was his chance of winning favor
In the eyes of this fair Princess;
And the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Shrank away from this bright vision,
Stepping backward, slow retiring,
Gazing wistful, never speaking,
While his heart-strings fast were breaking.

Now he chides his mountain father
For persuading him to venture
On this errand sad and hopeless,
And his thoughts turn toward his mother.
She at least will soothe his sorrow.
He will turn and seek her presence,
He will dwell with her forever
And no longer will he wander
From her side, and in the forest
He will there forget the Princess.

One last look the Dusky Chieftain
Casts upon the fairy creature
Ere he turns from her forever,
But his heart stands still within him,
For the maiden now is standing,
With her arms extended toward him,
And her red lips part in speaking :

“ Take me to thy heart, my Chieftain;
Surely I have tried thy courage,
Thou art worthy of all honor ;
It was I who sent the serpents
And the monsters in the forest,
Thinking thus to test thy courage
And thy love for me, my Chieftain ;
It was I who came to save thee.

When I urged thy quick returning,
When I found thee still determined
On thy journey, still defying
All my warnings, I was happy,
For I knew then thou wert worthy



"TAKE ME TO THY HEART, MY CHIEFTAIN!"

BIRTH—YOUTH—MARRIAGE.

Of the homage I now pay thee."

Glad the heart of U-ri-on-tah,
And he clasped her to his bosom,
And they pledged their love forever.

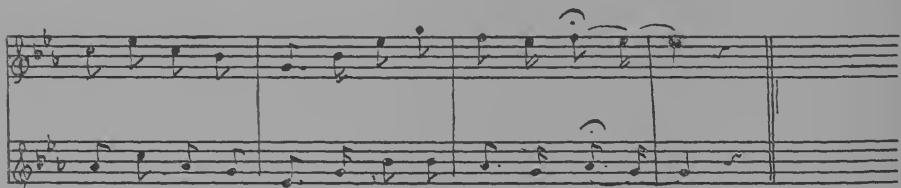
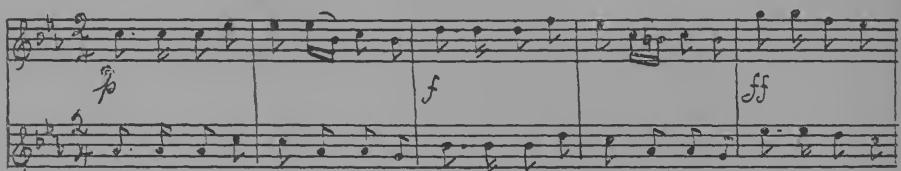
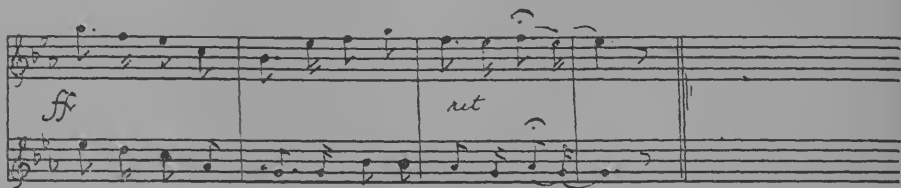
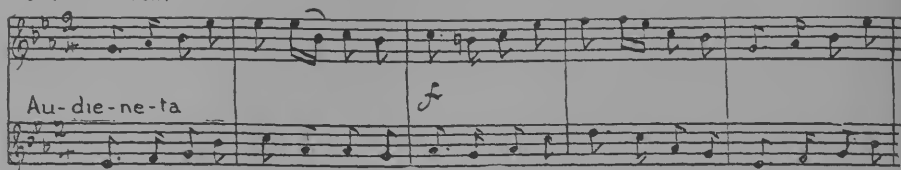
Now these lovers sang together
As they wandered down the mountain;
Thus they sang for hours together:



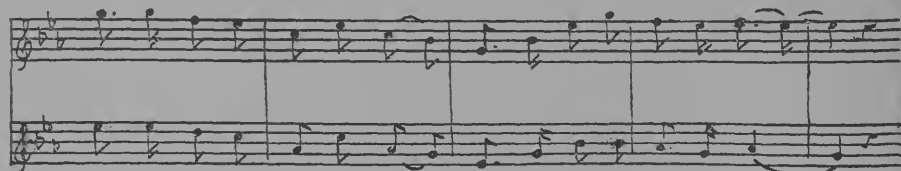
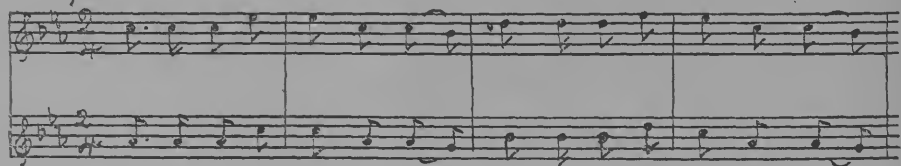
Allegro
U-ri-on-iah

Love Song.

No 1.



Refrain



Love-Song.

Now the Chieftain and the Princess
Are made happy as the morning.
Down the mountain we will wander
Nda-ho-at-el! ki-sa-kih-in!

Sang the Chieftain to the Princess.
Nda-ho-at-ell! kda-ho-al-i!

Sang the Princess to the Chieftain.
Ki-sa-kih! and ki-sa-kih-in!

Refrain—Te-ti-a-ta-te-non-wes.

We will dwell together always,
True love has our hearts united,
We will journey to the wigwam.
Nda-ho-at-ell! ki-sa-kih-in!

Sang the Chieftain to the Princess.
Nda-ho-at-ell! kda-ho-al-i!

Sang the Princess to the Chieftain.
Ki-sa-kih! and ki-sa-kih-in!

Refrain—Te-ti-a-ta-te-non-wes.

There among the pines and cedars
We will sing and dance forever;
There between the sea and mountain.
Nda-ho-at-ell! ki-sa-kih-in!

Sang the Chieftain to the Princess.
Nda-ho-at-ell! kda-ho-al-i!

Sang the Princess to the Chieftain.
Ki-sa-kih! and ki-sa-kih-in!

Refrain—Te-ti-a-ta-te-non-wes,
Te-ti-a-ta-te-non-wes,
Te-ti-a-ta-te-non-wes,
Te-ti-a-ta-te-non-wes.



Pausing now among the flowers,
Spake the happy U-ri-on-tah :

“Will the charming Princess tell me
By what name I may address her?”

Spake the maiden, gazing on him,
And her eyes were bright and sparkling :

“Thou shalt call me Au-die-ne-ta,
For I love the U-ri-on-tah.

’Tis the true and only reason,
For my name doth have this meaning—
‘One who truly loves her husband.’

See! I pluck this wild sweet brier
And I place it in thy bosom
As a token of betrothal.”

Then the happy U-ri-on-tah,
Gazing fondly on the maiden,
Wished that they might live forever
In the bright and glorious sunshine,
Singing songs of love together.

Now the maiden’s eyes grew lustrous
As she gazed upon her Chieftain,
Gazed upon him long and wistful.
Then her red lips part in speaking :

“Listen now, my U-ri-on-tah,
I will fill thine heart with wonder,
I have gifts beyond thy knowing,
I have power to change thy nature ;
While thou sleepest I can change thee
From a Warrior to a pale-face,
From a pale-face to the Chieftain ;

BIRTH—YOUTH—MARRIAGE.

Change myself to pale-face maiden,
Change again to Indian Princess;
I can make us both Immortal,
For, behold! I am Immortal,
And we both may live forever,
Ever youthful, ever happy.

“It was I who came to save thee
From the demons in the forest,
And I came there as a fairy;
Therefore thou wilt never doubt me,
When I say I am Immortal.
Trust me now, my noble Chieftain,
For I love the U-ri-on-tah.

“My forefathers held a secret
From their dying father Wi-daagh,
From the king of kings, the Wi-daagh,
Who when dying gave the secret
To his children by the river,
Told them they might be Immortal
If they listened to his counsels
And obeyed his earnest teachings.
Therefore thou wilt never doubt me
When I say I am Immortal.”

Silent now was U-ri-on-tah,
For the thoughts came fast upon him
Of his father who had sent him
To this maiden of the mountain,
Thus to point the way before him
To become himself Immortal.

All was plain and clear before him.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Now the Warrior, firmly grasping
By the hand his Au-die-ne-ta,
Felt the power of faith within him.
Happy now the U-ri-on-tah
And he speaketh to his loved one :

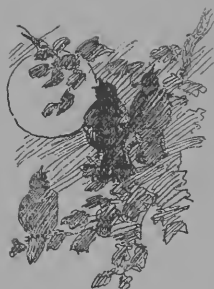
“Listen now, my Au-die-ne-ta;
Let us seek my loving father
Who is waiting to receive us;
Thence we go to my own wigwam
Thither where the sea is moaning,
Where the wild birds wait my coming.

“Thou shalt rest there in my wigwam;
It is there where thou shalt teach me
How I may become a pale-face,
How again become a Chieftain,
How I may become Immortal.”

Hand in hand adown the mountain,
Down the foot-hills to the forest
Dance the Chieftain and the Princess,
Singing soft their plaintive love-song,
Till at last the darkness gathers
Round their pathway as they journey,
And the night-birds greet the lovers
As they wander in the forest.

Now the pale moon mounts the heavens
O'er the hill-tops to the eastward,
Spreads her soft rays o'er the tree-tops,
Glinting down among the branches.

Here an opening in the forest
Where the moonbeams fall unhindered



BIRTH—YOUTH—MARRIAGE.

On a moss-bank in the opening.
Here the happy U-ri-on-tah
Formed a couch for Au-die-ne-ta
With the branches of the fir-tree
And the soft and tender fern-leaves;
Over all were strewn the flowers,
From the forest were they gathered.

Here the lovely Au-die-ne-ta
Sweetly slumbered while the night-birds
Sang their mournful notes above her,
And the happy U-ri-on-tah
Rested in the darkened shadow
Of the forest near the maiden;
All night long he stood there watching
O'er the sleeping Au-die-ne-ta,
Till at last the gray dawn creeping
O'er the forest found him waiting,
Watching for his loved one's waking.

Now at last the charming Princess,
Rousing from her restful slumber,
Rises and beholds her Chieftain
Standing still beneath the branches
Of the forest trees, in silence
Waiting for her salutation.

Tripping lightly from the moss-bank,
Now the joyous Au-die-ne-ta
Comes and stands beside her Chieftain,
Strokes his locks still wet with night dew.

Now the morning sun is shining,
And the wild birds fill the forest

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

With their songs from joy of living,
While the Chieftain and the Princess
Raise their voices in the love-song.
Thus they join the birds in singing
As they wander through the forest;
Hand in hand they wander eastward,
Searching light they journey eastward.

Soon they come to where the Chieftain
Had his struggle with the monsters,
And, behold! while he was musing
And was thinking of the elfin,
Lo! the lovely Au-die-ne-ta
Disappeared, he knew not whither.

Left alone was U-ri-on-tah,
And he called aloud and wildly,
While his heart stood still with terror,
Lest some vile and evil spirit
Had removed the Au-die-ne-ta
From his side with no returning.

In this dread and awful moment
Years swept over U-ri-on-tah,
And his heart gave way to anguish,
Bitter anguish and with weeping
O'er the fate of his dear Princess.

He would fly to yonder hill-top,
And with loud and wild lamenting
Call her name in broken accents.
Listening then, the Dusky Chieftain
Heard no sound save that of wild birds
And his own heart loudly beating.

Dark despair now filled his bosom
As he rushed from hill to valley,
Calling loudly for his loved one.

Now the wild and frantic Chieftain
Turned to where he last was standing
By the side of his dear Princess.

Here he tried to gain his reason,
Which he felt was fast departing.
Standing thus, with hands uplifted
Pressing hard against his temples,
U-ri-on-tah stands forsaken.

Next there came the frightful feeling—
Was it not a strange delusion?
Had he not been wildly dreaming?
Was it real that he had ever
Seen the charming Au-die-ne-ta?
Had he not been rudely wakened
From a dream, and was he standing
'Mid his own beloved foot-hills?
Surely he had seen the places
Where he now was mutely standing,
Yet he could not see his father,
Neither could he hear the moaning
Of the sea, his loving mother.

Soon there came from out the distance
Sullen roars from angry monsters.
Looking up, he saw the serpents
Winding in among the branches,
Crawling over where he standeth.

Now he hears the screams of panthers,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Closer draw the angry monsters,
Thus beset was U-ri-on-tah
On all sides by horrid creatures,
Now about to spring upon him.

Then the Dusky Chieftain waketh
From the stupor which came o'er him,
While he tried to clear his reason
And he drew himself together;

From his belt the bright blade leapeth,
Quick as lightning flashed his war-knife,
And he stands forth fighting-angry,
Ready for the deadly combat.

Then the Dusky Chieftain speaketh:
"O, thou vile and hideous creatures!
Thou hast slain my loving Princess
And to slay me now thou thinkest,
Yet I bid thee bold defiance!
Now my nerves of steel are steady,
And I dare thee to the conflict.
Come upon me if thou darest.
By my hand thou all shalt perish,
None shall live to tell the story!"

Now the monsters draw more closely
Round the bold, defiant Chieftain;
Snapping jaws and constant hissing
Greet the ear of U-ri-on-tah.

Now a sound is heard above him,
And the Chieftain, glancing upward,
High above the coiling serpents,
Saw a fairy in the branches,

Who with white wings wide extended
Fluttered gently toward the Chieftain.

Then the serpents and the monsters,
Quick to sight the white-winged vision,
Glided swiftly from her presence,
Leaving her beside the Chieftain
Standing in the lonely forest.

Thus the Chieftain and the elfin
Stand, while gazing on each other,
Just as on that fateful midnight
When the elfin saved the Chieftain,
Only now the elf is smiling
While the Chief is staring strangely,
As though scarcely understanding.
Then the gentle fairy speaketh :

“Thou art come, my noble Chieftain,
On thy way to join thy father.
Where, I pray thee, is the maiden?
Thou didst dare so much to win her,
I had thought thou wouldst have brought her
Back to share with thee thy wigwam.
When the Chieftain reached her bower
Did he find the maiden fickle?
Had she signaled to another?
Will the great Chief now believe me,
And, returning to his wigwam,
Will he there forget the maiden
While I guard his home from danger?
Let the Dusky Chieftain ponder.
He will soon forget the maiden,

While I strive to make him happy."

Now the awful fires are flashing
From the dark eyes of the Chieftain,
Who is crazed with grief and anger,
And the fury of his passions
Found a vent in wild upbraidings.

Such a torrent of invective
Never flowed from lips of mortal
As was poured upon the fairy.

Like the fury of the madman
Raged the wild, unhappy Chieftain,
And the burden of his ravings
Showed that he had strong conviction
That the fairy had bereaved him,
Had destroyed the Au-die-ne-ta
Through her guidance of the monsters.

In the frenzy of his madness,
He had well-nigh lost his reason,
And he found himself unable
To recall the fairy story
Sweetly told by Au-die-ne-ta.

One thought only filled his senses,
He had lost his Indian Princess,
And despair and desolation
Soon would drive him on to madness.

Now the fairy held the Chieftain
By his arm, and turned him toward her,
And she bade him cease his ravings.
If he wished to find the maiden,
He must look upon the vision

With a calm and steady gazing
In her eyes, and not avoid her
As he had since they were standing
There alone within the forest.

Now the Chieftain looked intently
In the eyes of this fair vision
And beheld a world of wonders.
He could not withhold his gazing,
He was lost, entranced, enraptured.
In those eyes he saw his Princess,
And, behold! while he was gazing
Steadfast, longing, hoping, doubting,
Lo! the wings were disappearing,
And the form of Au-die-ne-ta
Rounded out in sweet perfection.
He had seen the transformation,
And he had no further doubtings.

Now he clasped her to his bosom,
Pouring forth his heart's thanksgiving
In a loud and wild rejoicing.

Then they hastened on their journey
Till at last they reached the mountain,
Father of the U-ri-on-tah,
Who was watching for their coming.

Now they climb his lofty summit,
Up above the misty cloud-line,
Till at last they reach the rock-cliffs,
And they find themselves now standing
In the presence of their father,
Who receives them with his blessing

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

As his hands are raised above them,
O'er the kneeling youth and maiden,
Who in solemn words repeating
Marriage vows each to the other.

Rising now, the father welcomes
Son and daughter to his bosom,
Calling down the choicest blessings
On the heads of his dear children.

Now the tender-hearted father
Bids his children seek their mother,
Who with watching, waiting, wailing,
Soulful, sobbing, still stands sighing,
Longing for her U-ri-on-tah.

Light of heart, the youth and maiden
Trip adown the mountain pathway
To the home of U-ri-on-tah,
To his wigwam in the foot-hills
Bordering on the mighty forest.

Here they rest until the morning,
While the night-birds sing their welcome,
And the tree-tops whisper softly
To each other of the coming
Of their brother U-ri-on-tah,
Bringing home the Indian Princess
From the far-off mountain country.

Now the forest, filled with gladness,
Lifts its voice in songs of welcome,
Pouring out its wealth of music
To the Chieftain and the Princess
While they rest within the wigwam.

In the morning by the sea-shore
Stand the happy youth and maiden,
Looking out upon the waters
Of the wondrous blue Atlantic.

Now the tide has ceased receding,
And the surf is softly stealing
In among the rocks and sea-shells,
And the sobbing sea is pining,
Broken-hearted o'er the absence
Of her son, and now she lingers,
Sadly moaning in the distance,
Till at last the sea, beholding
U-ri-on-tah and the maiden
At the borders of the forest,
Lifts aloft her voice in gladness.
Then returns the tide in grandeur,
And with shouts of lofty triumph,
Piling high the struggling breakers.
White-caps glisten in the sunlight,
Wave on wave is rolling inland,
And the happy mother, greeting
Son and daughter with a flood-tide,
Bathes their feet with wild caresses,
Singing loud her songs of welcome.

Here the happy Chief and Princess
Dwelt together in the wigwam.
When they wandered through the forest
Singing pines and murmuring cedars
Smiled upon their every footstep.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Many moons thus came and vanished,
Yet they saw no cloud of sorrow ;
Time, though passing, left no impress
On their hearts or on their actions ;
They were young, and free, and happy.



CHAPTER II.

IMMORTALITY.

RESTING once in early twilight
On the rock-cliff near the wigwam,
At the feet of Au-die-ne-ta,
Sat the Dusky U-ri-on-tah.
Thus he spake in gentlest accents :
“ Will the charming Princess tell me
How may I become Immortal?
Many moons have I awaited
For thy speaking on this subject,
Yet thy lips are closed in silence,
And my heart is grown impatient
For the secret in thy bosom.”

Now the eyes of Au-die-ne-ta
Filled with tears, as o'er him bending,
And she spoke so low and trembling
As to startle U-ri-on-tah,
Who, with soothing words of comfort,
Drew her head upon his bosom.

Moments passed ere Au-die-ne-ta,
Looking upward, saw her Chieftain
With distress upon his features.
Quickly then she broke the silence :

“ I will tell thee, U-ri-on-tah,
How thou canst become Immortal.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Thou wilt go upon a journey,
Leaving me alone, unhappy.
This is why my heart did fail me,
For I dread the day of parting,
As the journey is a long one,
And my heart is faint and weary,
Thinking of my lonely waiting,
Thinking also of the anguish
And the horrors that await thee.

“Thou wilt pass through fire and brimstone,
Must be lowered into Hades,
And, with heavy weights about thee,
Thou wilt sink beneath the waters;
Must be walled about with serpents,
And with many things more dreadful
Thou shalt meet in total darkness
To be raised as an Immortal.

“But thy courage will not fail thee,
For I know the Dusky Chieftain
Feareth not the world of demons,
For his heart is strong and manly.

“On the morrow when thou risest
Thou wilt find thyself a pale-face
And thy squaw will be a pale-face.
Thou wilt then prepare to journey
Over many mountain-passes
To the land of great King Wi-daagh.

“On the borders of a river
Thou wilt meet a mighty Warrior,
Chieftain of the Sus-queh-an-nah.

IMMORTALITY.

He will lead thee through a cañon
To a vast and wondrous forest
Where a mighty wigwam standeth ;
On the mystic bridge, while walking,
Crossing o'er the stream enchanted,
Thou wilt change again to Indian
And wilt meet another Warrior.
Then together thou wilt journey
On a trail which leadeth upward
Through a dark and mystic forest.
Thou wilt journey to the wigwam,
Meeting there a band of Warriors
Round the council-fires now burning.

“ Then begin the fearful tortures,
But the heart of U-ri-on-tah
Quaileth not before such terrors.
After passing through the ordeal
Thou art raised as an Immortal,
And thine eyes will then be opened.

“ Thou wilt see the headless horseman
Coming up the mountain pathway ;
Thou wilt hear the awful groanings
Of the ghosts within the chamber ;
Many things wilt thou there witness;
Which will fill thine heart with wonder.

“ When thou comest from the wigwam
And the mystic bridge beholding,
Thou wilt then become a pale-face.
Hasten then thy footsteps homeward ;
Thou wilt find me here awaiting

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Thy return, my U-ri-on-tah."

Now the pale moon, upward climbing,
Casts her beams upon the wigwam,
Where the rock-cliff casts its shadow.
There the Princess and the Chieftain
In the foot-hills stand in silence,
Each upon the other gazing,
While their hearts were aching sadly
For the parting of the morrow.
Speaketh now the Dusky Chieftain:

"I will rise up in the morning
And will join the mighty Warriors
On the banks of Sus-queh-an-nah,
And will there become Immortal.
Then will I return, my Princess,
And will seek thee in this wigwam.
Then shall we be ever happy
Through the years that shall be endless.
Youth will then endure forever,
And no more shall we be parted."

Then the Chieftain and the Princess
Lingered long before the wigwam,
Singing low their plaintive love-songs,
With the round moon full above them
Pouring down her light upon them.
Thus these true hearts sang together,
While the wind with mournful cadence
Softly breathed among the branches
Overhead, and sweetly blended
With the song in rhythmic measure.



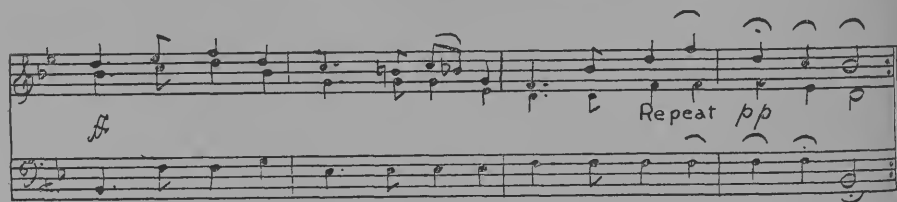
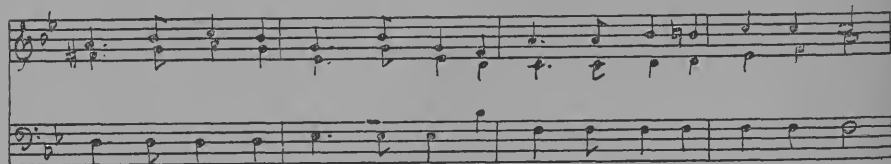
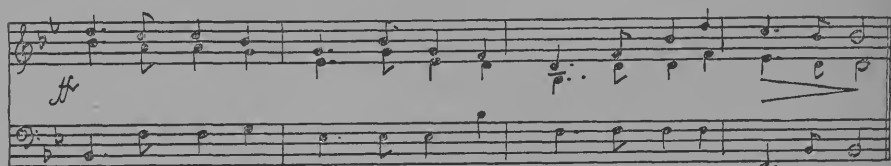
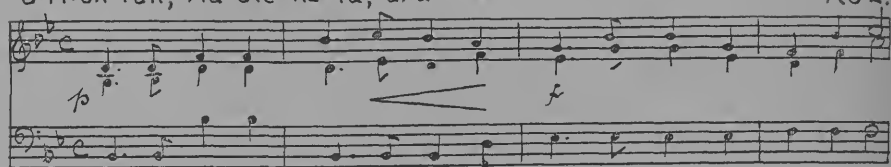


Night Song in the Forest.

Andante

U-ri-on-tah, Au-die-ne-ta, and The Forest

No 2.



Night Song in the Forest.

Now the winds are softly sighing
Through the forest, wild and free,
While we sing of love undying
In our wigwam by the sea.

Now the birds are hushed and sleeping,
While the night her mantle wears,
And our hearts with joy are leaping,
Free from envy, free from cares.

See! the moon is brightly beaming
O'er the mountain and the sea,
While our nights are passed in dreaming
Of the blissful days to be.

Thus we live with love unceasing
As our days and nights unfold,
Through the ages still increasing,
Fills our hearts with joy untold.

In the morning's early dawning
Then awoke the U-ri-on-tah,
Knowing not the strange surroundings
Which here met his wondering vision.

Surely this was not his wigwam—
Where are now his wolf and bear-skins,
Where, alas! are his tall feathers,
Where his leggins made of buckskin,
Where, alas! his bow and quiver?
Quickly rising from his hammock,
Now he stood before a mirror
And he looked upon a pale-face.

In the place of coal-black tresses
Here his hair was short and sandy;
Though his eyes were dark and piercing,
Now he sees them blue and languid.

Turning then, he saw some clothing
Hanging on the wall before him;
Quickly donning this apparel,
He approached the inner chamber,
Drew aside the silken portiere,
And, behold! the Au-die-ne-ta
Seated by a window reading.
Though her eyes were dark and lustrous,
Yet her face was pale and charming,
And the room was filled with knickknacks
Such as pale-face ladies fancy.

Then the lovely Au-die-ne-ta
Raised her eyes to U-ri-on-tah.
Rising then, she came to greet him



IMMORTALITY.

And she called him her dear husband ;
Though her language sounded strangely,
Yet the Chieftain understood her,
And he could not help admiring
Au-die-ne-ta as a pale-face.

Now the pale-face U-ri-on-tah
Stepped out on a broad veranda ;
There the rock-cliff stood before him,
Yet how strange its former meaning !
With new knowledge born within him
He could see the rock was granite,
Made of feldspar, quartz, and mica,
And the red along the border
Of the brooklet he had worshipped
As the blood of his forefathers
Was no more than ferrous oxide.

Things which once were strange and wondrous
Now were plain and cold and senseless,
And his heart was fast regretting
All the changes wrought upon him.
Then appeared the Au-die-ne-ta,
And she filled his heart with gladness.

“Courage now, my U-ri-on-tah,
Thou shalt soon become Immortal ;
Then again will we, returning
To our Indian life and customs,
Live forever in the wild-wood,
Youth and beauty never fading.

“Think of all the days before us,
Living ’mong the birds and flowers,

Here between the sea and mountain ;
'Mid the brooks, and rocks, and forest
Evermore will we be happy."

Now the pale-face U-ri-on-tah
Gazed in silence on the Princess,
While she spake these words of comfort.
Then he started on his journey.

Night and day he traveled westward,
And he came to Ot-zin-ach-son ;
Thence he followed up the river
Till he saw a narrow cañon
Where it cleft a lofty mountain,
And a rapid stream was flowing
Down the cañon to the river
Of the lovely Ot-zin-ach-son.
Here the pale-face U-ri-on-tah
Stood and gazed upon the mountains
And the grandly flowing river,
For the sight was most entrancing.
Then the pale-face U-ri-on-tah
Looked about for Mighty Tam-a-rack.

Then a tall and solemn Chieftain
With a dignified demeanor
Greets the pale-face, and with gestures
Casts a sign and gives a signal,
Which the artless U-ri-on-tah
Did not grasp or know its meaning.
Then the tall and solemn Chieftain,
In the language of the pale-face,
Speaketh to the pale-face stranger :

IMMORTALITY.

“Thou art surely U-ri-on-tah ;
From the eastward thou hast journeyed,
Coming far to meet the Chieftain,
Tam-a-rack of the Sus-queh-an-nah.
Now, behold, I am the Tam-a-rack,
Come to lead thee through the cañon.
Thou hast need of all thy courage,
For we soon must journey hither,
Where the tribes are all assembled
Round the wigwam in the forest—
All the Chiefs of many nations,
Gathered there to wait thy coming.
We have heard of thy great daring
In the mountains near the sunrise ;
Thou art welcome, U-ri-on-tah !”

Now began the upward journey
Through the cañon toward the forest ;
On the mystic bridge they halted.
In an instant without warning
U-ri-on-tah was an Indian.
Thereupon the Mighty Tam-a-rack
Turned upon the Dusky Chieftain,
And with fierce and haughty manner,
And with voice both loud and angry,
Heard above the roar of waters,
Spake these words to U-ri-on-tah :

“Who has taught thee this great secret—
Secret of the transformation
From the pale-face to the Indian?
Tell me ere thou goest farther,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

For thy life is now depending
On thy answer to this question—
Answer quick, before I slay thee!”

Now the dauntless U-ri-on-tah
Drew himself up like a Warrior,
And with haughty, scornful gesture,
Spake he to the angry Tam-a-rack:

“Who appointed thee my master,
Who indeed would dare to stay me
On my journey to the wigwam?
Stand aside, thou Mighty Tam-a-rack!
For, behold, I will not tell thee
Who hath taught me this great secret;
I will hurl thee to the rapids,
Where thou shalt be food for fishes,
Shouldst thou dare to stay my progress!”

Quick as lightning darteth downward
Or the arrow from the bow-string,
Two bright tomahawks were flashing
In the sunlight, and the Chieftains,
Each with nerves of steel and sinews
Strong and wiry, faced each other.

At this instant Bold Pal-met-tah
Came from out the deep, dark forest,
And he drew aside the Tam-a-rack,
And they counseled long together;
Then they turn to U-ri-on-tah
And again the Tam-a-rack speaketh:

“We have counseled with each other,
And we give thee further trial.



IMMORTALITY.

Cast the sign and give the signal,
If correct then thou art welcome."

Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Cast the sign and gave the signal,
And they welcomed him among them.

Now behold these stolid Chieftains
Stealing through the gruesome forest,
Keeping near the mystic waters
Leading to the spring enchanted.
Casting now their bodies prostrate
Down upon the ground, they listen
With an ear upon the dark earth—
Listen for the sound of Warriors
Who were hidden there in ambush,
Lying there in many hundreds,
Waiting for the coming pale-face.

Now uprose the Mighty Tam-a-rack,
Now uprose the Bold Pal-met-tah,
On their lips they press their fingers
As a token of the silence
Which the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Must observe when moving forward
On the trail now leading upward
To the wigwam in the forest.

Quick they rush upon the ambush,
When uprise a hundred Warriors,
Who surround the Mighty Chieftains,
And with tokens of displeasure
They demand of Mighty Tam-a-rack
Why he did not bring the pale-face.



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

They were cheated of their victim,
And their looks were dark and threatening
And their speech betokened danger.

Then it was the Mighty Tam-a-rack
Raised aloft his voice of warning,
And he spake to all the Warriors;
Told them of the pale-face coming
To the borders of the forest;
At the mystic bridge, while pausing,
How without a moment's warning
He became an Indian Chieftain;
How the Tam-a-rack then beset him
To betray the awful secret,
But the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Had defied the Mighty Tam-a-rack.

Then they seized the U-ri-on-tah
And they bound his hands behind him;
With the withes and thongs they bound him,
And they tied him to the pine-tree
On the brink of wolf-den standing.
Then, returning to the wigwam,
There they held a secret council.

Now the Calumet is lighted
And is passed around the circle,
While each Warrior draws the perfume
From the pipe of sweet tobacco.

All their heads are now low bending
On the breasts of those great Warriors—
All their voices hushed in silence
As they sat before the wigwam





DUSKY U-RI-ON-TAH AND MIGHTY TAM-A-RACK IN THE SHE-WOLF DEN IN THE FOREST OF LOCHABAR.

In the dark and gruesome forest.
Close beside the spring enchanted
Thus they sat in gloomy silence,
Till at last the Mighty Tam-a-rack
Rose and spake before his people :

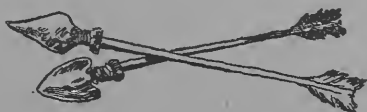
“ Many moons have come and vanished
Since the day when this great Nation
Called me forth to reign as Chieftain,
And in many hard-fought battles
I have proved my manly courage.

“ In the counsels of the Nation
I have always been respected.
When I speak my people listen,
For my words are always truthful.

“ In the hearts and in the faces
Of the Warriors now before me
I can read intent and purpose
To destroy the U-ri-on-tah,
And I warn the angry Warriors
Not to harm the Dusky Chieftain.

“ Far away beyond the mountains
Toward the sunrise are the people—
Kindred of the Au-die-ne-ta,
And they number many thousands ;
They are fierce and mighty Warriors,
And they use the poisoned arrows,
And with aim almost unerring
They avenge the slightest insult.

“ They have sent the U-ri-on-tah
To be made by us Immortal.



Let us rise and bid him welcome.
I have spoken," quoth the Tam-a-rack,
And he sat among the Warriors.

Then arose the Great Bald Eagle,
He whose name yon mountain beareth,
And he thus addressed the council:

"We have listened to the Tam-a-rack,
And most smoothly he hath spoken,
Yet he does not deign to tell us
Why this stranger, U-ri-on-tah,
Comes to us a Dusky Chieftain.

"It is known to every Warrior
Not one here is made Immortal
In this wigwam in the forest,
Only those we choose to honor
From the people of the pale-face.

"We all know it is our purpose
To reduce the pale-face numbers
By our making them Immortal.
Thus we change them into Indians,
Thus we add them to our numbers,
Thus we strengthen our own forces,
Thus at last we hope to conquer.

"We select the strongest pale-face,
And we change him to an Indian,
Weakening thus the hated pale-face.
Many moons we trusted Tam-a-rack,
Many men has he brought hither,
Picked from out the pale-face nation,
And we all had learned to trust him.

“Not before has he deceived us ;
Now he comes with this strange story,
How he met a worthy pale-face
On the banks of Sus-queh-an-nah,
How he led him through the cañon,
To the mystic bridge he brought him,
Then the pale-face changed to Indian.
Now our noble Chieftain Tam-a-rack
Asks us all to still believe him,
And the Bold Pal-met-tah vouches
For the story of the Tam-a-rack.

“Now, my brethren of the forest,
Listen well to all I tell you.
There is treachery in our circle ;
We will not believe the story
Told us by the Mighty Tam-a-rack,
For he seeks to do us evil
And betray us to the pale-face.

“Let us rise and grasp our arrows
And go up the hill behind us,
Where the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Is fast bound against the pine-tree ;
Let us bring the poisoned arrows,
Let us slay the U-ri-on-tah.”

Now these fierce and angry Warriors
Circled round the mighty wigwam
To the southward of the pine-tree ;
There they halted in the forest,
Facing northward toward the pine-tree,
Where fast-bound was U-ri-on-tah,

On the brink of wolf-den chasm.
Standing still and facing southward
U-ri-on-tah saw the Warriors,
Saw them fix the poisoned arrows,
Saw them draw the fateful bow-strings,
Every arrow pointing toward him.

Now the heart of U-ri-on-tah
Felt a thrill of exultation,
For he heard the soft voice calling
He had heard when all the demons
Were upon him in the forest:

“Do not fear the angry Warriors;
I will turn aside their arrows.”

Then the great and brave Bald Eagle
Spake in loud voice to his Warriors:

“Now let each and every Warrior
Draw his arrow sure and steady
At the heart of U-ri-on-tah!”

Quick the air was filled with arrows,
And they sped with lightning swiftness
Toward the heart of U-ri-on-tah;
But, behold! as came the arrows
They were turned aside and downward,
And they fell within the wolf-den;
None had touched the U-ri-on-tah.

Then the braves in blank amazement
Gazed upon the Dusky Chieftain,
And, behold! while they were gazing
He had changed again to pale-face,
And they fled in mortal terror



"QUICK THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH ARROWS."

Down the hill to where the Tam-a-rack
And the Great and Bold Pal-met-tah
Sat in silence by the wigwam,
Smoking pipes of sweet tobacco.

Now the Warriors, rushing headlong
To the presence of their Chieftain,
Fell upon the ground around him,
With their faces all turned downward.
None dared speak before the Tam-a-rack,
Till at last the Great Bald Eagle
Lifted up his voice in wailing:

“ We have wronged thee, Noble Tam-a-rack;
Thou wert right about the pale-face,
He no longer is an Indian.
When we bound him to the pine-tree
He was then a Dusky Indian,
And we went up there to slay him,
Kill him with our poisoned arrows,
But they turned aside and downward
To the bottom of the wolf-den.
And, behold, while we were wondering
And were gazing at the captive,
Lo! he changeth to a pale-face,
Even while we gazed upon him,
And we now believe thy story.
Thus we wronged thee, Mighty Tam-a-rack
Do with us as seems most fitting.
We will rise not till thou biddest,
We await thy sternest judgment.”

Then uprose the solemn Tam-a-rack,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

And he spake before his people :

“Stand up thou, the Great Bald Eagle;
Place this signet on thy finger,
Hasten then down through the cañon
To the banks of Sus-queh-an-nah,
Cross thou over to the northward,
Holding there aloft this signet
Thou wilt search along the river.

“When thou comest to the quarry
Search the glen until thou findest,
Hid among the tangled wild-wood,
One small tablet which was placed there
By our greatest Chieftain, Wi-daagh.
Many moons ago 'twas placed there
Where 'tis waiting for the moment
When his children shall find wisdom
To reveal the wondrous secrets
Which lie hidden in the quarry.

“Hear me well, thou Great Bald Eagle!
If thou findest not the tablet
Thou shalt die before returning,
For the spirit of King Wi-daagh
Has sent here the U-ri-on-tah
To reveal to our dear people
All the secrets of the quarry.

“Well I knew thou couldst not slay him;
He was guarded by the Princess,
Daughter of the Mighty Wi-daagh,
And that great and wondrous Chieftain
Gave the Princess ample power

IMMORTALITY.

To protect the U-ri-on-tah.

“Thus it was thy poisoned arrows
Could not harm the Dusky Chieftain.
Hasten now, thou Mighty Warrior,
And, returning, bring the tablet,
Bring it safely to the wigwam.”

Like the arrow from the bow-string
Shot the strong and brave Bald Eagle
Down the valley, while the Tam-a-rack
Bade his Warriors stand before him.

Now the gifted Sprou-to-wah-hah,
Sachem or Ho-yar-na-go-war,
Raised his voice in solemn measure,
Said 'twould be his greatest pleasure
To release the U-ri-on-tah ;
And before he ceased from talking,
Lo ! he up the pathway stalking
Came upon the U-ri-on-tah,
And released the thongs about him.
Then they started toward the wigwam
And were met by Bold Pal-met-tah
And the tall and Mighty Tam-a-rack.
These four chieftains then assembled
Just above the spring enchanted,
Then they lifted up their voices
And they sang “ Old Sus-queh-an-nah ”
Till the woods were filled with music.



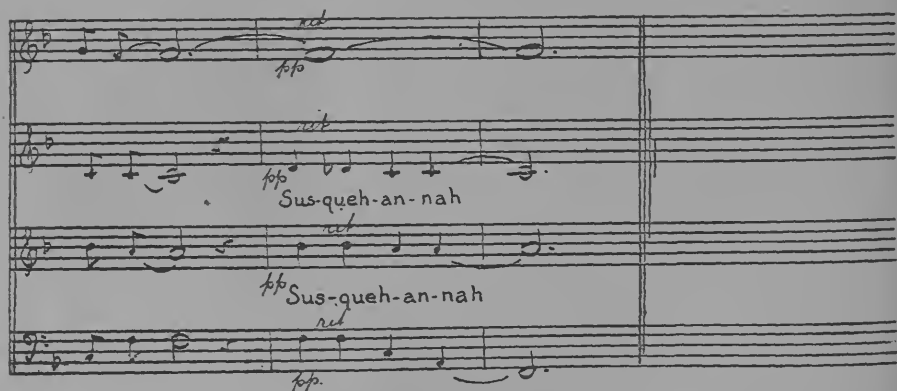
March Time "On the Banks of the Old Sus-queh-an-nah."
Air ~ Song of the Sweet Princes ~

No 3.

Alto

Tenor

Bass



3
Song of the Sweet Princes.

[Repeat each line four times.]

On the banks of the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Lochabar on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
King Wi-daagh on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
King's Rock on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Tam-a-rack on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Pal-met-tah on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
U-ri-on-tah on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Ne-ha-ha on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Ap-pe-u-ne on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
On the banks of the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Sweet Princes on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
On the banks of the old Ot-zin-ach-son.
O. O. T. T. on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Nip-pen-ose on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Car-ne-yah-quah on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.
Lock-ar-da-no-mah on the old Sus-queh-an-nah.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Thus the Warriors sang and chanted
Till the night fell down around them,
With its dark wings overspreading
All the grandly solemn forest,
While the Warriors smoked tobacco,
Smoked, and sang, and told their stories,
Till the gray of early morning
Broke upon the slumbering forest.

Now is heard the Great Bald Eagle
Crashing through the tangled woodland,
Rushing swiftly to the Tam-a-rack,
Holding high aloft the tablet,
And he gave it to the Chieftain,
Then he sank before the wigwam,
Feeling faint, and tired, and thirsty,
And they gave him fire-water
While he rested from his journey.



Then he rose to tell the story
Of the finding of the tablet:
How he heard the night owls hooting;
How the ghosts beset his pathway
In the glen beside the quarry;
How at last he found the tablet
Covered o'er with leaves and brushes;
How his heart beat wild and joyous
When he held aloft the signet
Which had led him to the tablet;
How he grasped the sacred symbol;
How he swam the Sus-queh-an-nah;
How he hastened up the cañon;

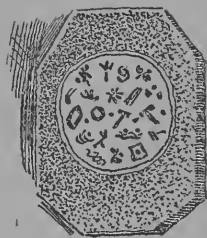
IMMORTALITY.

At the mystic bridge he trembled,
Fearing lest some evil spirit
Might then seize the sacred tablet,
Leaving him alone to perish
By the edict of the Tam-a-rack;
How the specters followed closely,
As he hastened to the wigwam
And delivered to the Tam-a-rack
This strange, graven, mystic tablet.
Happy now the Great Bald Eagle—
And they gave him fire-water.

Turning then, the solemn Tam-a-rack,
Without speaking, gave the tablet
To the pale-face U-ri-on-tah,
Who now gazed upon the key-stone
With a solemn, steadfast gazing.
Yet he spake not to the Warriors
Standing round about the pale-face,
Waiting well with wistful wonder.

Still the pale-face gazed in silence
On the curious figures graven
On the strange, mysterious tablet,
Which was neither squared nor circled,
Yet 'twas cut with care and wisdom.
On one side was carved a circle,
And within this mystic circle
Were engraved mysterious letters.
After long and careful study
Then the pale-face broke the silence:

“I know not the hidden meaning



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Of the carving on the tablet,
But when I am raised Immortal
I can then reveal the secret."

Now begins the wildest tumult,
And they seize the U-ri-on-tah
And conduct him to the dungeon.
O'er his eyes they place a bandage
Made from strips of softest leather;
And they lead him to the forest
Where the Sentinel is standing,
Tallest pine in all the forest.

Here a charge to him is given;
Then they lead him blindly forward
To the cavern of the wolf-den,
There another charge is given;
Then they lead him quickly forward
And in darkness, lo! he falleth—
Down the rough and cragged cavern
Fell the blinded U-ri-on-tah;
Pitching headlong down the chasm,
Bounding from the rocks projecting,
Bruised and bleeding U-ri-on-tah
Fell within a den of serpents.

Here is where the sign is given;
Then he finds the secret passage
Leading to another cavern,
Where the grip to him is given.

Then he crawled upon his stomach
Through a close and narrow passage
To another gloomy cavern,



“DRAG HIM DOWNWARD INTO SHEOL.”

Where the word is whispered to him ;
Thence returning to the wigwam
Where a feast is spread before him.
Now to him a name is given—
“A Sweet Prince of O. O. T. T.”—
And the first degree is ended.
Now should he survive the second
He will then become Immortal.

Now the Sweet Prince leaves the wigwam,
Where his eyes are tightly bandaged.
He is taken to the wolf-den,
There instructed in the secrets
Of the strange, mysterious order ;
Thence is hurried to Ge-hen-na ;
Here the candidate is given
One brief moment for reflection,
Then is quickly handed over
To the care of imps of darkness,
Who, with diabolic laughter,
Drag him downward into sheol.

Then the Warriors, slow retiring,
Stand around and, gazing upward,
Chant a weird refrain while standing :



Requiem.

Slow
1st Tenor

No 4.

1st Tenor

2nd Tenor

1st Bass

2nd Bass

rit

p

rit

p

rit

p

rit

p

Requiem.

Thou, Great Spirit, hear our wailing !
Save, O save our brother dear,
In the fiery furnace writhing
While no helping hand is near !

See! the smoke is slow ascending,
And the fumes of brimstone rise.
Hear the shrieks of gloating demons,
While the U-ri-on-tah dies !

Now his soul is rent with anguish,
See! he writhes in direst pain.
Save, O save him, thou Great Spirit,
Send him back to us again !

Now the sky is dark and threatening—
See the forks of lightning darting,
Hear the roar of distant thunder;
Now the wind is shrieking madly
Up the cañon, roaring, moaning,
Like some dire and hideous monster,
Grumbling, groaning, hissing, howling.
Lo! the awful cyclone cometh,
Drowning out the shrieks in sheol.

Now the cyclone calleth madly
To the monstrous imps of darkness,
Who are dancing down in sheol
Round the form of U-ri-on-tah.

Once again the cyclone calleth
On the imps to cease their torment
And release the U-ri-on-tah,
Lest he rend their hell asunder
With one stroke of his forked lightning.

Quick the doors of sheol open
And the dauntless U-ri-on-tah
Walketh forth to greet the cyclone.
Then the Storm-King, swift retiring,
Leaves the heavens bright and shining,
While the Warriors quick assemble,
And they blindfold U-ri-on-tah,
Then conduct him in dread silence
To the rock-cliff in the forest.

Here the silent Warriors, kneeling
Round the rock in mystic circle,
Offer up an invocation

IMMORTALITY.

To the spirit of their fathers,
And invoke his choicest blessing
On the head of U-ri-on-tah.

Now they rise, and with great caution
Whisper secrets of the order
In the ear of U-ri-on-tah ;
Then in silence they conduct him
To the mystic pool of Giants.
Here they coil a cable round him
And they fasten weights upon him,
Then within the pool they cast him
And he sinks beneath the waters,
Which then quickly close above him.
He is lost to earthly vision,
As he slowly settles downward
Till, one hundred fathoms sinking,
He has reached the length of cable
Which was fastened to his girdle.

Now the funeral dirge is sighing
Through the overhanging branches,
And the Warriors join the chorus
Of the pines in plaintive wailing
O'er the fate of U-ri-on-tah :

The Dirge.

Dirge Slow
Air

No 5.

Alto

Tenor

Bass

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a common time signature 'C'. The melody is written in a simple, clear hand. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The song consists of two lines of music, each with three measures. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line of music corresponds to the second line of lyrics. The score is a simple, clear representation of the song's melody.

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The score includes a repeat sign and the instruction "Repeat soft" written in cursive. The music is written in a simple, handwritten style, with notes and rests clearly visible. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written in cursive below the staves. The score is a single system, with all four staves connected by a brace on the left. The music is written in a simple, handwritten style, with notes and rests clearly visible. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written in cursive below the staves. The score is a single system, with all four staves connected by a brace on the left.

The Dirge.

Now, alas! his life is ended ;

He has passed beyond the gates,
For he knows naught of the secret
Of the loosening of the weights.

O the Giants now will get him,
And will feed him to their young.
So, farewell, thou U-ri-on-tah !
At thy funeral we have sung.

While the Warriors thus were singing
They beheld the waters moving,
And the dauntless U-ri-on-tah
Raised his head above the surface.
He was climbing up the cable,
While the water from his nostrils
Was expelled in gushing streamlets,
And the weights were left behind him.

He was told the secret fastenings
By the fairy who had saved him
From the demons in the forest.

Now they take him to the wigwam,
Where an instrument is given,
And he seeks the spring enchanted,
Where he casts upon the waters
That of which he had been given.

When he feels the thrill upon him
He withdraws from out the water
Something which must now be nameless,
For 'tis only to Sweet Princes
That the name is ever whispered.

Now he walketh to the wigwam,
Where a dish is set before him
And its odor breathes to heaven ;
For he now is well-nigh famished
And he fain would take the morsel,
But they seize the U-ri-on-tah
And conduct him to a dungeon
For the last and hardest trial.

Here his hands are tied behind him,

IMMORTALITY.

And he stands in total darkness.
Now he feels the awful presence
Of some frightful object near him
And a cold sweat starts upon him.

Far more dreadful than a dragon,
More repulsive than a gorgon,
Is the breath of this destroyer
Who has swept the earth for ages,
Never failing yet to conquer
All who breathe the air of heaven.
Now its dreadful arms are circling
Round the form of U-ri-on-tah.

At this moment came a whisper ;
'Twas the fairy from the forest,
Who was standing by the Chieftain.
These the words the fairy whispered :
" Flee away, O Death, thou monster ! "

Then the hideous creature vanished,
As the light came streaming downward
And the awful place was lighted.

Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Found the passage leading outward
To the place where he was offered
Once again the sweet ambrosia,
And, his hunger now returning,
He partook of this rare morsel,
Though its name is never spoken.
On the instant came the knowledge
That at last he was Immortal !
And behold he was an Indian,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

With his feathers and his arrows ;
On his breast were many spangles,
And his hair was black as midnight,
And his eyes were dark and piercing.
Hail! Immortal U-ri-on-tah!

Now the council-fire was builded,
And the O. O. T. T. Chieftains
Gathered round in mystic circle ;
Then the pipe of peace was lighted
And was passed around the circle ;
Then the speeches were in order,
And were given by the Chieftains—
By the Tall and Mighty Tam-a-rack,
By the Great Chief Bold Pal-met-tah,
By the Festive Sprou-to-wah-hah,
By the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
By the Wondrous Chief Bald Eagle,
By the Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah,
By the "Burning Bush," the Wa-hoo,
By the Grand Lock-ar-da-no-mah,
By the Great Chief Al-le-ghen-ny,
By the Warrior Al-le-quip-pa,
By the Great A-quash-i-co-la,
By the Terrible The Ash-baugh,
By the Black Hawk from the Beaver,
By the Great Buck Cat-a-wis-sa,
By the Big Chief Lack-a-wan-na,
By the Chieftain Con-sho-hock-en,
By the Great Da-gus-ca-hon-da,

IMMORTALITY.

By the Mighty Ho-ken-dau-quā,
By the Great Chief Man-han-tan-go,
By the savage Man-a-taw-na,
By the Terrible Min-ne-quā,
By the Warrior Mo-can-a-quā,
By the Chief Mo-non-ga-he-la,
By the Chieftain Mountain Eagle,
By the Mighty Warrior Mon-sey,
By the Wondrous Chief O-ko-me,
From the Valley of Lycoming.
Many other Chieftains also
Spake upon this great occasion.

Then the feast of O. O. T. T.
Was prepared by Little Beaver
From the Ju-ni-at-a country.

When the feast had been partaken
And the pipe of peace was passing,
Then the Great and Mighty Tam-a-rack
Rose and spake before the people.

"Now our brother U-ri-on-tah
Has been duly made Immortal,
We all hope he may be able
To unfold the secret meaning
Of the carving on the tablet.
Let us hear from U-ri-on-tah."

Then the Dusky Chieftain riseth,
And he spake before the Warriors
Round the council-fires now gathered :

"Listen well, my Noble Chieftains,
While I tell the simple story

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Of the tablet wrought by Wi-daagh.
I will now reveal the meaning
Of the strange and mystic symbol
Which is graven on the tablet.

“ Harken well and hear the story.
Many moons have come and faded
Since a fearless tribe of Indians
Lived within the charming valley
Of the Great Chief Ton-a-wan-dah,
Which lies eastward from the river
Of the wondrous On-qui-aah-ra.

“ In this lovely On-ta-ro-ga
Lived this mighty tribe of Indians,
And among them was a Chieftain,
Father of two stalwart Warriors.
One was Dusky U-ri-on-tah
And the other Bold Pal-met-tah.

“ This great Chieftain taught his children
How to make the curious powder
Which would harden in the water ;
And they built a mighty furnace
To produce this wondrous powder,
And they built a lofty mortar
For the grinding of the powder ;
Then they sold it to the pale-face
And they gathered in the wampum.

“ Now the Chieftain taught these Warriors
Of a secret, always hidden
By the tribe of Ton-a-wan-dah,
How to die although not dying,

IMMORTALITY.

Yet to die and reappearing
In another form and body.
Transmigration was the secret.
Thus have lived and died these Warriors
Since beginning of creation.

“ Thus the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Came to you from out the eastland,
Where his father is the mountain
And the sea his loving mother;
Came he here to join the order,
Which is greater than the secret
Of the laws of transmigration—
It is bliss to be Immortal ! ”

Resteth now the U-ri-on-tah,
While the Calumet is handed
From one Warrior to another
Till it passed around the circle,
While the fragrance of tobacco
Fills the nostrils of the Warriors;
And the smoke rose, slowly curling
'Mid the branches of the forest,
From the Calumet of pipe-stone
Which was sent from Min-ne-so-tah,
As a present from a Chieftain,
From the Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah
To the tall and Mighty Tam-a-rack;
And the pipe-stone bowl was graven
By the hand of great Chief Red Cloud,
On the banks of roaring Blue Earth

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Far beyond the Mis-sis-sip-pi,
And its stem a reed from Blue Earth ;
To the reed were fastened feathers
From the wings of many eagles,
And the Calumet was worshipped
By the Warriors in the forest.

Now the pipe of peace was finished,
And the Warriors sat in silence
With their heads upon their bosoms.
Thus they sat around the wigwam,
Sitting thus in sweet communion,
While the stars were shining brightly,
And the wind among the branches
Murmured softly, whispering music
In the ears of all the Chieftains,
Bringing peace and sweet contentment.

Then uprose the Bold Pal-met-tah,
Slowly rising 'mong the chieftains,
And he gazed around the circle,
Gazing calmly on the Warriors,
Till at last he broke the silence
And he spake before the people :

"Listen now to Bold Pal-met-tah.
You have heard the U-ri-on-tah
Tell the story of the wonders
Which are found in that great valley—
Valley of the Ton-a-wan-dah,
To the eastward of the river
Of the wondrous On-qui-aah-ra ;
And the Dusky U-ri-on-tah

IMMORTALITY.

Told you of a grand old Chieftain,
Father of two mighty Warriors,
How in secret he had taught them
How to make the wondrous powder.

“Many things the U-ri-on-tah
Told you in his curious story,
All of which were fairly truthful,
All except the doubtful portion
Where he claims to be my brother.

“Now the truth is always welcome
In this land of gallant Warriors,
And 'tis well that I am present
To correct the playful errors
Of the Dusky U-ri-on-tah. .

“Long ago when Indian Summer
Came upon our hills and valleys,
And the air was soft and balmy,
Bathing all the hazy landscape
In a sweet and dreamy languor,
I was near Go-no-sa-aw-wa,
Playing round about my Noh-yeh,
Who, beside the Go-ne-ga-da,
Toiled in patience, slowly grinding
Indian corn, awhile the sunshine
Slanted down among the branches
Of the forest-trees about us.

“I was young and tender-hearted,
And I gazed upon my Noh-yeh,
Half in wonder, half in sorrow,
For I saw the tears were standing

On her cheeks and coursing downward
While she worked the Go-ne-ga-da.
Then I drew up close beside her
And I put my arms about her,
Trying hard to cheer my Noh-yeh.

“Then she led me toward the shadows,
And beside Go-no-sa-aw-wa
There she told this curious story:

“‘Dost thou see thy Chieftain Ha-nih
And thy Da-ya-gwa-dan-no-da
Walking in the forest yonder?
They are thus together always,
Never one without the other.

“‘When thy Ha-nih hunts the wild deer,
Then thy Da-ya-gwa-dan-no-da
Hunts beside him in the forest,
And my heart is sore within me,
For thy Ha-nih loves the pale-face
More than I can bear to witness.

“‘Now draw nigh, my son, and listen.
In the days before thy birthday,
When the So-non-ton-he-ron-ons
Filled the forest round about us
With their shouts of joy and gladness,
As they chased the deer and bison
Through the Ton-a-wan-dah valley,
Then it was thy Chieftain Ha-nih
Went away to seek for deer-meat.
He was far within the forest
When he came upon a wolf-den.

“Quick he drew his surest arrows
As a she-wolf came upon him,
But she fell when pierced with arrows
From the bow-string of thy Ha-nih.
Then he searched the darksome wolf-den,
And brought forth a curious litter
Of young wolves, with one among them
Which was quite unlike the others,
And thy Ha-nih gazed upon it
With a look of earnest wonder.

“Then he gently raised and turned it
On its back and facing upward,
And its hair was soft and yellow
And its eyes were blue and smiling,
As it looked up at thy Ha-nih,
With its hands extended upward.

“Now thy Ha-nih, speaking softly
To himself, these words he uttered :
“This young creature is a pale-face.
It was stolen from the settlers
Who now dwell at Te-o-sah-wa,
And the she-wolf brought him hither.
She has nursed it with her young ones,
And, as I have slain the she-wolf,
I must take the pale-face with me
To my own Go-no-sa-aw-wa.
Less than this would be inhuman ;
For to leave it here to perish
I would prove myself unworthy,
Then, when years have come upon me,



This she-wolf would rise to shame me."

"These the words thy Ha-nih uttered,
Then he gathered up the pale-face,
And he brought him to our wigwam
In the charming On-ta-ro-ga,
And he bade me love the papoose
As my own, and thus to rear it,
Which has been a grievous burden.

"Thus the pale-face grew to manhood;
Now he hunts beside thy Ha-nih,
Who now leaves my sons behind him.

"And thy Ha-nih taught his children
To be silent when the question
Should come up about the pale-face
Being stolen from the settlers
By the she-wolf in the forest.

"When thy Ha-nih brought the pale-face
To our own Go-no-sa-aw-wa,
Then he named the waif among us,
And he called him U-ri-on-tah.'

"Now, aside from this true story
Which was told me by my Noh-yeh
And suppressed by U-ri-on-tah,
All the rest that he has told you
I can vouch for every portion.
I have spoken," quoth Pal-met-tah,
And he sat among the Warriors.

Then uprose the Mighty Tam-a-rack,
His dark eyes aflame with anger,
And his voice rose wild and fearful

Till it shook the mighty forest,
When in tones of awful thunder
He addressed the Bold Pal-met-tah :

“Thou hast come here, Bold Pal-met-tah,
Come among this peaceful people,
To create a dire disturbance.
Thou hast thought to cast suspicion
On the birth of U-ri-on-tah ;
Though thy words were sweet and honeyed,
They were poisoned in the telling.

“By thy speech thou art convicted ;
Thou wert taught by thine own father
To be silent when the question
Should come up about the pale-face
Being stolen from the settlers
By the she-wolf in the forest,
Yet thou didst not wait the raising -
Of the question by my people.

“Under guise of being truthful
Thou hast sprung the buried secret
Of the birth of U-ri-on-tah,
Seeking thus to cast suspicion
On his name and reputation.

“Dost not know that thou hast spoken
Words which fall on these great Warriors
Like the Balm of Gilead, falling
On the head of every Warrior?

“Dost not know that here are gathered
All the Sus-queh-an-nah wolf-clans?
Here the wolf-clans always gather,

And the story of the she-wolf
Falls most welcome on these Warriors,
For the she-wolf here is worshipped;
Therefore do we gladly welcome,
Doubly welcome, U-ri-on-tah."

Seated now was angry Tam-a-rack,
And he gazed upon the faces
Of the Warriors round the wigwam,
Noting signs of warm approval.

Now uprose the Bold Pal-met-tah,
And he drew from out his quiver
Many plugs of sweet tobacco;
These he handed to the Warriors,
Each a plug of sweet tobacco.
Then he spake before the Chieftains,
And his voice was soft and gentle.
These the words the Big Chief uttered:

"Fill the Calumet, my Warriors!
Let us smoke to U-ri-on-tah.
No one here can do him honor
Greater than the Bold Pal-met-tah.
Well I knew that here were gathered
Wolf-clans of the Sus-queh-an-nah,
And I knew that they would gladly
Listen to the she-wolf story.
And although it pained me greatly
To divulge the truthful story
'Gainst the wishes of my Ha-nih,
Yet so anxious am I always
To do honor to my brother,

IMMORTALITY.

I could not resist the impulse ;
For I knew that when you heard it
You would look on U-ri-on-tah
As a worthy wolf-clan Chieftain.

"This my object in the telling
Of the birth of U-ri-on-tah,
To exalt him in your presence,
Not to lower him among you—
Perish such unworthy motives.
I have spoken," quoth Pal-met-tah.

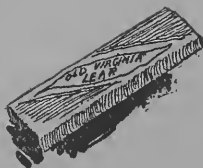
Now uprose the Mighty Tam-a-rack,
And he smiled upon his people,
Then in words of gentle import
Spake he thus before the Warriors :

"I acknowledge Bold Pal-met-tah
Is a twister of the language,
And in words of honeyed phrases,
And with oil upon the hinges
Of his tongue, he turns a sentence
Fraught with venom into sweetness.

"We accept his explanation,
With his promise that hereafter
He refrain from such proceedings.

"Light the Calumet E-yan-sha,
Let us smoke the sweet tobacco
Furnished us by Bold Pal-met-tah."

Now the Calumet is lighted,
And the smoke is curling upward
Through the branches in the forest,
While the moon is upward climbing



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

O'er the peaks of Mount MacClintoch,
And the top of Leadpoint glistens
'Gainst the northern sky like silver,
And the crags are casting shadows
Down athwart the gloomy chasms,
Down the "Last-Drop" cañon gleaming,
While adown the mystic cañon
Rushes wild the stream enchanted.

Now behold the headless horseman,
Keeping close along the pathway
At the foot of Mount MacClintoch,
Flying swiftly up the cañon !

See this weird, uncanny rider,
With both whip and spur he urges,
Swifter flies his foaming charger,
As he dashes up the pathway
Leading to the haunted castle
Which is gleaming in the moonlight.
Now the great hall door is swinging,
On its massive hinges turning,
Opens wide with no one near it,
For the Princess Ma-ri-on-ta
And the charming Em-i-le-ta
Have in terror sought their chambers.

Through the open door now dashing,
Down the stony stairway flashing,
With his sword and buckler glistening
In the moonlight, through the doorway,
Down the stairway to the dungeon
Passes on the headless horseman.



IMMORTALITY.

Whence he comes—no one can tell it ;
When he goes—no one can hear him ;
Neither is he seen to vanish.

While he stays within the dungeon
Where the restless spirits linger,
Always waiting, watching, sighing,
Till this ghostly rider cometh,
Then is heard the wildest tumult,
Groans, and shrieks, and ghoulish laughter ;
Then, when they again are silent,
It is known the headless horseman
Has departed—none know whither.

Now fair Lochabar is silent,
Save the night-birds' mournful tuning,
While the moon is softly shining
O'er the tree-tops in the forest,
Where the smoke is curling upward
Far above the topmost branches,
While beneath, the brave young Warriors
Smoke the Calumet together.



CHAPTER III.

STORY OF THE TABLET.

Now uprose the Great Bald Eagle,
And he thus addressed the circle :

“ Will this noble band of Warriors
Hear the voice of Great Bald Eagle,
He whose home is in the mountains,
Dimly seen beyond this valley ?
Where the cliffs of Great Bald Eagle
Loom above the Ot-zin-ach-son,
There he dwells among the eagles,
And his name will be remembered
While the sun shines and the rain falls
On the mountains where he dwelleth.

“ He has come from out his fastness,
Come to greet the worthy members
Of the wondrous O. O. T. T. ;
Come to meet the U-ri-on-tah,
And to hear him tell the story
Of the language of the tablet.
Let us listen to the story.”

Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
Standing up among the warriors,
While his hair, as black as midnight,
Hangs in braids upon his shoulders,
With the eagles' feathers fastened
In his hair around his forehead,



STORY OF THE TABLET.

He now takes the mystic emblem
From the hand of Mighty Tam-a-rack,
And he gazes long and wistful
On the signs within the borders
Of the circle on the tablet.

Then the voice of U-ri-on-tah
Rises clear around the circle
Of the Warriors by the wigwam.
These the words the Chieftain uttered:

“Listen well, my wolf-clan brothers,
While I answer Bold Pal-met-tah,
After which will come the story
Of the strange and mystic tablet.
I have told you of the story,
Of the gift which my forefathers
Always held a precious secret—
Secret of the transformation.
Other tribes knew not the secret.
I was taught by my forefathers
How to use the wondrous power.

“Since that time my body often
Has been gathered to my fathers,
Yet the spirit, ever wakeful,
Seeks another way to enter
Here on earth the form it chooses.
In my search through many countries
For a body to my liking,
Often have I felt it needful
To uplift some lowly mortal.

“Thus it was with Bold Pal-met-tah.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

I had seen that he was lowly,
Yet by culture might be lifted
Up above the life about him,
Should I let him call me brother,
Call me Da-ya-gwa-dan-no-da.

“So the world has looked upon us,
It has helped the Bold Pal-met-tah ;
So, when he had grown to manhood,
Then I journeyed to the eastland
And was slain upon an island
Down the Ca-ho-ha-ta-te-a.

“Thence, between the sea and mountain,
In a wild and mystic forest
I was buried for a season,
And I slept awhile forgotten,
Till the sea and mountain wedded,
She my Noh-yeh, he my Ha-nih :
Thus you know the U-ri-on-tah.

“Now go back to Bold Pal-met-tah,
Where the tribe of Ton-a-wan-dah
Raised up warriors by the thousands ;
You have heard the Bold Pal-met-tah
Tell the story of his Ha-nih ;
How he thought I had been stolen
From the early pale-face settlers.

“This, my Warriors, was an error
Which I never contradicted.
Let the wolf-clan hear the story
From the lips of U-ri-on-tah :
That—she-wolf—was—my—own—mother!”

STORY OF THE TABLET.

Now the voice of U-ri-on-tah
Was drowned out in frenzied uproar ;
Every Warrior, rushing forward,
Grasped the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
Placed him on their stalwart shoulders,
Bore him through the somber forest,
Yelling, screaming, wild, excited,
Crazed with joy and exultation,
Shouting, singing, laughing, dancing,
Up and down the mighty forest
Till they woke the sleeping Giants,
Who arose upon the surface
Of the pool within the forest,
Looked about in wild-eyed terror,
Wondering what uncanny demons
Had possessed the swarthy Warriors,
Who went singing through the forest.
This the song the Warriors chanted :

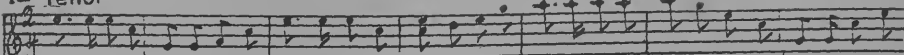


Song of the Wolf-Clan.

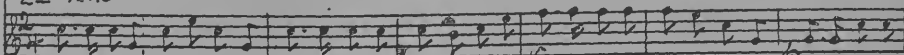
Quick step time

No 6.

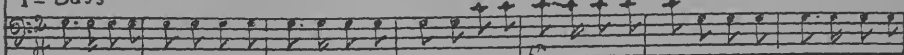
1st Tenor



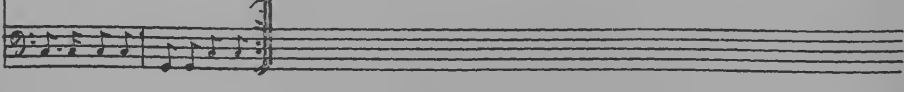
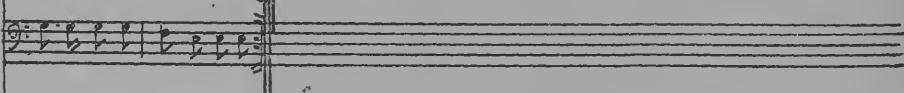
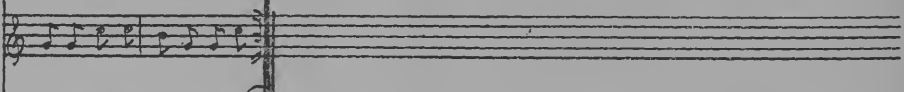
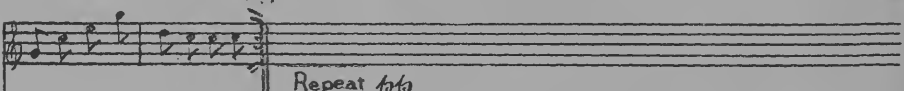
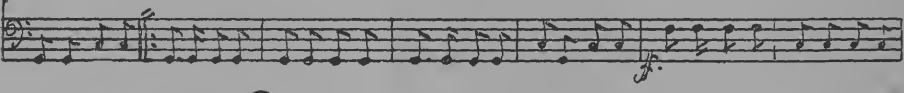
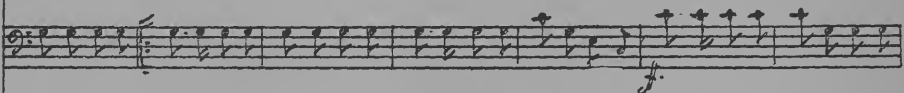
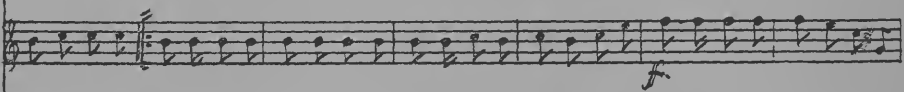
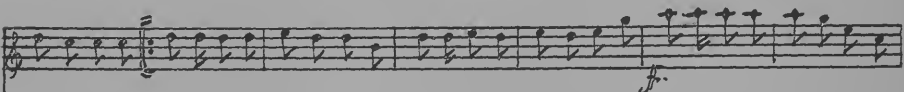
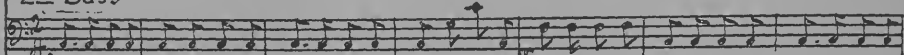
ff
2nd Tenor



ff
1st Bass



ff
2nd Bass



Repeat *p/p*

Song of the Wolf-Clan.

Now the wolf-clan is made happy,
Now the wolf-clan sings and dances,
Now the wolf-clan breathes contented,
Now the wolf-clan's joy enhances.
We have found the Mystic Warrior,
And the she-wolf was his mother.
He was born in she-wolf cavern,
And, behold, he is our brother!

Dance and sing, ye wolf-clan Warriors,
Make the woods ring loud and louder!
Shout and beat the Ta-wa-e-gun,
Every moment grow we prouder!
Many moons have we been waiting
For the coming of this brother,
Founder of the wolf-clan order,
For the she-wolf was his mother!



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

All night long thus sang the Warriors,
While the Snig-e-i was flowing
Like a streamlet through the forest,
Till at last the gray dawn, creeping
Over mountain, stream, and valley,
Found the Warriors quick assembling
Round the wigwam where the Chieftain
U-ri-on-tah held the tablet.
He had held it to his bosom
All night long throughout the forest.

Now he studied close the meaning
Of the symbols in the circle,
Till at last the Dusky Chieftain
Held aloft the snow-white tablet,
And his eyes now gleamed with wisdom.
He had solved the mystic emblems.
Thus he spake before the Warriors :

“**H**ear me, O ye Mighty Warriors!
Thus I read the hidden secret,
Which has puzzled all the Chieftains :
Soon the secret will unravel.
Should the Warriors, when they hear it,
Tire of listening to the story,
Know at least the U-ri-on-tah
Solves the problem for his brethren.

“In the days when Great King Wi-daagh
Lived beside the Sus-queh-an-nah,
When he found that wily William
Had outwitted him in trading,
When the artful Penn had taken

STORY OF THE TABLET.

All his lands along the valley
Of the wondrous Sus-queh-an-nah—
All the lands between the mountains
On the borders of the river,
And had paid him off in trinkets
Which were only fit for children,
Then he carved this curious tablet.



“While the Great and Mighty Wi-daagh
Was not skilled in trinket trading,
Yet he had a wondrous wisdom
Far beyond his tribe and kindred,
And the Great Chief Nip-pen-o-wi
Knelt before the Mighty Wi-daagh,
Learning wisdom from the teachings
Of the King of Kings, the Wi-daagh.

“Now this Great and Mighty Chieftain
Had discovered something wondrous
On the left bank of the river—
Of the grand old Sus-queh-an-nah :
It was in the rocks he found there.

“Then he built himself a bonfire,
And he placed the rock upon it,
And he heated it to redness ;
Then he ground it into powder,
And he mixed it then with water ;
And, behold, the mixture hardened
When he rolled it into pellets !

“Then he gathered up some fragments
Of the rocks beside the river ;
And he fastened them together

With the water and the powder,
And, behold, these broken fragments
Grew together as by magic!

"Then he placed them in the river,
And they did not fall asunder:
Water only made them firmer.

"Now the heart of Mighty Wi-daagh
Pained him sorely for the losing
Of his land beside the river,
For it held a greater treasure
Than all other lands before him.

"On King's Rock the Chieftain lingered,
And he overlooked the valley
Many miles in all directions.
All was his before the trading,
And the trinkets Penn had given
Had long since been worn and wasted,
And his heart sank in his bosom
When he pondered on the matter.

"Yet, of all the lands before him,
None contained this precious substance
But the land where he was standing.
He alone possessed the secret
Of this wonder-working powder.

"Now a mighty thought possessed him,
How could he hand down the secret
To the red-men of the forest
And not let the hated pale-face
Learn the secret of the powder?

"All night long he sat and pondered.





"AND BESIDE THE SPRING ENCHANTED."

Now the pale-face owned the quarry,
Knowing nothing of the secret,
And he hated every pale-face,
For his heart was with his people.

“ How could he preserve the secret
Through the ages now before him ?
Many moons must come and vanish
Ere his people have the wisdom
To possess, yet keep the secret
From the hungry, grasping pale-face.

“ Thus the night wore on in sadness,
And the morning light was stealing
Up the valley of the river
Ere the Great and Mighty Wi-daagh
Had the thought borne in upon him
How to hand the wondrous secret
Down the ages to his children.

“ He would carve upon a tablet
Mystic signs within a circle,
Which no pale-face could interpret,
Neither could the red-men read it
Until they were made Immortal.

“ In the dark glen now he rested,
And in sleep he had a vision ;
He was wandering, in his dreaming,
In the land of Nip-pen-o-wi,
And beside the spring enchanted,
Where we here are now assembled,
He was resting from his labors,
When he felt the mighty presence

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Of a spirit standing o'er him,
And the spirit spake to Wi-daagh :

“ ‘ Rest in peace, thou good King Wi-daagh ;
For the time is surely coming
When a tribe of Indian Warriors
Will assemble here to worship ;
They will found a mighty order,
'Twill be known as O. O. T. T.

“ ‘ They will hold a wondrous secret,
Which will make them all Immortal ;
There will be among their number
Many children of the Wi-daagh.

“ ‘ There will also come among them
He who won the charming Princess,
A descendant of King Wi-daagh.
He will join the secret order
And become an O. O. T. T.
He will then be raised Immortal,
And by reason of the power
Given him by Au-die-ne-ta,
Daughter of the Great King Wi-daagh,
And who also is Immortal,
Having power of divination,
Handed down for generations,
She will teach the U-ri-on-tah
This great secret of her fathers.

“ ‘ He will read the mystic figures
Thou shalt carve upon the tablet—
He will read them to thy children
Here beside the spring enchanted,

STORY OF THE TABLET.

Where will rise a mighty wigwam.

“ ‘ Here thy children will assemble—

They will hear the wondrous story

Of the finding of the tablet :

How the great and Mighty Tam-a-rack,

A descendant of King Wi-daagh,

Shall be searching near the quarry,

Where he moved some leaves and litter

In the glen beside the river

And beheld the mystic tablet,

Then he took it to the brooklet,

Where he washed it white as marble ;

How he pondered o’er the symbol,

Yet he could not find the cipher

To interpret all its meaning ;

How with care he hid the tablet

In the glen beside the brooklet,

Then he called the tribes together

And they sent for U-ri-on-tah,

Who was raised as an Immortal ;

How the Tam-a-rack sent Bald Eagle

To the glen to find the tablet,

Who should bring it to the wigwam

Where the U-ri-on-tah read it

To the O. O. T. T. council.’

“ Thus the dream of Wi-daagh ended ;

When he woke the sun was shining

In his face while yet he dreameth—

Yet he thought of all his dreaming,

And his heart was light and happy.

Now the way was clear before him,
For he knew that his own children
Would rise up and call him blessed.
Then he found a slab of marble
In the bottom of the river,
Which he carried to his wigwam.

“Many moons he spent in carving
All the symbols on the tablet,
Which was neither square nor circled.
When at last his work was ended,
Then he hid the mystic tablet
In the glen beside the river.
Then his heart was sad and heavy
For the sufferings of his children,
Who were driven from their hearthstones;
And he sank beneath the burden
And was gathered to his fathers.

“Now the meaning of the letters
Which are carved within the circle
Are not easy to interpret,
For the great and good King Wi-daagh
Poured his soul out on these letters.
But, as well as I am able,
I will follow his own language:

“‘In the great and wondrous future,
When two thousand moons have vanished,
All the red-men of the valley
Shall have passed away in silence.
Then my spirit will awaken,
And will draw from out the people—

STORY OF THE TABLET.

People of the pale-face nation—
Many men who love the forest
And the ways of mighty Warriors.

“ They will have the blood within them
Of the great and Mighty Wi-daagh ;
In the forest they will gather
And will found a mystic order :
'Twill be called the O. O. T. T.
They will then preserve the secret
How to make themselves Immortal.

“ They will find this mystic tablet
In the glen where I shall hide it ;
They will find a way to read it ;
They will build a mighty furnace
For the making of the powder
Which is needed by the pale-face,
And will gather in the wampum ;
They will build a comely wigwam,
Close beside the spring enchanted ;
They will dedicate the wigwam
To their greatest King, the Wi-daagh,
Who will ever hover near them,
And will bless their undertaking.

“ On the walls within the wigwam
They will place the Wi-daagh's likeness ;
They will study it intently,
Till at last they feel my presence—
Thus will I preserve my children.

“ In the days to come the Tam-a-rack
Will erect a costly tombstone



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

On the spot where I have rested
Many days beside the waters
Of the wondrous spring enchanted,
Where the mystic stream is flowing
Close beside the rocky ledges.
There the great and good Chief Tam-a-rack
Will erect for me a tombstone ;
And my spirit there will linger
In the niche within the tombstone,
In the monument to Wi-daagh.

“ ‘ When the Warriors there assemble,
If their hearts are true and earnest
And they call me most sincerely,
They will find their King, the Wi-daagh,
Will come forth at their entreaty—
Thus will I preserve my children.

“ ‘ It is finished and King Wi-daagh
Makes his mark upon the tablet ;
He has passed beyond the river
And is royal in the heavens,
Where beneath the arch he standeth,
A companion of the spirits.’ ”

Thus the reading of the tablet
By the Dusky U-ri-on-tah ;
And he gave it to the Tam-a-rack,
Who, with reverence and silence,
Held it up before the Warriors,
When they fell upon their faces,
And, in silence and devotion,
Gave their hearts to good King Wi-daagh.

STORY OF THE TABLET.

Now the night is fast advancing,
Yet the Warriors had not risen ;
Silence reigns throughout the forest,
Save the night-birds' plaintive music,
And the wind is gently rising,
Slender saplings softly swaying,
And the full moon climbing upward,
With the midnight moment coming.

On the instant when it cometh
Then the Mighty Tam-a-rack, rising,
While his lips are closed in silence,
Holds aloft the mystic tablet.

One by one the Chieftains, rising,
Steal away alone in darkness,
Not a word the silence breaking ;
Till at last the Mighty Tam-a-rack
Stands alone within the forest,
While the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
Gliding down the mystic waters,
Comes again upon the Wos-gwah,
And was changed upon the instant
From a Chieftain to a pale-face.

Thus he journeyed to the eastland,
And at last, within his wigwam
There between the sea and mountain,
Finds the Princess Au-die-ne-ta,
Watching, waiting for his coming,
In the garb of Indian Princess.
On the instant when he saw her
U-ri-on-tah changed to Indian,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

And was welcomed by the Princess.

Now indeed were both Immortal,
Never knowing more of sorrow ;
Never more will they grow older ;
They will wander in the forest,
There between the sea and mountain,
Happy in the joy of living,
Caring nothing for the future,
Which was robbed of all its terrors,
For indeed were both Immortal !





MIGHTY TAM-A-RACK.

CHAPTER IV.

SONG OF THE MIGHTY TAM-A-RACK.

WHEN the Autumn-leaves are turning,
Showing red, and green, and golden
On the mountain-sides and foot-hills ;
When the song-birds flock in Autumn,
Each kind seeking out its kindred,
Making ready for the journey
To the southern skies together ;
When the squirrels leap and chatter
As they gather stores for winter ;
When the southern flight of mallards
May be seen in countless numbers
Flying swiftly o'er the waters,
Skimming just above the surface,
Up and down the Ot-zin-ach-son ;
There the Warriors always gather
For the council and the corn-dance ;
At the enchanted spring assemble
Round the wigwam in the forest.



Here the council-fires are builded,
And the Suc-co-tash is boiling,
While the Warriors sit together
In a circle, and the Sachems
One by one address the Warriors,
Who in silence sit and listen.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Many are the tales of sorrow
Told by old and honored Sachems,
Of the wrongs the red-men suffer
At the hands of pale-face people,
Who are pressing harsh and cruel
On the rights of honest red-men.
When the Sachems cease from speaking,
Then the Warriors join in council,
After which they sit in silence.

Then are seen the young braves stealing
From behind the trees and bushes
In the forest round about them,
While the paint, and bells, and feathers
Grace the forms of these young Chieftains,
Who in silence are assembling
Round the council-fires now burning,
And they raise the fearful war-cry;
Then begins the wondrous corn-dance
To the noisy Ta-wa-e-gun,
And they cease not till the red sun
Sinks behind the western mountains.

Soon the moon comes creeping upward
O'er the valley to the eastward,
And the Suc-co-tash is eaten,
And the harvest pipe is passing,
While the Warriors sit in silence
With their heads bent on their bosoms.

Now uprose the Sprou-to-wah-hah
And he spake before the people :

TAM-A-RACK.

“Let us sing a song, my Nobles,
After which, with your approval,
We will listen to the Tam-a-rack,
Who will tell some truthful stories
Which relate to this fair valley.”

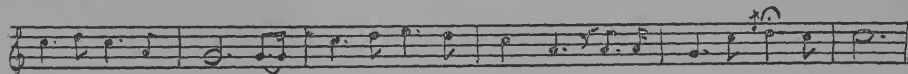
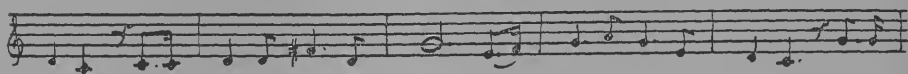
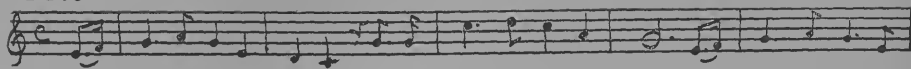
Then the Sprou-to-wah-hah singeth,
And his voice was soft and mellow
As he led the Noble Warriors,
Who, with wild and glad rejoicing,
Sang the chorus while the Chieftain
Sang the solo sweet and charming :



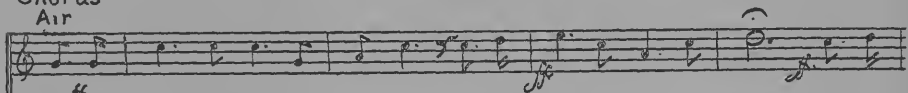
Lochabar

Solo

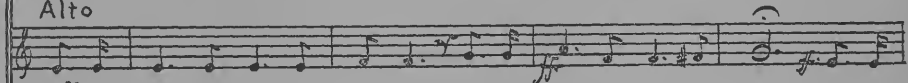
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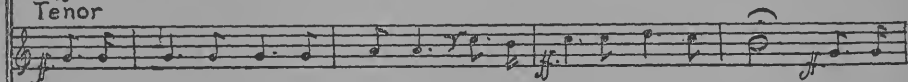
Chorus
Air



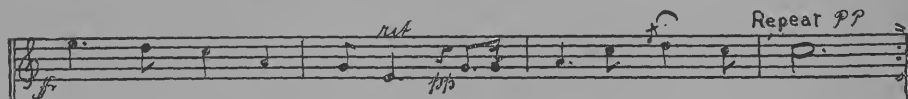
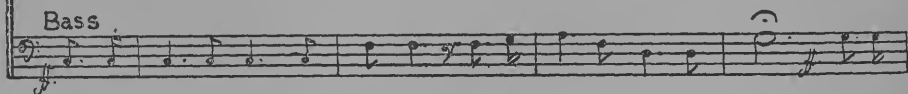
ff
Alto



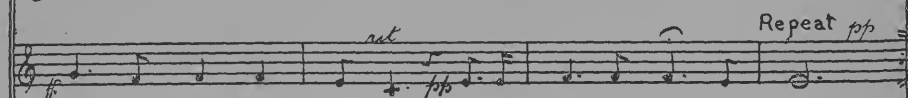
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Tenor



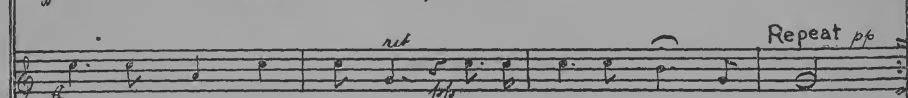
Bass



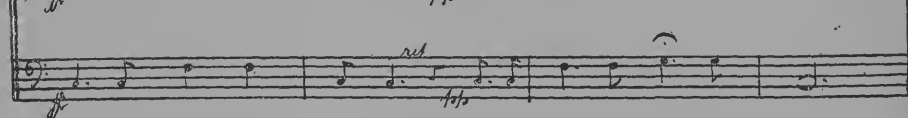
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Song of Lochabar.

In Lochabar's fair forest,
Beside the mystic stream,
How often have I wandered
Alone to rest and dream !
And beside the spring enchanted,
Where the mystic stream doth rise,
Have I sat and lived in rapture
Beneath its azure skies !

Around the spring enchanted
Where the lofty pines doth stand
And sing their solemn dirges,
So plaintive, weird, and grand,
There the angels hover o'er me
In the quiet woodland shade,
While I listen to the brooklet
As it courses down the glade.

O'er the peaks of Mount MacClintoch
The moon is shining bright ;
Soon its rays o'erspread the forest
And illuminate the night,
Lighting up the spring enchanted,
While around its borders stand
All the Chiefs of O. O. T. T.,
Mighty Warriors, brave and grand.

Song of Lochabar.

[*Continued.*]

Down the ages since King Wi-daagh
Stood beside the mystic stream
Has the God of Wi-daagh lingered ;
And his eyes like diamonds gleam,
Hid among the rocks which border
Round the spring in circles bold.
None can see unless by favor
Of the God so stern and cold.

When the sun has crossed the zenith
On its way to western skies,
And the hour of three approaches
Then the Chiefs will all arise,
And, with eyes aflame with rapture,
Will assemble round the spring,
Watching for the faintest welcome
From the God of Wi-daagh, King.

Chorus.

Let us sing once more together,
In a chorus, wild and grand.
Here's to Lochabar forever !
'Tis the fairest in the land.

When the last note had subsided
Then the Mighty Tam-a-rack speaketh,
These the words the Chieftain uttered :

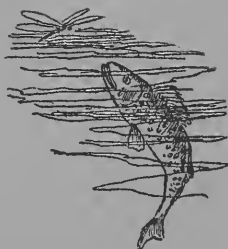
“ You behold how yonder mountains
Stretch away beyond the vision,
While the wondrous Mount MacClintoch
And the dreamy, misty Leadpoint
Now look down upon my wigwam.
It is fitting, then, that Tam-a-rack
Should relate the wondrous stories
Which are centered round this valley :

“ Lochabar, the true Val-hal-la,
With its mountains bathed in azure,
With its forests and its cañons,
With its wondrous lights and shadows,
With its trout stream, laughing, dashing
'Gainst the base of Mount MacClintoch,
As it curves and turns and hastens
Down the valley toward the cañon !

“ See the Ap-pe-u-ne smiling,
As it sparkles in the sunlight,
On its way to join the waters
Of the forest stream enchanted !

“ It is here the gentle spirit
Of the Princess Ap-pe-u-ne
Finds her home among the pixies,
'Mong the water sprites and witches,
Which are gathered where the waters
Join each other in the valley.

“ Here the trout are slyly rising



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

To the fly which skims the surface,
Unconcerned about its future ;
Here the Princess Ap-pe-u-ne
Joins the witches and the fairies
In the early hours of twilight,
And they dance upon the waters,
While their only male companions
Are the Dendroids, bending over,
As they stand beside the waters,
Looking down upon the fairies,
Standing guard o'er Ap-pe-u-ne,
While the dancing never ceases
Till the faintest streak of morning
Gleameth over Mount MacClintoch.

“Long ago, when Indian Summer
Cast its soft rays o'er the forest,
Round the wolf-den there were standing
Many tall and lofty monarchs,
Wondrous giants of the forest,
And their long arms wide extended
Far above the wolf-den cavern.
When the wind sighed through the branches,
Then the young trees sang in whispers,
While the lofty forest monarchs
Joined in chorus, singing grandly.
At the birth of every sapling
It was greeted with the music
Of its parents watching o'er it.
Thus the trees were taught in singing.
Sweetest language set to music

Is the murmuring of the pine-trees,
Softly falling round the warrior
As he wanders in the forest.

“On the brink of wolf-den cavern
Stood a sapling soft and tender,
And its long and slender needles
Told the monarchs standing round it
That a pine-tree was created.
Though 'twas barely peeping upward
From the ground it claimed protection
At the hands of friendly monarchs.

“Full two thousand years have vanished
Since this shrub first saw the daylight,
And 'tis now the tallest monarch
In fair Lochabar's dark forest,
Where as 'Sentinel' 'tis watching,
Standing guard beside the wolf-den.

“In the days when this tall monarch
Was a shrub, with tender branches,
There were gathered in the forest
Many children of the Warriors,
Playing games around the wolf-den,
Such as youthful chieftains fancied ;
They were happy and contented.

“All the Warriors of the valley
Were away upon the war-path.
Thus it happened while these children
Were at play around the wolf-den,
Lo! there came from out the cañon
Many Warriors who were hostile,



And they fell upon the children:
None escaped to tell the story.
All were cast adown the chasm
Where their bodies, torn and bleeding,
Soon decayed and joined the waters
Of the cavern, which were flowing
'Mong the rocks and secret chambers
To the wondrous spring enchanted.

“ Here the bodies of the children,
By their rapid dissolution,
Were unseen among the waters ;
Yet the spirits of the children
Hovered o'er the spring enchanted,
And they drew the unseen substance
Of the bodies toward the borders
Of the mystic stream which floweth
Down the valley to the cañon.

“ It was here the spirits gathered
All the substance of the bodies,
Which then took the form of saplings
On the banks along the brooklet.
Thus preserved were all the bodies,
Simply changed from child to sapling ;
Then the spirits took possession
Of the saplings which here flourished,
And in time were mighty monarchs
Bending o'er the spring enchanted :
O'er the mystic stream they bended,
Down the valley far extended.
Thus they stand beside the waters

Where the Princess Ap-pe-u-ne
Dances in the early twilight,
Guarded well by brave young Warriors,
Who, as Dendroids, hover o'er her.

“ One young spirit, when 'twas severed
From the Ha-wa-e-yoh body—
When 'twas cast in wolf-den cavern,
Wandered off upon the mountains,
Searching there the children's kindred,
Who were great and mighty Warriors.

“ This young spirit hoped to find them
And inform them of the slaughter,
Knowing well that they would follow
On the trail until the hostiles
Were destroyed, and every vestige
Of the brutal tribe had vanished
From the earth, and thus the spirits
Of the children might rest happy.

“ But in vain he searched the mountains,
Searched the valleys and the foot-hills —
Far away upon the war-path
Were the brave and valiant Warriors.
Soon he turned his footsteps homeward,
And beside the spring enchanted
Sat he down to wait the coming
Of the spirits of the children.
But, alas! they had departed,
All were hid within the saplings
Which beside the spring were standing ;
And the substance of the body



He had left when he was slaughtered
Had become a part and parcel
Of the trees along the borders
Of the mystic stream below him.

“Now this young and tender spirit
Felt that he had been deserted,
Left alone to wander ever
Up and down the mighty forest,
Or beside the spring enchanted,
There to dwell throughout the ages.

“Thus the spirit wandered, restless,
Till the tribe, again returning,
Found their children all were slaughtered,
Every squaw and papoose murdered,
And the land laid waste around them.

“Then the Chieftains all assembled,
Gathered round the spring enchanted,
And they cried aloud for vengeance :
‘Would the great and Mighty Spirit
Send a Warrior now to lead them
In their battles with the hostiles,
For, behold, their greatest Chieftains
Had been killed when on the war-path—
None were left to guide the Warriors!’
Thus they cried aloud in anguish,
By the enchanted spring thus wailing,
With their heads bent on their bosoms.

“Soon from off the Mount MacClintoch
Came a runner, flying swiftly
Down the trail beside the wolf-den.



“WHERE THE HOLLOW-TREE TRAIL ENDETH.”

In a moment he was standing
With the Warriors all about him,
Quick he told his marvelous story :

“ ‘ I was watching on the mountain
For the foe, whose stealthy movements
I had followed up the cañon,
And was hiding near the ledges
Where the hollow-tree trail leadeth
Down the side of Mount MacClintoch,
When, behold ! a wondrous object
Came along the trail beside me.

’Twas a man without a spirit,
For his eyes were cold and glassy,
And his face was dead and rigid ;
Yet his form was grand and stately,
And he hurried down the mountain,
Till he stood beside the waters
At the base of Mount MacClintoch,
Where the hollow-tree trail endeth.

“ ‘ Then I saw the wandering spirit
Which now haunts the spring enchanted,
Saw this spirit meet the Warrior,
Saw it enter his broad bosom,
Saw a change come quick as lightning
O’er the face of this great Warrior.
Where before his eyes were glassy,
Now they shine like stars at midnight ;
Where before his hand was empty,
Now a battle-axe he swingeth
Round his head with frightful swiftness ;

Never mortal strong as he is.

“ ‘ While these changes were occurring,
Lo ! the foe crept up the cañon,
And they saw the single Warrior
Standing lone beside the mountain.

“ ‘ Now the foe in countless numbers
Gathered round this single Warrior,
And with shouts they fell upon him,
When, behold ! the axe he twirleth
Round his head—’twas like the whirlwind—
While his eyes now flashed with lightning,
And the foe fell thick about him,
Till the mystic stream was reddened
By the blood of those bold Warriors.

“ ‘ And, behold ! the wondrous Chieftain
Laughed aloud awhile the hostiles
Fell around him in vast numbers,
Till, at last, ’twas but a handful
Now remained to tell the story.
These retreated down the cañon,
While the great and valiant fighter
Was unharmed and calmly resting
On his battle-axe, and smiling.

“ ‘ Soon he walked upon the bodies
Of the slain and, passing upward
By the stream, he cometh hither.
When I saw which way he cometh,
Then I took the trail which leadeth
From the mountain to the wolf-den.’

“ Even while the runner speaketh,



Lo ! the Warriors turned and, gazing
Down the mystic stream below them,
Saw the mighty Chieftain coming.
In his hand he bore a blossom
He had plucked while coming hither,
And he held aloft the flower
As a token of his friendship.

“ Soon he stood among the Warriors,
And, behold, the tallest Chieftain
Barely came above his elbow !
But his smile was sweet and winning,
And he spake to those around him.
These the words the great Chief uttered :

“ ‘ I am come, my friends, among you,
And will lead you on the war-path.
We will drive the foe before us,
Every one shall leave the valley.
Even now, before my coming
Here among you, I was halting
At the foot of Mount MacClintoch,
To receive the wandering spirit
Of the child who fell and perished
And was cast within the wolf-den
With a score of helpless playmates.
When the spirit took possession
Of my strong and soulless body,
On the instant this young spirit
Changed me to a Mighty Warrior,
And my eyes were quickly opened.

“ ‘ Then the spirit bade me notice

That which I was tightly grasping.
Looking down I saw this weapon,
Which the spirit said was needful ;
For below us in the valley
Came the Warriors who had slaughtered
All your children, and they hastened
Up the cañon for the purpose
Of attacking this, your stronghold.



“Quickly now the spirit taught me
How to swing the deadly weapon
Which no Warrior here can handle.
'Tis a stone which has been fitted
With a groove around its middle ;
In this groove the thongs are twisted
And are woven to the handle.
At one end the stone is sharpened,
While the other end is rounded,
And the handle, strong and supple,
Reaches to my chin when standing.

“Now these hostile Warriors gathered
Round about in countless numbers,
And they uttered forth a war-cry,
Well designed to chill the marrow
In the bones of those who heard it,
But it only served to nerve me
For the battle sure to follow.

“Then they rushed with headlong fury,
Fell upon me, fighting fiercely.
But I slew them by the hundreds,
And, as they were falling round me,

Then the spirit dwelling in me
Would cry out in shouts of triumph:
“Thus avenged are my dear people!”

“‘Soon there were no more to slaughter,
Only three, who fled in terror,
Seeking safety down the cañon.
Then the spirit dwelling in me,
With exultant shouts of laughter,
Took entire possession of me,
And henceforth will I be silent
While the rightful owner speaketh.’

“Even now the giant ceaseth,
While the Warriors standing round him
Saw a wondrous change come o’er him—
Some new light was dawning on him
Through the workings of the spirit.
Losing naught of fighting instinct,
Yet his face grew radiant, glorious,
With the light of reason shining
In his eyes and overflowing
All his grand and handsome features.

“Now behold the perfect Warrior
Speaketh to his new-found brethren:

“‘All ye children of the forest,
Look upon me, hear my greeting.
I am Nip-pen-ose the Chieftain,
I am come to lead in battle;
Every foe in all this valley
Must make way or fall before us.

“‘When the hostiles killed your children,

I was one among the number
Who were slain, and forth I wandered
As a spirit in the mountains,
Searching for our absent Warriors;
Failing which, I sought the forest,
Where beside the spring enchanted
I awaited your returning.

“ ‘ While the time was slowly passing,
Many strange and curious fancies
Passed before me in succession,
When, at last, one fancy lingered,
And, behold, I could not drive it
From my mind a single moment !
Night and day it stood before me,
Till at last ’twas like a spirit
Haunting me, another spirit.

“ ‘ Once at midnight I was resting
Here beside the spring enchanted,
With the full moon, high above me,
Flooding all the mighty forest,
Lighting up the spring enchanted
While I sat alone beside it.
As I gazed upon the waters,
Lo ! the spirit, rising slowly
From the spring and floating gently
To the rocks and climbing upward,
Soon was seated here beside me.

“ ‘ Turning then, I asked the spirit
What its name and whence it cometh,
And it answered, speaking softly,

While its voice was low and charming :
"I am fate, and lo ! I journeyed
From the caverns far beneath us,
Which extend throughout the valley.
Many spirits there are roaming,
Anxious for some recognition
From the people far above them,
Whom they wish to help and comfort.
I am come to aid and strengthen
Resolutions which are forming
In thy bosom, for thou longest
To become a mighty Warrior,
Yet thou canst not see the manner
Of the way to reach thy purpose.
Let me tell thee why thou longest :
'Tis because the fates have willed it
That thou shouldst become a Warrior.
Fate decrees then all things bendeth :
Nothing is and nothing can be,
Only as the fates have willed it ;
And thy longing is a forecast
Of thy fate, and naught can change it.
Time will come when thou shalt follow
Down this stream to Mount MacClintoch,
There to meet thy future body.
Thou shalt be a Mighty War Chief,
And thy name shall always linger
On the lips of future peoples
Who shall dwell in this fair valley.
It is thus the fates have willed it."

“ ‘ Speaking thus, the spirit vanished,
Leaving me alone to wonder.
Thus the time was slowly passing,
Waiting your return, my Warriors.

“ ‘ I was sitting in your circle
When the Warriors all were calling
On the Great and Mighty Spirit
For a Chieftain who would lead them,
And I saw the awful anguish
On your faces, then the spirit
Known as fate again drew near me,
And I felt a power within me
Which would suffer no resisting.

“ ‘ I was lifted from the circle
And was guided down the valley,
Where I met this wondrous body
Which the fates had placed there for me,
And I straightway took possession—
Thus you see me now before you ;
I am Nip-pen-ose, the Warrior,
And the fates long since decreed it
That our enemies must perish,
Leaving us alone to wander
Over all this lovely valley,
And our children coming after
Shall rule over this fair country.
Great the future now before us :
Many generations coming
Shall rise up and call us blessed !

“ ‘ You shall see my niece Ne-ha-ha,

Rising from the crystal fountain
At the foot of yonder mountain.
She will dwell with me forever,
And the maidens of this valley
Shall admire my niece, the Princess,
And her sweet friend Ap-pe-u-ne.
They will teach your lovely maidens
How to make themselves becoming
In the eyes of your young Warriors.
Thus shall we improve and flourish,
For the fates have so decreed it.'

"Thus the Great Chief Nip-pen-o-wi
Spake before his happy Warriors
When the Sentinel was growing
As a sapling by the wolf-den.

"Full two thousand years have vanished,
Yet the name of this Great Warrior
Is now heard and daily spoken
Over all this charming valley.

"There are many Warriors present
Who have often met the heroes
Of the story now to follow.
Therefore 'twill enhance the pleasure
Of the Warriors round the circle
To be told, without evasion,
They are sitting here among you.

"Many moons have come and vanished
Since two Warriors, strong and mighty,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.



Dwelt in Lochabar's fair valley.
At the belts of these brave Warriors
Dangled many scalps as trophies
Gathered on the field of battle.
When these Chieftains took the war-path
It was known throughout the valley
By the trail of blood behind them.

"On a bright November morning
These brave Warriors scaled the steep cliffs
Of the wondrous Leadpoint mountain,
Which stood glistening in the sunlight.

"When they reached the topmost summit
They sat down upon the rock-shelf
Which projected from the mountain
High in air above the pine-trees
Standing dark against the gray cliffs.

"Eagles, startled from their eyries,
Screamed their angry notes of warning
As they circled round the Warriors.
Yet the eagles were unheeded
By this silent pair of Chieftains,
Who sat gazing long and steadfast
On the wondrous sights before them.
Stretching far beyond the vision
Were the chains of lofty mountains
Drawn in circle round the valley.

"On their left rose grand MacClintoch,
With his head among the white clouds
That were drifting o'er the valley,
On the foot-hills casting shadows

Which ran quickly up the mountain.

“Now the Warriors gazed below them
On fair Lochabar entrancing.
Here the forest, dark and mystic,
There the stream came laughing, dancing
Down the valley toward the cañon.

“Search the earth’s remotest borders,
Visit each and every planet,
Yet you will not find its equal—
Lochabar supreme and peerless!

“Hours passed and still these Warriors
Sat unmoved, serene and silent,
Save their nimble hands were busy
Making arrow-heads and spear-heads
From the flints along the ledges,
Till at last the larger Chieftain
Raised his head and asked the other
Why he came upon the mountain,
And how long ere he returneth.

“Then the other answered slowly :
‘In the night I had a vision ;
’Twas a Princess came beside me,
And she bade me climb the mountain,
There to stay upon the rock-shelf
Until she should guide me further ;
Thus you see me here beside you.’

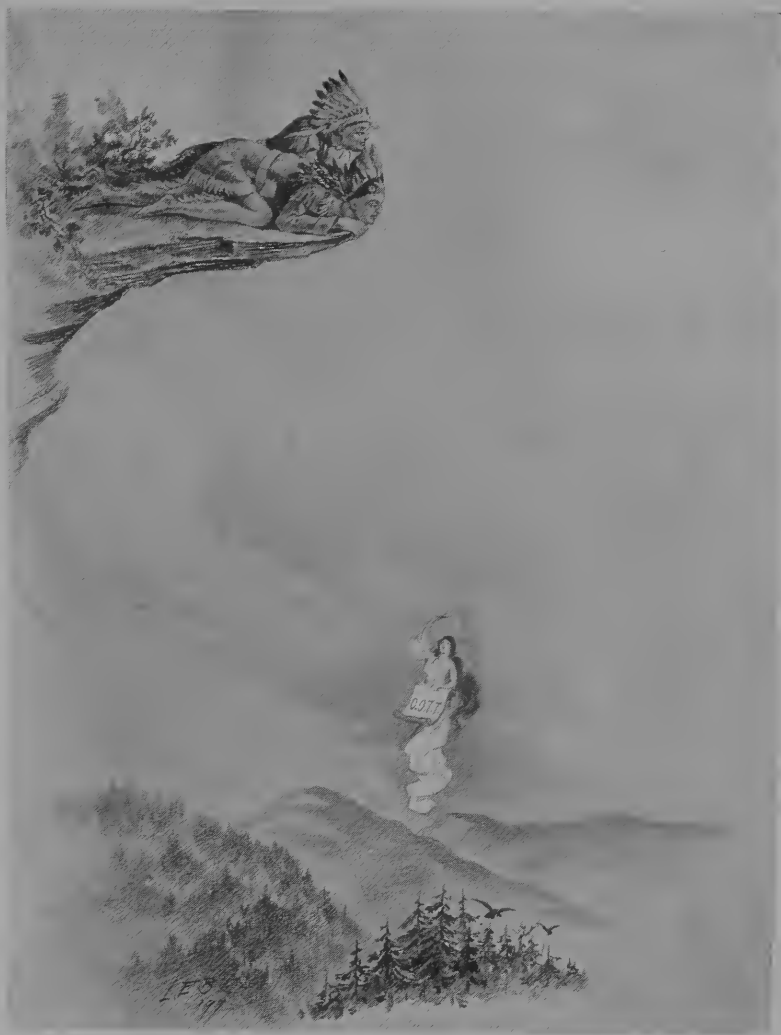
“Then the larger Chieftain speaketh :
‘’Tis a strange tale thou hast rendered ;
For, behold, while I was sleeping
In my dream I saw a Princess,

Who came softly to my bedside,
And she bade me seek the rock-shelf
On the wondrous Leadpoint summit,
There to stay until she cometh;
Thus you see me here beside you.'

"Hardly had the Chief ceased speaking
Ere they heard a soft voice singing
Low, sweet music underneath them.

"On the instant both these Warriors
Fell down quickly on their stomachs,
And they crawled out on the rock-shelf
Till their heads were overhanging
At the edge and, looking downward
From the dizzy height, they trembled
At the sight they were beholding.

"High in mid-air came the Princess,
Climbing up an unseen stairway
'Mong the tops of pines below them,
And, when well above the tree-tops,
Still she circled, still kept climbing
As a spiral stairway leadeth.
Yet no stairs were seen below her,
Nor above, and yet she climbeth,
Rising slowly toward the summit—
Toward the spot where these brave Warriors
Watched, and held their breath while watching,
Lest the power which now upheld her
Might withdraw and leave the Princess
High in air, a helpless mortal,
To be dashed upon the tree-tops



"WATCHED, AND HELD THEIR BREATH WHILE WATCHING."

Far below among the foot-hills.

“Yet while thus the Warriors wondered
Lo! the Princess stood before them,
Radiant in her Indian beauty,
Happy in her *sid-dhi* power.

In her hands she held a parchment,
And she thus addressed the Chieftains :
‘Glad am I, most Noble Warriors,
On the mountain-top to greet you.

I am come upon a mission
Fraught with blessings for your people.
I am come from out the caverns
Having portals through the wolf-den,
And their many lofty chambers
Wind and turn throughout the valley.

“‘In the greatest of these chambers,
Where the walls and ceilings glisten,
Where the streams are swiftly flowing,
There my uncle dwells in grandeur
And he sits beside the *Wi-daagh*,
Near the throne of Great King *Wi-daagh*.

“‘He is *Nip-pen-ose*, the Chieftain,
And I am his niece *Ne-ha-ha*.
I am sent by Great King *Wi-daagh*
To deliver you this parchment,
And, when you have read its contents,
You shall place it in a crevice
In the cliff beneath this rock-shelf.

“You shall place a stone upon it,
And another stone before it,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Then make haste adown the mountain,
Speaking naught about the parchment
Until you are near the ending
Of your days: then tell the people
That a parchment here is hidden,
Which shall rest without disturbance
Until generations passing,
When the people are made ready.
Then will Wi-daagh give the signal
For its finding by the people.'

"While the Princess thus was speaking
Both the Warriors gazed upon her;
And, behold! while they were gazing
Her sweet voice was growing fainter,
Till the last words scarce were whispered.
Then she ceased to make them hear her,
Yet her lips were moving gently,
Just as when they heard her plainly,
And the Warriors felt uneasy,
For they saw she still was speaking,
Yet no sound of speech escaped her,
And the Warriors gazed in wonder
On the sweet face of the Princess,
And, behold! while they were gazing
She began to fade before them.

"Though her outlines still were perfect,
Yet they saw the rocks behind her,
For her body was transparent.
Faint and fainter grew the Princess,
Still her lips were moved in speaking,

TAM-A-RACK.

Till at last the Princess vanished,
Leaving both the Warriors standing
On the rock-shelf dumb with wonder.
Looking down, they saw the parchment
Lying on the rock between them,
Which with awe and veneration
They regarded as a message
From the dead to bless the people.

“Seated now were both the Chieftains,
With the parchment there beside them,
And they slowly turned its foldings
Till at last 'twas spread before them.
Long they pondered o'er the symbols,
O'er the curious signs and signals,
Till at last it dawned upon them
All the meaning of the parchment.
It described the third and final
Of the three degrees belonging
To the O. O. T. T. Conclave ;
It recited, fully, clearly,
All the objects of the order.
In the first degree 'twas given
That a candidate should suffer
As a Prince of O. O. T. T.,
But the ending of the second
Raised the mortal to Immortal ;
While the third was given fully,
Told how it bestowed the power
To be able any moment
To appear whenever wanted ;



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Or to walk beneath the waters
Or on air, as did Ne-ha-ha,
And to fade away and vanish
Into thin air in a twinkling.

“These and many other powers
Were bestowed upon Immortals,
Should the third degree be taken
By the people coming after,
With the strength to bear the knowledge.

“Now the Warriors ceased from reading
And they folded up the parchment;
Then they climbed along the cliff-head,
Clinging fast to rocks projecting.
Inch by inch they crept, and slowly
Worked their way beneath the rock-shelf,
Where they found the chosen crevice.
There they placed the precious parchment,
And they laid a stone upon it
And another stone before it.

“Then they turned and, climbing upward
Where the rocks were overhanging
High in air above the forest,
With the eagles screaming round them,
At the last they gained the rock-shelf,
Where they rest and smoke tobacco.

“Then they crossed the Leadpoint summit,
Coming down through ‘Last Drop’ cañon,
While the darkness fell around them,
And the wolves on Covenhoven
Howled and soon were close upon them;



Yet the Warriors feared no danger,
For their minds were filled with wonder :
They were thinking of the Princess,
And the marvels that were hidden
In the parchment for the children
Who should come with greater knowledge.

“ Soon they came upon the foot-hills,
Then descended to the valley
Where their wigwams looked like sentries
Standing guard beside the waters
Of the rippling Ap-pe-u-ne.

“ Here the Warriors sat and rested
While they smoked the sweet tobacco,
And the night was slowly passing,
Till the early hours of morning
Crept upon them, as the pale moon
Came out from behind a mountain,
With her face half-hid in darkness,
As she hung low down, yet smiling
In the southern sky so peaceful.

“ Long the Warriors sat in silence
On this crisp November morning,
Which was barely passed the midnight,
When a sound was faintly echoed
Back and forth between the mountains,
Which was scarce above a whisper.

“ On the instant both these Warriors
Placed an ear upon the greensward,
And they listened most intently
To the sound of muffled footsteps,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Which came faint across the waters,
Where they foam and dance and sparkle
Round the falls of Ap-pe-u-ne.

“Soon the sounds were heard more clearly,
And they seemed to lead directly
Toward the banks of sweet Te-i-o,
Just above the pure Co-i-o.
Quick these Warriors grasped their war-clubs,
And they left Tar-at-ar-o-ga,
With the speed of lightning flying
Up the rugged As-to-at-yea.

“When they came upon the uplands,
There they paused and sharply listened,
Meanwhile peering most intently
Toward the foot of Mount MacClintoch,
Whence the footsteps seemed approaching.

“Listening thus, they saw a boggard
Rising slowly from the rushes,
Which grew wild beside the waters,
And it started toward the Warriors—
Slow but surely 'twas advancing
Straight to where now stood the Warriors.

“With their war-clubs firm, uplifted,
Stood they ready for the onslaught:
Slowly came the ugly monster
Till they felt his breath upon them.
With a war-whoop, which rang clearly
Out upon the darkened valley,
These brave Warriors laid about them,
Right and left they swung their war-clubs,





"WHERE THEY FOAM, AND DANCE, AND SPARKLE
ROUND THE FALLS OF AP-PE-U-NE."

Fiercely rang their shouts of triumph,
As the boggard fell before them.

“ Yet no sooner was he fallen
Than uprose a score of others,
And they streamed from out the rushes
Like a vast and countless army :
As one fell before the Warriors,
Hundreds came to take their places.

“ Manticores in endless numbers
Rose from out the earth about them,
And the air was filled with specters,
Yet the Warriors never faltered.
Each his war-club firmly grasping,
They advanced upon the structure,
Which was made of fallen timbers
Thrown across the Ap-pe-u-ne.

“ On the instant when these Warriors
Had advanced above the water,
Every specter quickly vanished ;
And they stood beside each other,
Looking down upon the water,
When, behold ! the Nip-pen-o-wi,
Patron saint of O. O. T. T.,
Slowly rose from out the water,
And he stood upon the surface,
Gazing mildly at the Warriors.

“ In one hand he held a parchment,
With the other he was pointing
Toward some strange and curious figures
Which appeared upon the parchment.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

“Then his lips were moved in speaking:
He was telling of a secret
Which had never been unfolded;
It concerned a cruel murder
On the spot where they were standing,
And the body had been buried
In the ground beneath the Villa,
And the manticores and boggards
Would not rest nor be contented
While the crime remained a secret.

“Thus Saint Nip-pen-ose was speaking
As he moved upon the water,
Drawing nigh to where the Warriors
Now were standing, eager, anxious,
Hoping thus to gain the knowledge
Which would serve to drive the demons
And the ghosts from out the chambers—
Haunted chambers in the Villa,
Could they but appease the victim.

“Now the wildly eager Warriors
Could not read the mystic parchment
In the dim, uncertain moonlight,
Though the name of him who murdered,
Also that of his poor victim,
Stood out plainly on the parchment.

“Then they cast the sign before them
And they signaled Nip-pen-o-wi;
Would he not draw nigh the Warriors
While they read the fateful parchment;
And the patron saint consented.

“ But, alas ! upon that instant
They were startled by the rushing
Of an object in the heavens,
Near and nearer, roaring, hissing,
Through the air and quickly falling,
Struck the water there before them,
Close beside the Nip-pen-o-wi,
Who had sunk beneath the surface
When the object struck the water.

“ Scarcely had this sad disaster
Taken place, when both the Warriors
Heard again the muffled footsteps,
And, behold ! they saw a Chieftain
Standing on the bridge beside them,
And he thus addressed the Warriors :
‘ I behold the Mighty Tam-a-rack
And the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Standing here above the waters
In the small hours of the morning.
Know I am the Bold Pal-met-tah.’

“ Then they formed the rude triangle,
Each a hand now raised above him,
While their thumb-nails touched together ;
Whispered they the mystic password—
Whispered ‘ De-a-non-da-a-yoh,’
Then all spoke together ‘ Yo-hah.’

“ Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Called aloud on Nip-pen-o-wi ;
Would he come and bring the parchment,
While these Warriors, grim and stolid,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Steadfast gazed upon the water
When the moon and stars were shining.

“And, behold! while they were gazing
Lo! the waters gently rippled
And a face so pale and saddened,
Faintly outlined on the surface,
Rested calmly for a moment,
Wistful, longing, yet half-conscious
That the last of those three Warriors
Threw the stone which broke the seance;
And his look was half reproachful,
As he wished to serve the Chieftains,
Yet he felt himself insulted.

“After much of earnest pleading
On the part of U-ri-on-tah
Soon appeared the mystic parchment,
Half exposed above the water.

“Then from out the tall bulrushes
Came a leaping, dancing brooklet,
Rushing down the wild On-ti-o,
Into pure Te-i-o plunging,
Where the vanished Nip-pen-o-wi
Just before had sweetly rested.

“All in vain the Warriors pleaded
For the saintly Nip-pen-o-wi
To return and tell the secret.
Never more would he come near them,
And their hearts were sad and heavy,
For the Villa still is haunted.
To this day the ghosts and specters

Stalk at midnight down the hallways,
And they fill the air with groanings,
And there is no hope of rescue
Till the secret is unfolded.

“Now the Warriors, sitting silent
On the banks of Ap-pe-u-ne,
Saw their shadows in the moonlight,
Lying on the grass before them,
Watching o’er them like grim specters.

“Then uprose the Mighty Warriors
And they grasped their knotty war-clubs ;
Then stood forth upon the upland,
Where their lengthened shadows followed,
Reaching out across the valley.

“Now began a wild, fantastic
Shadow-dance upon the greensward ;
Weird and strange the shadows flitted
Up and down the slanting grass-land.

“Fast and furious danced the Warriors,
Yet the shadows never faltered ;
Quick as lightning were the movements
Of the Warriors, yet the shadows
Cut the same fantastic figures.

“Thus the shadow-dance was given,
While the water-imps and gorgons
Crept from out the nooks and crannies
Round the falls of Ap-pe-u-ne ;
And they watched the Mighty Warriors
Through the shadow-dance, till morning
Broke upon the strange proceedings.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

“Many are the curious legends,
Which are centered round the region
Where fair Lochabar lies gleaming
In the sunshine, while the mountains
Here on every hand are standing,
Gazing down upon the picture,
All unconscious that their presence
Lends the charm, reveals the secret
Of its wild, entrancing beauty.”

Then the Tam-a-rack ceased from speaking
While the Warriors sat in silence
In a circle round the night-fire,
Holding sweet commune with nature
While they smoke the pure tobacco.



CHAPTER V.

A MISSION.

NOW the years are slowly passing,
Years of joy and sweet contentment :
Nothing came to mar the pleasure
Of the Chieftain and the Princess.
When the morning broke upon them
They would rise and seek the river,
And with birch canoe they paddled
Where the waters were the deepest,
There to while away the morning,
Toying with the trout and salmon.
Then, the noontide hour approaching,
They would seek the darkened forest,
There to rest until the evening,
Singing oft their plaintive love-songs.



Years on years thus passed behind them—
Years of joy to U-ri-on-tah,
Years of joy to Au-die-ne-ta.
When the Storm King swept the mountain,
When the sea was lashed to foaming,
When the forest, wildly swaying,
Roared and groaned, with branches tossing,
When the lightning forks were flashing
Through the tree-tops, rent asunder
By the fury of the Storm King,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Then the Chieftain and the Princess
Sought the mountain-side together.

There, with naught but rocks about them,
Up above the rugged foot-hills
Stood they forth and faced the tempest—
Faced the lightning as it darted
Down among the rocks about them.
Here amid the peals of thunder,
Which came rolling down the mountain,
Stood the Chieftain and the Princess,
And they sang their wildest anthems,
Vying with the awful thunder.
Loud and louder rang their voices,
While the lofty mountain father
Bends his head to hear the music,
Which now rang above the rolling
Of the thunder of the Storm King.
This the song these lovers chanted:

“Hear us, O thou mountain father,
Hear us, O thou sea, our mother!
Years on years have come and vanished
Since we both became Immortal.
We had thought our joy was perfect;
Once we spake these words with rapture:
‘It is bliss to be Immortal!’
Now, alas! our hearts are doubting.
We have no regrets to tell thee,
Neither is our song complaining,
But the time has come when something
Now is needed for our comfort;

A MISSION.

For the time doth hang upon us,
And we fain would seek for something
Which will test our great endurance—
Something which the proudest mortals
Have attempted and have failed in—
Something which has caused the strongest
Of the Warriors grief and anguish,
When they found the work unfinished
After years of toil and worry,
Saw the task elude their cunning
And defy their every effort,
Till at last, with years upon them,
After spending all their wampum
And their strength in vain endeavor,
They lay down the grievous burden,
Fold their withered hands and gladly
Welcome Death, the fell destroyer.

“ Give us something of this nature,
Something which has crushed the strongest,
Left the proudest broken-hearted—
Something which the baffled pale-face
Says cannot be done by mortal,
And in proof of his assertion
Points to wrecks along his pathway,
And, with bony hands uplifted,
He declares the gods are helpless
When they fain would dare to struggle
With the task we now are seeking :
Give us something of this nature.
When he finds that constant struggle

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Only makes the task still harder,
Then the heart of U-ri-on-tah
Will grow strong within his bosom."

Silent now was U-ri-on-tah,
While his head fell on his bosom
And his arms were hanging listless
By his sides, while Au-die-ne-ta,
Ever faithful, stands beside him,
With her hands clasped on her bosom,
Lifts her eyes, now moist with weeping,
Toward the face of their dear father,
While the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Gazes on the earth before him.

Now the mighty father speaketh
And his voice is low and mournful,
Like the tones of distant thunder
Rolling far adown the cañon :

"O my son, my U-ri-on-tah !
Thou hast filled my heart with sorrow.
See ! thy mother has retreated
On her homeward journey, sobbing
For her son, who thus doth cause her
Many pangs of pain and sorrow
By his seeking for the hardships
Which must come to those who enter
All the struggles of the mortals.

"'Tis a life beset with horrors.
Couldst thou not, my U-ri-on-tah,
Be content while all around thee
Sang of love, and all the song-birds

Filled the air with sweetest music ?

“ Must I call thee, U-ri-on-tah,
To the days when thou didst ask me
For the chance to win the Princess ?
Does the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Now regret the O. O. T. T.,
And that he was made Immortal ?

“ O my son, my U-ri-on-tah !
Thou art weary from inaction,
And I will not seek to chide thee,
Yet must I restrict thy powers.
Thou shalt still be an Immortal,
But must bear the griefs and burdens
Which are common to the mortal.
Pain and anguish thou shalt suffer,
Neither thou nor thy dear Princess
Shall succeed through having powers
Which are given to Immortals.
Until thou shalt be victorious
O'er the foe which I shall mention
Thou shalt suffer as a mortal.
When thou comest home a victor
Then thy powers shall be restored thee
And the Princess Au-die-ne-ta.

“ Down the ages, since the waters
Flowed about my topmost summit,
There has been a roving demon
Who has baffled all the mighty—
Through the ages now behind us
Mighty men from pale-face nations

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Have been torn and crushed beneath it:
Dead men's bones e'en now are bleaching
In the sun who fain would grasp it;
Countless graves are filled with victims;
Even thus the U-ri-on-tah
Fell beneath its ruthless crushing—
Fell and perished, as related
In his story to the wolf-clan.

“Now, behold, thy loving father
Stoops to bless his wayward children.
I have heard thy prayer this evening,
How thy heart is moved to action,
And I charge thee now to listen,
Summon all thy manly courage
To bear up when thou shalt hear me
Name the task I set before thee.

“Thou shalt grasp it single-handed
And, behold, if thou shalt conquer,
Then a god among Immortals
Thou shalt be, my U-ri-on-tah!
Do not hope to triumph quickly,
Neither let repeated failures
Daunt thy courage nor o'ercome thee.

“When thou meetest it in battle
In the morning light and sunshine,
And the hour of noon approaches,
And the battle still is raging,
And thy tongue is parched and blistered
With no spring of water nigh thee,
Think thou of thy father's warning,

A MISSION.

How he told thee of the horrors
Which await thy every footstep.

“When the darkness falls about thee
And the battle still is raging,
Seek thou then thy loving Princess:
She will quench thy thirst with water,
And will lead thee to thy wigwam,
There to rest until the morning.
Then, arising, thou shalt battle
All the day with this dread terror:
It is called the ruthless Bee-ess!”

When these mystic letters sounded
In the ear of U-ri-on-tah,
Both his hands were quick uplifted,
O'er him spread a deathly pallor,
As he grasped the awful import
Of the task now set before him,
And he fain would shrink from meeting
This dread demon whom his father
Bade him conquer or be conquered.

Now the lovely Au-die-ne-ta
Spoke in soft tones to the Chieftain
Words of comfort, kind and gentle.
Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Lifts his eyes up toward his father,
And would speak, for, half relenting,
He would ask his father's pardon
For his foolish wish to labor.
But, alas! the father turneth
His sad face aside in sorrow,



While the mist, now creeping upward
Round the father half-enshrouded,
Hides him from the U-ri-on-tah,
Who, with heavy, stifled breathing,
Looks despairing, mute, appealing,
To the father, nor concealing
His despair and desolation ;
For, with heart which fast was breaking,
Prostrate on the ground now falling,
Groans aloud in mortal anguish.

Now the weeping Au-die-ne-ta
Stoops and wipes his cold, damp forehead,
And beseeches him to listen
While she speaketh words of courage,
Hope, and comfort for her Chieftain.
Rising now, the Dusky Chieftain,
Takes the hand of his dear Princess
And they journey down the mountain.

On the great rock near the wigwam
Seated are the Chief and Princess,
And the Au-die-ne-ta speaketh :

“ Wilt thou tell me, my great Chieftain,
What it was which so o’ercame thee
At the mention of the Bee-ess,
Though as mortal thou shalt meet it?
Surely thou art an Immortal,
Therefore cannot fail to conquer,
Even though thy heart grows weary
With the long and fruitless struggle.
Courage, then, my Dusky Chieftain !

Didst not hear thy father's promise
That a god among Immortals
Thou shalt be shouldst thou but conquer?
Courage, then, my Dusky Chieftain!"

Now the U-ri-on-tah speaketh,
And his voice is strained and husky,
And intense his whole demeanor:

"Hear me well, my Au-die-ne-ta;
It is not for want of courage
That my heart was weak and trembling,
For I feel the power within me
To o'ercome the direful Bee-ess.

"I was thinking, my dear Princess,
Of the days, before I knew thee,
When I was on earth a member
Of the tribe of Ton-a-wan-dah,
Long ere I became Immortal,
When the Bee-ess first was mentioned
By myself to many Warriors
Who were hunting in the eastland;
How they sought to meet the Bee-ess
On the war-path, nothing daunted,
For they all believed my story
That the Bee-ess could be conquered,
Making all the Warriors famous.

"Then came days of disappointment
When the Bee-ess would elude us.
Late and early toiled the Warriors,
Who were wasting all their substance
In the tiresome, fruitless effort

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

To o'ercome the crafty Bee-ess.

"One by one, these faithful Warriors
Fell and perished by the wayside,
While the sharks and wild hyenas,
Known as legal highway robbers,
Licked the bones of those brave Warriors,
Taking all the blood and substance
That the Bee-ess had not taken.

"I had learned to love those Warriors,
For their courage and devotion.
But, alas! they all were murdered
By the ruthless, deathless Bee-ess;
And their squaws and poor papooses
Roam the earth bereft of substance.
I alone of all those Warriors
Now survive to tell the story.

"Know, then, how I had been striving
To forget those days of horror—
How I hoped the treacherous Bee-ess
Had been buried and forgotten.

"Thus it came, when I was bidden
By my father to do battle
With the tireless, deathless monster,
For the moment I was speechless
And my heart was sad and heavy;
For with truth no one can tell thee
More concerning this dread demon
Than the Chieftain now beside thee,
For by me it was created
And by me it must be conquered."

A MISSION.

Now the Chieftain ceased from speaking,
And the lovely Au-die-ne-ta
Sat in silence by the Warrior
On the rock before the wigwam ;
And they held a sweet communion
While the moon shone full upon them,
And the night-birds sang low music
To the rippling of the waters
In the brook which wandered, laughing,
Past the wigwam through the forest
To Quin-nip-i-ac the tranquil.



CHAPTER VI.

THE JOURNEY.

Now the days are passing swiftly—
Days of anxious thought and study,
With the awful contemplation
Of the task now set before them;
And the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Wore a look of pain and worry,
For the time was fast approaching
When he must go forth to battle.
Though he dreaded not the struggle
With the direful Bee-ess demon,
He was sick at heart for knowing
Of the fate that stood awaiting
Many brave and faithful Warriors,
Who must fall and be forgotten,
While the battle, always raging,
Must go on with no relenting
Till the Bee-ess should surrender.
Then the Dusky Chieftain speaketh :

“Let us wander in the forest
While the shades of night are falling ;
I have much I wish to tell thee,
Which is hard for me to utter,
For I dread the day of parting.

“I must go upon a journey

THE JOURNEY.

Through the valley called Ma-ha-quā,
Even far beyond the borders
Of the On-on-da-ga country;
Further westward I must journey,
Through the Ac-qui-no-shi-o-nee
To the land of Ton-a-wan-dah.

“Many perils will beset me
On this long and tedious journey,
Yet must I pursue the Bee-ess,
And I feel the power within me
To run down the fearful demon,
And I take the trail to-morrow.

“Will the Princess brave the dangers
Of the journey to the westward,
Or will she prefer to tarry
By the wigwam in the foot-hills
And await my tardy coming?”

Now the winds wail low and sadly
Round the gloomy forest edges,
While the Princess Au-die-ne-ta,
Walking close behind her Chieftain
In the dim, mysterious forest,
Spake in low and earnest cadence
Words of love and true devotion:

“I will go with thee, my Chieftain;
Where thou leadest I will follow,
And, when dangers shall beset thee,
Thou wilt find me there to help thee.

“Even now I have a vision
Which foretells some dire disaster

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

May befall my Dusky Chieftain.
When the awful Be-ess hideth
In an ambush to waylay thee,
And would smite thee in the darkness,
In thy anguish thou wilt call me
And, behold, I will be near thee!"

Speaking thus, the lovely Princess
Laid her hand upon her Chieftain,
Who now turned and looked upon her,
And his gaze was long and steadfast,
For he saw the same strange pictures
He had seen whenever gazing
In the eyes of his dear Princess.

Forest dusks were floating in them;
Sweet-voiced pines and fragrant cedars
Saw he in those wondrous glances.
Once again he seemed reclining
On the mountain-side and gazing
Over foot-hills, streams, and forest,
Far away and yet still farther
O'er the landscape and the waters,
Scenes of beauty all about him.
Saw he all these things when gazing
In the eyes of his dear Princess,
Then he turned and walked in silence,
But his heart was filled with gladness.

Soon returning to their wigwam,
On the rock they sat and rested,
Side by side in sweet communion,
As the darkness gathered round them.

THE JOURNEY.

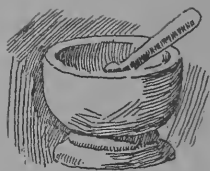
Now the moon comes, climbing upward
From the sea beyond the forest,
Casting shadows on the mountain
Through the branches of the pine-trees,
Which are standing dark and solemn
On the mountain-side in silence,
Guarding well the slumbering forest.

Seated thus, the Chief and Princess
Lingered in the silent evening,
Speaking not one to the other,
For their hearts were filled to breaking,
As their gaze fell on the wigwam,
Their dear home among the foot-hills,
Dear to them through years of living
In this dear old Wek-ou-om-ut.

Now, alas! the fates had willed it
They must journey to the westward,
Leaving their dear home behind them;
On the morrow they must leave it,
Knowing not what should befall them;
Many moons must come and vanish
Ere again they should behold it,
And their hearts were sad and heavy,
And their tongues refused to utter
Words which could not bring them comfort.

Now the moon is high above them;
Still upon the rock they linger;
Many hours they spend in mourning,
Till at last, in painful silence,
They retire within the wigwam.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.



In the morning, long ere sunrise,
Of the deer-meat and the corn-bread
They partook and, then preparing
For the journey to the westward,
Closed the door of Wek-ou-om-ut,
Braced it with the Go-ne-ga-da
As a token of their absence,
Sacred sign among all Indians.

Then they stand and, gazing upward
On the face of their dear father
Through the misty morning vapors
Which encircle his broad forehead,
Watch for sign of his approval.
Now the sun breaks through the mantle,
And, behold! the mountain smileth
On the Chieftain and the Princess.

Then with love and veneration
They look out upon their mother,
Who with eager eyes is watching
For a sign of recognition.
Moaning sad, the sea respondeth
To the homage of her children
Bending low before their mother.
One last look upon their wigwam
And they start upon the journey.

Soon they come to Hou-sa-ton-uc,
Where the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Built a raft which bore them over.
Then the trail was found which led them
To the Rip-po-wam, where resting



"ONE LAST LOOK UPON THEIR WIGWAM
AND THEY START UPON THE JOURNEY."

THE JOURNEY.

Through the night with great Chief Po-nus,
Then the western trail was taken
O'er the mountain to the valley
Of the Ca-ho-ha-ta-te-a.

Here they met the Po-can-ti-co
Who was hunting by the river,
And he led them to his wigwam
Where they rested till the morning.

Thence they journeyed to the northward
Where the Ho-ti-non-si-on-ni
Called the waters Ag-me-gu-e ;
U-ri-on-tah, the Mo-he-gan,
Called the waters bright Ma-ha-qua.
Here the Chief and Princess halted,
Meeting many friendly Indians
Who provided food and shelter.

Pressing onward to the westward
Toward the land of On-on-da-ga,
Soon they came upon its borders
While the sun was high above them ;
Yet the air was close and sultry,
And, behold, the Au-die-ne-ta
Felt oppressed, and weak, and weary,
And beside the trail she faltered.

Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
Looking up, beheld with terror
Black clouds whirling down the valley.
Soon the sky appeared as copper—
Black and copper intermingled
Were the colors of the heavens.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Forks of lightning, darting downward,
Half revealed the whirling monster
Which was rolling down the valley.

Now the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
Thinking only of the safety
Of the Princess, who with weakness
Was now faint and sinking downward
On the trail beside the Chieftain,
With his loving arms enfolds her
To his breast, then faced the Storm King
Which was rushing fast upon them.



Leaving then the trail behind them,
Bearing in his arms the Princess,
O'er the rough and tangled pathway,
Toward the spot where cliffs seemed frowning
Through the dark and murky forest,
Strode the Dusky U-ri-on-tah.

Drawing nigh, the happy Chieftain
Saw the portal of a cavern,
Which he on the instant entered
As the Storm King swept behind him ;
And the awful roar and fury
Of the whirlwind was appalling.
Yet, the darkness quickly passing,
Calm and placid seemed the sunshine,
Lighting up the darksome cavern
Which the Chief had sought for shelter.

Resting now was Au-die-ne-ta,
At the cavern's mouth reclining,
While the Dusky U-ri-on-tah

THE JOURNEY.

Formed a leaf-cup for the Princess,
Which he filled with sparkling water
From a spring beside the rock-cliff.

Sitting thus they heard some voices
Coming from an inner chamber.
Quickly then the U-ri-on-tah
Drew an arrow from his quiver,
And he placed it on his bow-string,
Then stood forth before the Princess
With his bow and arrow ready.

Then from out the gloom and darkness
Came an Indian without weapons.
Seeing which, the U-ri-on-tah
Quickly dropped his flint-tipped arrow,
And addressed the handsome Chieftain:

“I beheld thou hadst no weapons
And I could not harm the stranger.
We were driven by the tempest,
Finding shelter in this cavern
Which we thought had been deserted
Save by bats and ugly monsters;
Hence my stand with bow and arrow.
Now the tempest has subsided
And the Princess has been rested,
We will, then, pursue our journey,
Yet we fain would know who granteth
Us the favor of a shelter.”

Now the stranger, smiling sweetly,
Spake in honeyed words and phrases,
And his language flowed in grandeur,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Like a mighty river flowing,
When it moveth all before it
In the flood-tide of the spring-time.
And the Dusky Chief and Princess
Stood amazed before this wonder,
Who, although his words were simple,
Yet he spake with wondrous power,
Which no one had yet resisted.
And he thus addressed the Chieftain :

“Thou art come from where the sunrise
Tints the crimson clouds of morning,
When the sun bursts forth from bondage
'Neath the sea and, bounding upward,
Tips the hills with golden sunlight,
Lighting up thy mountain father
And the sparkling sea, thy mother,
Then it shines on U-ri-on-tah ;
And the sweet and lovely Princess,
Standing here beside the Chieftain,
Is none other than a daughter
Of the greatest King, the Wi-daagh ;
And they call her Au-die-ne-ta,
For her eyes are deep and wondrous,
In their depths is found the image
Of the things on which she gazeth.

“This was told us by the spirit
And the truth was not half spoken.
Lo! I bow before the Princess.
Thou art welcome in this cavern,
But before I lead thee further

THE JOURNEY.

Thou shalt know whom thou hast honored
By thy great and royal presence.

“ Know I am De-can-e-so-ra,
Chosen speaker for the people
Of the nations, five in number ;
And, behold, when thou hast tarried
Till the darkness shall have fallen,
I will lead thee to the presence
Of the spirit who inhabits
All the chambers in this cavern.
In the innermost recesses
Of this vast and wondrous cavern
Thou shalt meet the greatest spirit—
Even meet the At-a-ho-can,
Foremost god in all this valley.”

Then the great De-can-e-so-ra
Bowed himself from out the presence
Of the Chieftain and the Princess,
Who were seated by the portals
Of the cavern in the rock-cliff.

Now the sun was slow descending
O'er the forest to the westward,
And a night-hawk, swirling downward,
Swept around the Chief and Princess,
Who sat waiting for the darkness
Of the night, before the spirit
Of the wondrous At-a-ho-can
Should send greeting to the strangers
Who were resting at the portals.

When at last the darkness falleth,



Then the great De-can-e-so-ra
Came to lead them to the presence
Of the wondrous At-a-ho-can.

Many were the devious turnings
Of the winding way before them :
Now the trail leads up and narrow,
Then descending steep, and dangers
Followed close on every footstep,
Till at last a mighty river
Rushed athwart their gloomy pathway.

Here they turned aside and followed
Down the border of the river,
Where they came upon a chamber
Which the leader said was sacred :
'Twas the home of At-a-ho-can.

Strange and dismal were the noises
Which were coming from the chamber,
And the odor breathed of serpents
And of vampires cold and clammy.

Now the great De-can-e-so-ra
Stamped his foot upon the pavement,
And a silence quickly followed.
Then he told the At-a-ho-can
Of the presence of the strangers,
Who at once, by secret signal,
Caused the ponderous gates to open,
And he bade the strangers enter
And be seated in his presence.

Scarcely had the U-ri-on-tah
Found a seat beside the Princess,

THE JOURNEY.

Ere the dreadful At-a-ho-can
Opened wide his ponderous nostrils
And blew forth a noisome vapor
Which was stifling in its vileness.

Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Told the god he had not journeyed
From the east to be insulted.
But the god, now smiling broadly,
Told the Chieftain 'twas a signal
Used by him to draw about him
Kindred spirits from their hiding
In the corners of the cavern.

On the instant there came gliding
Black, uncanny, shapeless creatures:
Came the Big Chief Mes-an-do-wit;
Came the Great Chief Ta-do-da-hah,
He whose name will live forever;
Came Ot-sa-quette from Oneida,
Who had dwelt in many countries
And was taught to live a pale-face,
But was tortured by his people
To forsake the pale-face customs
And become once more an Indian;
Also came the Mes-ses-sa-gen;
Came as well the Gui-yah-gwaah-doh
From the Tson-nun-da-wa-o-no;
Came the great Ta-ren-ya-wa-go,
He whose wondrous words of wisdom
Brought together five great nations
In a strong and lasting union.



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

These and other famous spirits
Gathered round the At-a-ho-can,
And they gazed upon the Chieftain
And the Princess who was sitting
Close beside her Dusky Warrior.

In his secret heart the Chieftain
Wished they had not staid till nightfall,
But had hurried on their journey,
For he felt his time was wasted
By these wretched, noxious creatures;
But the Au-die-ne-ta whispered
That they had not seen the ending,
And she counseled tact and patience.

Soon uprose the At-a-ho-can,
And his stomach swayed and often
Seemed to give the god much trouble,
For it rolled and pitched whenever
At-a-ho-can tried to wobble
On his duck-legs, short and crooked;
But at last he found his bearings,
And, with nauseous grunts and chuckles,
He began his boastful story.
Thus now spake the At-a-ho-can:

“U-ri-on-tah, stand thou upright!
Au-die-ne-ta, stand beside him!
Knowest thou I am the god here,
And none other can approach me.
It was I who sent the cyclone
Down the valley when thou camest;
I made faint the Au-die-ne-ta;

THE JOURNEY.

It was I who turned thy footsteps
Toward the rock-cliff in the darkness.
This I did to stop thy progress ;
Listen now for explanation.

“ Well I know thou art Immortal ;
I was in the forest watching,
Even when the O. O. T. T.
Was created by the Warriors.
I am older than the oldest ;
It was I who led King Wi-daagh
Through his troubles and his searchings
For the way to hide his secret.
It was I who knew thy father
Ages ere he raised his summit
Up from out the world of waters—
Raised it high and yet still higher
Until now the clouds surround it.
I was standing by thy father
When he sent thee on this journey.

“ Thus you see I am the spirit
That has always hovered o’er thee,
And I know thy inmost secrets.
Well I know thy father ordered
Thee to go forth unto battle
With the never-dying Bee-ess,
And thou now art on a journey
Searching for the handsome demon.

“ That is why I sent the cyclone,
For I felt I must attract thee
To my presence, then inform thee

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Of thy danger, shouldst thou follow
On the trail without my guidance.

“Listen, then, to all I tell thee.

If, perchance, thou shouldst not follow
Close upon my earnest teachings,
Thou wilt surely miss thy purpose,
For I see spread out before me
Many trials in thy pathway.
Well thy father knew, when sending
Thee upon this fateful journey,
That the trail would lead thee hither.

“Listen, then, to all I tell thee.

For, behold! the morning cometh
And the Princess is now rested:
She can well resume the journey.

“When thou seest Ton-a-wan-dah
Tell him I have sent him greeting,
And desire his earnest efforts
To assist thee in thy battle.
He will furnish thee with Warriors
When thou reachest On-ta-ro-ga.

“Now, my U-ri-on-tah, hear me!

In this chamber, now deserted
Save by thee and thy dear Princess,
I alone am left to guide thee.
Place thine ear upon the flooring,
Lest the walls shall hear and listen:
I must whisper low the secret.
I have learned, by many ages
Of this work of helping Warriors,

THE JOURNEY.

That the walls know all the secrets,
And do nearly all the talking,
Making discord 'mong the Warriors:
Bend thine ear still closer downward
While I whisper, scarcely breathing.

“ There exists a wondrous mascot
On the cliff at On-ta-ro-ga :
He is standing in the wigwam,
Near the western wall is standing,
And his eyes are fixed and steadfast,
Gazing eastward in his searching
For the light which never cometh.

“ When thou first shalt gaze upon him
Note the gleam in his right eyeball,
How it glistens, how it glitters,
With a pent-up hatred gleaming—
In that dreadful right eye beaming.
Then you pass before the mascot
And you note his left eye smiling.
When he smiles upon his children
His left cheek is filled with wrinkles.
Note these signs whene'er thou comest
To the place where dwells the mascot.

“ Mark me well when I inform thee
That this weird and wondrous mascot
Holds within his ample bosom
All the secrets of the Bee-ess,
And, until thou shalt appease him,
All in vain is thy fierce struggle
To o'ercome the shifty Bee-ess.

"Dost thou hear me, U-ri-on-tah?
Art thou listening to my teachings?
Nay, stand still, I am not finished.
It is plain thou art uneasy:
Thinkest thou that thou art greater
Than the only At-a-ho-can?
Knowest not that I can crush thee?"

"Now the tall and handsome Princess
Curls her lips in haughty scorning—
Thinks she I am not the true god?
See me looking straight upon you,
Thou, the Chieftain, and the Princess,
And I well can read your secrets.
It is plain I am detested,
Yet I fain would wish to serve you.
Think you that I am too lowly?
Must you have a god to worship
Who is made for dainty people?
Go your ways, forget my teachings,
And when you are full of trouble
You shall then recall this meeting."

Speaking thus, the At-a-ho-can,
In his cold and clammy cavern,
Sank exhausted on his haunches.

Now uprose the U-ri-on-tah,
And his heart was filled with anger
Toward the ugly At-a-ho-can
For presuming to instruct him,
A pastmaster in the business.
Yet he felt a gentle tugging



“STAND ASIDE, THOU CROOKED MONSTER !”

THE JOURNEY.

At his skirts, for Au-die-ne-ta
Had foreseen the awful climax
And she dreaded this conclusion,
For she knew the U-ri-on-tah
Would protest against the nonsense
Of this monstrous, ugly creature.

Now the U-ri-on-tah, standing
In the dim light of the cavern,
Seemed to swell with indignation,
And he dared the At-a-ho-can—
In his very cavern dared him.
Thus spake he to At-a-ho-can :

“O thou vile and ugly monster,
Mixture of conceit and cunning!
Thinkest thou to gain thy purpose,
To control the U-ri-on-tah
By thy coarse and vulgar bluster?
Knowest not that all thou sayest
Was well known to U-ri-on-tah
Ere he entered this vile dungeon?
Dost thou think to stay my purpose
By thy hints of dire disaster
If I fail to heed thy counsel?
Know at once the U-ri-on-tah
Will not bow in meek submission
To thy will, nor seek to please thee!

“Stand aside, thou crooked monster,
Lest I feed thee to the vampires
Which inhabit this foul cavern!
Thinkest thou to gain much credit

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

For thy knowledge of the mascot
In the On-ta-ro-ga wigwam?
Know how weak is thy great story,
Since it pleases thee to call it
Mascot of the Ton-a-wan-dah—
Know at once it is no mascot.
'Tis a god by far the greatest
Ever known in all this country:
Know as well the U-ri-on-tah
Made this god in early ages,
Made him long before the green earth
Changed its axis, when 'twas rocking
Toward the north, then toppled over
And began to form a north pole
From the wreck of its equator.

“ It was long before this happened
That the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Made the Stone God by the river.
Know as well there is no secret
Which the Stone God could inherit,
Or could learn through all the ages,
Which he would withhold one moment
From the Dusky U-ri-on-tah.

“ Let me tell thee, At-a-ho-can,
Thou art wrong about the Stone God ;
Some false friend has thus deceived thee—
Solipsism is thy weakness.
Go thy ways and seek for wisdom
'Mong the snakes and and slimy lizards,
Which, from every indication,



THE JOURNEY.

Form thy chief and favored diet.
Thy great stomach tells the story,
And thy breath, 'tis more than putrid.
I detest thy whole foul carcass—
Stand aside, thou duck-legged monster!"

Speaking thus, the U-ri-on-tah
Drew his tomahawk and proudly
Strode away from out the presence
Of the filthy At-a-ho-can,
Who would fain repress his anger
While his veins were filled to bursting,
As his purple face he lifted
Up from off the cavern's bottom,
As he staggered to his club-feet
And peered out upon the darkness,
Where the Chieftain and the Princess
Had gone proudly from his presence,
And with haughty strides were moving
Toward the portal of the cavern.

But, alas! the trail was fading,
At each step it grew still fainter,
Till at last the cold sweat, standing
On the forehead of the Chieftain,
Told the story of the horror
Which was creeping o'er his senses.

Standing close beside the Princess,
In the cold and inky blackness
Of the dark and gloomy cavern,
He informed the trembling Princess
That he could not find the portal.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Thus they stood in total darkness,
Listening for the slightest signal
Which should guide them to the portal;
And their ears were strained with listening,
When there came from out the darkness
Laughter loud, and coarse, and vulgar,
From the monster At-a-ho-can.
By his tones there seemed a substance
Which would rumble, roll and rattle
Round about the vast recesses
Of his ponderous throat and stomach.

Now his voice seemed still more dreadful,
As it rolled along the cavern,
Calling thus to U-ri-on-tah:

“Where is now the Dusky Chieftain,
Who, with all his proud defiance
Of the true god At-a-ho-can,
Finds himself at last in trouble,
For he cannot find the portal?

“Knowest thou 'twas At-a-ho-can
Who destroyed the trail and left thee
To thy fate among the reptiles.
Go thy ways nor seek to find me,
For I will not heed thy wailings.”

Now the voice of At-a-ho-can
Died away till naught but laughter,
Coarse, and vile, and brutal laughter
Came from out the midnight darkness.

Taunted thus, the U-ri-on-tah
Grasped the hand of Au-die-ne-ta,

THE JOURNEY.

And they felt the way before them
As they wandered in the cavern,
Vainly seeking for the portal,
Till at last, worn out with walking,
Sat they down to rest and ponder,
Neither speaking to the other,
Lest their words betray their feelings.

Now the Chieftain and the Princess,
Even though they were Immortals
And were greater far than mortals,
Felt at last the awful power
Of a real god in his anger,
For the wondrous At-a-ho-can
Was enraged because the Chieftain
Would not bow in meek submission
To his will and do his bidding.

Thus, alas! the Chief and Princess
Could but wander in the darkness
Until, worn and nigh exhausted,
Sank they down and vainly waited
For the morning light to cheer them,
Which came not, though days were passing,
And their strength was slowly wasting
With an awful thirst upon them,
And the hunger which was gnawing
At their vitals without ceasing.
Yet their courage never faltered
And they sat for days together,
Chanting songs of their forefathers,
Till at last the Princess, sinking

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Into deep and quiet slumber,
Found surcease from thirst and hunger,
While the Chief stood like a statue,
Watching o'er the sleeping Princess.

Yet alert were all his senses,
For the hope was strong within him
That he soon would find the portal,
And that he and his dear Princess
Should walk forth in glorious sunlight;
And he counted all the troubles
Which thus far had crossed his pathway
As the lightest portion only
Of the punishment expected
From the frightful fiend, the Bee-ess.

Thus the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Reasoned, while the sleeping Princess,
Who had rested many hours,
Seemed disturbed, and, slowly waking,
Called aloud in frightened accents
For the Chief who, stooping downward,
Lifted up the Au-die-ne-ta
Up from off the cold, damp flooring.

Now the Princess, fully wakened,
Told the Chief that while thus sleeping
She had dreamed of frightful demons
Coming from the dark recesses
Of the cavern to devour them,
And she urged the Dusky Chieftain
To make haste and seek for safety
In some distant, secret passage,

THE JOURNEY.

Far beyond the reach of demons,
For although they were Immortals
They were now in direst danger.

Thus the Chieftain and the Princess
Felt the need of pressing onward,
And they wandered in the darkness,
Knowing not the hour of morning
Nor the evening when it cometh.

Yet they knew by pangs of hunger
And a weakness creeping o'er them
That the days were slowly passing,
One by one, with no light gleaming
On their pathway from the portals.
Hand in hand, they struggled onward
Through the long and tedious windings
Of the cavern's many chambers,
With a hand extended outward
As a guard to shield their faces.
Thus they felt the way before them,
As each step so fraught with peril
Must be known before 'twas taken.

Walking thus in gloomy silence,
While their thoughts were on their wigwam
Far away among the foot-hills,
They were startled by a murmur
Which they felt to be quite near them,
And they stood like statues, waiting
For some further sounds of wailing.

In an instant they were greeted
By a myriad host of voices,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Which were hollow, harsh, and grating—
Groans, and sighs, and sounds of weeping
Fell upon their startled senses;
Then there came a lull of voices,
Followed quickly by the rattling
Of the bones of Chiefs and Sachems,
Long since dead and thrown together
Here and there in wild disorder.



Soon the Chieftain and the Princess
Were surrounded by the specters
Of the disembodied spirits—
Of a vast and countless number
On all sides, 'mid groans and curses,
Loud and deep and never ceasing.

Now the Chieftain and the Princess,
'Mid the wild, uncanny tumult,
Grew accustomed to the noises
And began to hear more clearly,
And from out the wild confusion
They could catch some ghostly ravings,
Which to them grew more familiar,
And they listened most intently
To a voice which sounded strangely,
Coming from a Ha-wa-e-yoh.

Now the Princess felt the pressure
Of the fingers of the Chieftain,
As his grasp was quickly tightened
On the hand which he was holding,
And he trembled like the aspen
When 'tis shaken by the breezes,

THE JOURNEY.

And he groaned aloud in anguish.
Then the Princess felt his forehead
Where the cold sweat now was standing
In great drops about his temples.

Now the voice, which stood out clearly
Over all the groans and wailings,
Spake in clear Mo-he-gan language.
These the words from out the ghost-land:

“O the horrors of this cavern,
O the years of desolation,
O the cruel hand of torture,
O the wretched fate that binds us,
O the curse that rests upon us!
O the days when we were living
In the land of Noble Uncas—
In the land that greets the sunrise,
As it leaps from out the waters!
Can we never see thy mountains,
Can we never see thy valleys,
Can we never hear the music
Of the soft winds in the forest?
Never hear the sweet wood-robin
At the borders of the wild-wood?
Never see the white clouds floating
Far away, above the mountains?

“When the tempter came among us
We were peaceful and contented,
But we pledged our lives and fortunes
To the Dusky U-ri-on-tah.
We had but to slay the Bee-ess

To possess a wondrous power
Over all the tribes about us,
Who would send us belts of wampum
And become our slaves forever.

“O the curse that came upon us
When we yielded to the tempter!
Where art thou, O Dusky Chieftain?
Why, alas! didst thou desert us,
Leaving us alone to perish—
Victims of the hideous Bee-ess,
Doomed to linger in this cavern,
Countless ages yet before us,
While the Bee-ess laughs and dances
Up and down this loathsome cavern,
Adding daily to our torments?”

“Where art thou, O U-ri-on-tah?
Wilt thou never come to rescue
And to save us from the demon?
Couldst thou thus forget Jah-fah-mah,
O thou heartless U-ri-on-tah?”

Then the voice from out the ghost-land
Died away in sullen murmur,
While the groans, and cries, and curses
From the host of ghosts and specters,
Which at first were mildly raving,
Now increased to frightful roaring,
While the bones of these poor victims
Rattled loud upon the flooring.

Now the Chieftain and the Princess,
Standing close beside each other,

THE JOURNEY.

Tried in vain to speak together,
For the awful noise and rattle
Of the skeletons around them
Overwhelmed their loudest shouting.
Then they turned aside and, moving
Far away beyond the hearing
Of this ghostly band of specters
Till at last they heard no longer,
Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Sank upon the stony flooring,
And he wept aloud in anguish,
While the Princess sat beside him,
Trying hard to soothe his sorrow.

Then at length the Chieftain, rising,
Lifted up the weeping Princess,
And they wandered on together,
While the Chieftain told the Princess
How he had already spoken
Of his hunting in the eastland ;
How he met there many Warriors,
Who, when they had heard his story
How the Bee-ess could be conquered,
Making all the Warriors famous,
Each and all believed the story
And they went upon the war-path.

“Then came days of disappointment,
For the Bee-ess would elude us,
Till at last these faithful Warriors
One by one fell down and perished.

"In the last days of this people,
When but few were fit for battle,
They resolved to force the Bee-ess
Toward the great lakes near the sunset,
There to conquer or be conquered.

"Then these Warriors followed westward,
While the Bee-ess fled before them,
Till they came to this fair valley.
Here the Bee-ess stood for battle,
And the eager Warriors, rushing
Headlong over rocks and jungles,
Pressed the Bee-ess slowly backward
Till he stood within the portals
Of this dark and gruesome cavern.

"Here the Warriors thought to seize him:
Surely he could not escape them,
And they followed close behind him
As he fled within the cavern.

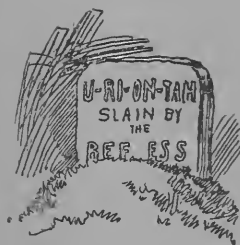
"Thus, alas! the Warriors perished,
For the frightful At-a-ho-can
Cast his awful spell upon them.
Thus we found them, thus we leave them,
But my heart is torn and bleeding
As I think of all the horrors
Of those days now long departed.

"I was with those faithful Warriors
When they started on the war-path—
When we came to that great river
Called the Ca-ho-ha-ta-te-a.
There we heard conflicting rumors:

THE JOURNEY.

One related how the Bee-ess
Had gone up the Ag-me-gu-e,
While still others saw him going
Down the Ca-ho-ha-ta-te-a.

“Then we called a secret council,
And at length it was decided
That the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
With a band of trusty Warriors,
Should pursue the wily Bee-ess
Down the river toward the island
Where the Tam-an-end, the Chieftain,
The Algonkian, was the ruler,
While the other Warriors waited
In the land of Ag-me-gu-e
The return of U-ri-on-tah.
But, alas! in vain they waited,
For the Dusky Chief was slaughtered
By the Bee-ess there in ambush,
On the great Man-hat-tan island,
And was buried in the eastland,
As I have already told thee.



“Then the Warriors, who were waiting
On the banks of bright Ma-ha-quā,
Grew impatient at the absence
Of the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
And his band of faithful Warriors,
As they had no word or tidings
Of the slaughter which befell them.

“Then this tribe of wild Mo-he-gans
Grasped their deadly Tum-na-he-gans,

And they started on the war-path
Through the land of At-o-tar-ho—
Through the great Ho-de-no-sau-nee,
And the fate which soon befell them
Thou hast learned in this foul cavern.

“Thou hast heard, my faithful Princess,
How they curse the U-ri-on-tah,
Thinking he had thus betrayed them,
When, alas! the Chief had fallen
Underneath the ruthless crushing
Of the deathless Bee-ess demon;
And my heart is well-nigh broken,
Thinking of these wretched people,
And that I must hear their wailings,
And can lift no hand to help them.”

Now the Chieftain ceased from speaking,
But the Princess soothed his sorrow
By her many words of comfort,
Yet the ravings of the specters
Left their impress on the Chieftain.

He was stung by accusations
Of desertion and betrayal,
Which were false as well as cruel,
Yet he could not plead for justice,
While the hand which held the specters
Even now was slowly crushing
U-ri-on-tah and the Princess.

Thus they wandered till exhausted,
Then sank down and, both reclining
'Gainst a rock-shelf in the cavern,

THE JOURNEY,

Soon they slept, and, when awaking,
Told each other of their dreaming.

How a hideous monster, crawling
Up from out some slimy recess
Of the vast and gruesome cavern,
Had approached and tried to signal
And awake the weary sleepers,
Yet he dared not signal loudly,
Lest he rouse the At-a-ho-can.

But he seemed extremely anxious
To attract them by his presence ;
And his ponderous sides were heaving
With his short and labored breathing,
And his eyes were rolling wildly,
And they pierced the inky blackness
Of the cavern in the manner
Of the wild beasts in the forest
When they roam in search of victims
Just before the early dawning.

And while thus the Chief and Princess
Each was whispering to the other,
Came a voice from out the darkness,
Half in whisper, half in growling,
And some object seemed approaching
In the darkness, and the Chieftain
Grasped his tomahawk and, facing
Toward the object, stood awaiting.

Now the monster, drawing nearer,
Uttered sounds which seemed to issue
From the lungs of some behemoth.

Yet the tones were not unkindly,
And the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Felt assured that this foul creature
Meant no harm, and thus allowed it
To approach and state its errand.

Thus assured, the hideous creature
Crawled along the cavern's bottom,
And its scales would crackle loudly
When it scraped against projections
From the walls along the passage.

Now it drew so near the Chieftain
That he felt its breath upon him,
As it issued from the nostrils
Of this dreadful, slimy monster;
And its odor breathed of reptiles—
Breathed of foul, decaying matter,
Which in swamps exhales an odor
When 'tis drawn from out the waters
Which in summer-time are stagnant.

Closer still the monster cometh,
Then he raised his paw and gently
Touched the shoulder of the Chieftain,
And he softly whispered something
Which the Chieftain comprehended,
And he bent his head to listen.
These the words the Chieftain gathered:

“Listen well to all I tell thee!
Know I am the Mes-ses-sa-gen.
Once I took the form of monster
And when mother earth was buried

THE JOURNEY.

Underneath the mighty ocean,
Then I sank beneath the waters
And I crawled upon my stomach,
Seaching out the ocean secrets.
There I found the earth beneath me,
Which I seized and, struggling upward,
Drew the earth from out the waters
And restored it to my people.

“It was I who raised thy father
Up from out the world of waters,
Higher still I raised his summit
Far above the land around him.
Will his son now prove ungrateful
And refuse to hear me further?
Surely I am Mes-ses-sa-gen,
Greater far than At-a-ho-can,
Yet thou thinkest him the greater.
Ere thou givest final judgment
Hear, I pray, my truthful story.”

CHAPTER VII.

SONG OF MES-SES-SA-GEN.

"IN the days when I was mortal
So likewise was At-a-ho-can.
In the games we played together
And, when we had grown to manhood,
In the chase we joined our fortunes;
And one day, when we were riding
O'er the plains in search of bison,
We beheld a star above us
Gently falling in the daylight.

"Soft as eider-down it settled
On the prairie near our horses,
And, behold! it was a maiden
Fairer than our wildest fancies
Ever dreamed could grace the heavens.

"On the instant At-a-ho-can
Headlong plunged and, quick dismounting,
Stood beside the heavenly maiden
And began his sweetest stories,
Making love upon the instant.

"Yet, while he was wildly pleading
For her heart and hand in marriage,
She was casting sidelong glances
Toward the bashful Mes-ses-sa-gen.
Seeing which, the At-a-ho-can



Like a tiger sprang upon me,
And we closed in deadly combat
In the presence of the maiden.

“All day long and till the nightfall,
Like the she-wolf in her fury,
Tried we each to slay the other,
And when night fell down around us
In the dust we still were struggling.

“Then the At-a-ho-can, pausing,
Asked the favor of a respite,
Which the Mes-ses-sa-gen granted.
Then the At-a-ho-can, rising,
Shook the dust from off his garments,
And addressed the Mes-ses-sa-gen.
Thus the At-a-ho-can speaketh:

“‘We have struggled since the morning
And 'tis plain that neither yieldeth,
As we are so nearly equal;
Therefore I propose a method
Which shall stop this fruitless struggle:
Let the maiden choose between us,
And let each abide her choosing;
Then when she has made selection
Let the other mount his pony
And go forth beyond the darkness.
Let him ride until the morning
'Neath the stars and, looking upward,
Hope to see another maiden
Falling downward from the heavens.’

“Now the speech of At-a-ho-can

Ceaseth, and the Mes-ses-sa-gen,
Quickly rising from his posture
On the prairie grass beneath him,
Spake in accents soft and gentle :

“ ‘Let the Falling Star decide it,
Yet if she should chance to favor
At-a-ho-can in her choosing,
Then the heart of Mes-ses-sa-gen
Will be broken, and he cannot
Watch all night for starry maidens,
For, alas ! there are no others
Like the Falling Star before me.’
And he bowed his head and worshipped
Falling Star who stood before him.

“ Now the maiden turned her glances
First on one and then the other,
And at last, with many blushes,
Laid her hand upon the shoulder
Of the happy Mes-ses-sa-gen.

“ Then the At-a-ho-can, turning,
Leapt astride his restive pony,
And he vanished in the darkness,
Leaving thus the Mes-ses-sa-gen
On the wild and boundless prairie,
With the Falling Star beside him.

“ Swiftly now the days were passing—
Happy days for Mes-ses-sa-gen.
When the Autumn days were coming,
And the green leaves turned to golden,
Then the tribes were all assembled



For the corn-dance and the worship
At the graves of their forefathers.

“ There the happy Mes-ses-sa-gen,
With the Falling Star beside him,
Came and worshipped with his people ;
And, while they were thus attending
To the customs of their fathers,
Lo! the surly At-a-ho-can,
With the swiftness of an eagle,
Came upon them from the forest,
And he rode his swiftest pony.

“ When he once had passed before them,
Quick he turned and, leaning over,
Drew an arrow from his quiver
And he placed it on the bow-string.

“ Now the Falling Star had risen
From her place beside the Chieftain,
For she seemed to have suspicion
That she stood in mortal peril,
And she sprang to Mes-ses-sa-gen,
As though seeking his protection.

“ But, alas! the fates decided
That her dear young life must vanish
From the earth and thus to leave me ;
For the hateful At-a-ho-can
Sent an arrow from his bow-string,
And it pierced her breast and, passing
Through her body, fell beside her,
While she reeled and, falling forward
In the arms of Mes-ses-sa-gen,

Felt the life-blood leave her body ;
And she sank beside her Chieftain,
While to him she softly murmured
Of her love and true devotion.

“ Then her sweet soul left her body
And returned again to heaven,
Whence it came upon the prairie.
Yet she hovers o’er me always,
Her fair face is still before me,
Night and day I feel her presence,
Her dear heart was true and tender.

“ When her dark hair fell about me,
When she leaned upon my shoulder,
When her soft cheek pressed my bosom,
Then, indeed, was I most happy.

“ When the hateful At-a-ho-can
Had destroyed my prairie flower,
Then he turned and fled so swiftly
To the mountains near the sunset
That the swiftest rider present
Could not hope to overtake him.

“ But revenge had filled my bosom,
And the At-a-ho-can knowing
That the stalwart Mes-ses-sa-gen
Never swerved from any purpose
When his heart was set upon it,
Fled in terror from the country.
And the Mes-ses-sa-gen followed
On the trail of At-a-ho-can,
Never stopping in the morning,



"AND SHE SANK BESIDE HER CHIEFTAIN."

Never stopping in the evening.
Thus he followed o'er the mountains,
To the westward ever pressing,
Till at last the Mes-ses-sa-gen
Came upon the At-a-ho-can,
Who was seated in a wigwam,
In a circle of brave Warriors
Friendly to the At-a-ho-can.

“ Mes-ses-sa-gen, never halting,
Swung his tomahawk about him
And he slew the At-a-ho-can.
Then the friends who saw the combat
Stood aloof, none dared to welcome
Mes-ses-sa-gen in his anger.
And they drew aside and counseled,
While the Mes-ses-sa-gen, standing
Near the body of his victim,
Understood the fearful import
Of the lengthened council meeting—
Well he knew the coming judgment,
Yet he stood unmoved and tranquil,

“ When at last the council ended,
Then the Chief advanced and, speaking
To the sullen Mes-ses-sa-gen,
Told him he must choose the method,
But his own life must be taken
By his own hand, or his kindred
Must perform the painful duty,

“ Now the Mes-ses-sa-gen pleaded
That his life should not be taken,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Claiming that it was not murder
When protecting wife or children
From the onslaught of a villain.

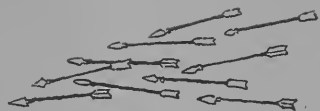
“ Thus the Mes-ses-sa-gen pleaded,
But in vain, for all the Warriors
Stood unmoved and told the Chieftain
He must die before the morning.

“ Now the Mes-ses-sa-gen, rising,
Lifted up his voice in speaking
To the Warriors standing round him,
Told them how he had determined
To appear before the Oom-paugh :
‘ He who rules above all others—
From his mystic shrine he ruleth
All the land and all the people.
And the gods the people worship
Bow to him as the supreme one.
He is perfect in his rulings,
For he made the sea and mountains,
Made the sun shine on the forests,
Made the moon, and clouds, and rainfall,
Made the corn to grow and ripen.
Greater far than all the others
Is the On-ta-ro-ga Oom-paugh,
And to him the Mes-ses-sa-gen
Would appeal for final judgment !’

“ At the mention of the Oom-paugh
All the Warriors fell face downward,
Never rising, never moving
While the Mes-ses-sa-gen lingered,

Who, now turning, left the wigwam,
And departed toward the sunrise.
Soon he came before the Oom-paugh
And he told his painful story.

“Then the Oom-paugh, slowly speaking
To the prostrate Mes-ses-sa-gen,
Bade him rise and seek the Warriors
Who had judged him in the wigwam,
There to suffer death by kindred,
Who should pierce his breast with arrows,
And when death had claimed its victim,
Then the soul of Mes-ses-sa-gen
Must go on until a monster
Should appear along his pathway ;
Then the soul must straightway enter
This foul beast, and thenceforth wander
In a dark and loathsome cavern,
There to dwell until the Oom-paugh
Should release the Mes-ses-sa-gen.
And while thus he dwelt in darkness
He should bow in meek submission
To the will of At-a-ho-can.



“Thus the great Stone God, the Oom-paugh,
Rendered judgment on the Chieftain,
Who at once obeyed the mandate :
Thus you find me at this moment.

“Now I pray thee, U-ri-on-tah,
Listen well to all I tell thee,
For I fain would lead thee quickly
To the portal of this cavern ;

Yet I fear the At-a-ho-can
May suspect from my long absence
And shall turn me from my purpose.

“Bring thine ear where thou canst clearly
Hear me whisper words of warning.
Know, then, how the At-a-ho-can,
When he told thee of the mascot
In the wigwam on the hill-top
On the ledge at On-ta-ro-ga,
Which, he said, knew all the secrets
Of the great and wondrous Bee-ess,
Tried to lead thee into trouble.

“Let me tell thee, U-ri-on-tah,
'Tis the great Stone God, the Oom-paugh,
Which he told thee was a mascot.
Thou wert right when thou didst answer,
To the face of At-a-ho-can,
What thou knowest of the Oom-paugh;
For the crafty At-a-ho-can
Sought to bring thee to his liking,
And to strip thee of the credit,
Should the Bee-ess fall before thee.
For the At-a-ho-can wanteth
Much the credit of defeating
This Bee-ess, whenever vanquished,
Hoping thus to win great favor
With the Oom-paugh on the hill-top,
Thinking thus to gain his freedom
From the thralldom of the monster,
Whom the Stone God bade him enter,

And remain thus through the ages
For his foul and wicked murder
Of the Falling Star, my Princess.
This is why he strove to force thee
To submit to his dictation.

“Will the Dusky Chieftain listen,
While I tell the truthful story,
How the treacherous At-a-ho-can
Tried to make the U-ri-on-tah
Think 'twas he who brought the cyclone,
Which should turn thy footsteps hither?
Know, alas! it was the Bee-ess
Who has caused thee all this sorrow;
And, although the At-a-ho-can
Knoweth not, yet 'tis the Bee-ess
Who is guiding all his actions,
And he fain would starve the Chieftain
In this vile and loathsome cavern
At the bidding of the Bee-ess.

“At-a-ho-can is a hoo-doo,
Which the Bee-ess tries to fasten
On the back of U-ri-on-tah.
Flee at once, my Dusky Chieftain!
Near the portal thou art standing,
Turn thy gaze and see the glimmer
Which is faintly creeping downward
From a crevice in the rock-cliff.
Follow quick this ray of morning,
It will lead thee to the portal.

“When thou comest to the Oom-paugh,

I beseech thee to remember
Broken-hearted Mes-ses-sa-gen.
Beg the Oom-paugh to release me
And restore me to my kingdom,
As a god to my dear people
In the Can-an-dai-gua country,
To the westward of this cavern,
Far beyond Cay-u-ga's waters,
Where the wondrous Can-an-dai-gua
Sparkles in the glorious sunlight,
Even to the Gen-es-se-o,
Round the Hon-e-oye, the golden :
There the people wait my coming.



“ When the Indian Summer cometh
And the corn is ripe for harvest,
There my people all assemble
And invoke the only Oom-paugh
To release the Mes-ses-sa-gen
And return him to his people.”

Speaking thus, the hideous monster
Raised his head and turned it slowly,
With his great eyes rolling wildly,
Which were bulging from their sockets,
And were wide apart and standing
Out like boulders from his forehead.
His foul nostrils, turning upward,
Drew the upper lip, exposing
Rows of teeth, which well resembled
Half-burnt stumps that stand decaying
In some lonesome backwoods pasture.

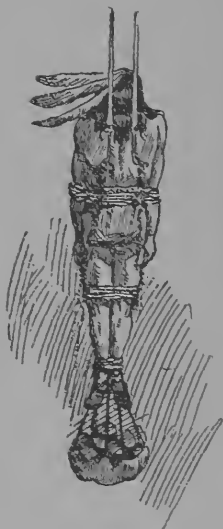
Now the monster, slowly moving,
Caused his scales to crackle loudly
As he bent his neck in turning.
Still he paused to hear the answer,
Which the Dusky Chieftain whispered
In his ear before departing :

“ Cheer thine heart, my faithful monster,
For when I approach the Oom-paugh
I will make it my first duty
To present thy painful story,
And beseech him to release thee.”

Hearing this, the wretched creature
Slowly vanished in the darkness.
Then the Chieftain and the Princess
Turned their faces toward the portal,
And with quickened step they hastened
Toward the light, which now came streaming
Through a crevice near the entrance.

Now their hearts were beating wildly
For the freedom of the forest,
For the sunshine in the valley ;
And they ran when drawing nearer
To the mouth of this foul cavern.
Then they saw the forest waving,
And they felt the breath of morning
As they reached the fateful portal.

But the thrill of exultation
Turned to bitter disappointment :
In the twinkling of an eyelash
Was the pale and shrunken Chieftain



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Snatched from off the earth and lifted
Up until his feet were dangling
In the air above the portal ;
To and fro his body swinging,
While his flesh was being tortured
By the hooks with which the Chieftain
Was upheld, despite his struggles.
For the cruel hooks were fastened
In his flesh below the shoulders,
And his shoulder-blades were lifted
Till the hooks were drawn beneath them,
While his blood was trickling downward
To his feet and fast was dropping
To the ground beneath the Chieftain.

And the cruel At-a-ho-can
Here was sitting on his haunches,
And his fat eyes rolled with pleasure
As he peered from out the cavern
At the suffering U-ri-on-tah.
Then the vile and loathsome monster
Laughed aloud with coarse reviling,
Uttering words of vulgar import
To torment the silent Chieftain.
Thus the At-a-ho-can speaketh :

“ Did the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Think to thwart the honest purpose
Of the only true god living
In the On-on-da-ga valley ?
Know at last I am thy master,
And my purpose is to hold thee

In a bondage most disgusting,
For I mean to make thee serve me
As a slave to clean my person.

"Thou shalt breathe this foul air with me,
Thou shalt sleep among the vampires,
Thou shalt feel the lizards crawling
O'er thy body in the darkness.
Thus shalt thou remain forever
In this cavern, and I charge thee
Never more to seek the daylight.
Thou shalt never see the Princess,
Who is struggling at this moment
In the arms of Mes-ses-sa-gen,
Who shall have her now and always
As reward for proving faithful
To the true god At-a-ho-can."

Speaking thus, he turned exhausted
And his squab-legs, short and crooked,
Wobbled slowly in the darkness,
Bearing ill his loathsome carcass.

Left alone was U-ri-on-tah,
And the day dragged slowly onward,
As the sun looked down upon him
While it climbed the southern heavens,
Till at last it crossed the zenith
On its way to western waters.

Still the Chieftain hung suspended,
And the agony of dying
He endured in patient silence:
Not a sigh or sound escaped him,

And his face was hard and stolid.

Well he knew the At-a-ho-can
Had not gone beyond the hearing,
And he would not please the monster
By complaining of his fortune.

Seeing this, the At-a-ho-can
Called an imp from out the darkness,
Whom he bade to bring some rawhides
And attach them to the Chieftain.
Round his ankles they were fastened,
Then the skins were filled with boulders
Which were lying near the cavern.

Thus the cruel At-a-ho-can
Hoped that, by the added torture,
He would force the Dusky Chieftain
To cry out and beg for mercy.
But he failed in his foul purpose,
For the Chieftain never murmured;
He was, then, in truth a Mun-i,
Self-contained in all his sufferings.

Now the night was fast approaching
And the pain was turned to numbness;
Then the Dusky Chieftain fainteth,
Then reviveth on the instant.

All night long the U-ri-on-tah
Thus was tortured, while the Princess
Came not nigh, although the Chieftain
Spake her name in softest whispers.

In the early morning's dawning
Came the Princess, softly creeping

From the cavern, with her finger
Pressed against her lips as warning
To her Chief to bear in silence,
While she glided swiftly upward
Where the rawhide cord was fastened
Which upheld the Dusky Chieftain.

Quick she loosed the knot which held him,
And the Dusky Chieftain sinketh
On the ground to lie unconscious,
While the Princess bathed his temples
With the cool and sparkling water
Which came leaping from the rock-cliff.

Soon the Chief revived and, rising,
Clasped the hand of Au-die-ne-ta,
And in silence they departed
Toward the ever-friendly forest,
Which they reached, then sat and rested,
Thankful for their final rescue
From the monster At-a-ho-can.

Now the Dusky Chieftain, rising,
Said he must go forth in searching
For some food to stay their hunger,
As they both were nearly famished.

Quickly then the Chieftain, speeding
Like a wild deer through the forest,
Found some friendly Indians feasting,
Who, in quick response to suffering,
Fairly loaded down the Chieftain,
Who in haste then sought the Princess;
And they sat and ate in silence

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

By the brooklet which came leaping
Down the hill-side, cool and sparkling,
As it tumbled o'er the gray rocks,
On its way to join the waters
Of the salt lake in the valley.

While they sat and ate together,
It was then the Dusky Chieftain
Brought to mind a wondrous legend
He had heard, when he was living
As a Chief in Ton-a-wan-dah,
In the age when he was taken
From his tender she-wolf mother.

This the legend as he heard it,
And he told it to the Princess
While they sat beside the brooklet :





GREAT LOCK-AR-DA-NO-MAH.

CHAPTER VIII.

SONG OF LOCK-AR-DA-NO-MAH.

“MANY thousand moons have vanished
Since the Great Chief On-on-da-ga
Caught the breath within his nostrils,
In the heart of yonder mountain,
And came forth a living creature,
First of all the human beings,
Standing upright in his manhood.

“When the thunder shook the heavens,
And the lightning darted downward,
Lo! it rent an oak asunder
And, behold! when it had parted
There stepped forth a lovely Princess,
Decked in many beads and spangles.
Near her stood the On-on-da-ga
And she smiled upon the Chieftain,
Then henceforth they lived together.

“Thus the race of man was started,
Which soon branched in all directions,
With a rapid growth in numbers,
Till they peopled all the country
Far away from On-on-da-ga.
And they raised up wars against him,
Till his heart was sad and heavy
In his sorrow for his children.

“Then the Mighty Chieftain faileth,
Through his age and many troubles,
And he sank among his people,
Then they placed him in the mountain
Whence he came when first created.

“Ages came and swiftly vanished,
Yet the blood of On-on-da-ga
Filled the veins of many Warriors
Who came after that Great Chieftain,
And their lives were spent in fighting
For a peace which never followed
On their trail throughout the ages.

“Yet they were a kindly people
And their hearts were true and tender.
Never were they known to plunder
Other tribes for sake of wampum,
Yet when all the tribes around them
Sought to drive them from the valley,
Then they rose in wrathful manner
And they drove the foe before them.

“Yet the richness and the beauty
Of the On-on-da-ga valley
Tempted other tribes to venture
On a conquest for possession,
With the same result as always:
None could stand before the valor
Of the mighty On-on-da-gas.

“Thus the ages came and vanished,
Till at last a Chieftain cometh
Who was known throughout the valley



LOCK-AR-DA-NO-MAH.

As the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah,
Straight descendant from the Chieftain,
Great and mighty On-on-da-ga.

"When the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah
Grew to manhood he was saddened
O'er the slaughter of his people
By the hostiles, ever ready
For the scalps of his brave Warriors.

"Then Lock-ar-da-no-mah wandered
In the forest, and he climbeth
On a rock upon the hill-side,
Where he sat and meditated
On the woes his children suffered.

"Long he sat in thoughtful study
Over plans to save his people.
Even while he sat and pondered
He could hear the wails of anguish
From the On-on-da-ga women.
They were weeping for their loved ones
Who had fallen in the battle.
Then the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah
Wept alone in bitter anguish.

"Day by day he journeyed hither,
And his silent tears were falling
On the gray rocks all about him,
Till at last a brook was started
By the flood of tears fast falling
From his eyes in mighty torrents:
Thus the brook became established.

"In those days the salt which settled



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

From his tears was carried downward,
Till it formed a mighty basin
Underneath that lovely valley,
And the pale-face who came after
Soon exchanged this salt for wampum.

"Thus the salt of On-on-da-ga
Was created by the Chieftain
Known as Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah.
And, behold! whene'er the hostiles
Learned the cause of all the saltness
Of the great lake in the valley,
They were sore afraid and troubled,
Lest the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah
Should break out in greater volume
And o'erwhelm them while they slumbered.
Thus it came that every hostile
Fled in terror from the valley.



"Then the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah
Dried his tears 'mid smiles of triumph,
And the On-on-da-ga people
Lived in peace forever after!

"This the legend as I heard it,
And, behold! my Au-die-ne-ta,
We are sitting near the brooklet
Which the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah
Caused to spring from out the hill-side
And go laughing down the valley.

"'Twas the silent tear that did it.
Well the U-ri-on-tah knoweth
Of the wondrous power of tear-drops



“AND GO LAUGHING DOWN THE VALLEY.”

Falling from the eyes of women.
But he drew his breath in wonder,
When he thought of driving hostiles
From the field, who never ventured
To return to make more trouble,
Simply by the copious shedding
Of the tears from one brave Warrior;
And the thought bore in upon him
Of the mammoth size this Warrior
Must have been to thus accomplish
All the wonders here related.
Then the U-ri-on-tah wisheth
He could thus o'erwhelm the Bee-ess."

When at last the meal was ended
U-ri-on-tah asked the Princess
To relate her painful story.
Thus spake low the Au-die-ne-ta:

"When my Chieftain was drawn upward
I was seized by one behind me
And my hands were tied together,
Then a voice came from the cavern
And it bade me stand and listen.
'Twas the voice of At-a-ho-can,
And he called the Mes-ses-sa-gen,
Who came crawling slowly forward.
Then the At-a-ho-can speaketh:

"'Mes-ses-sa-gen, take the Princess
To a dungeon in the cavern,
There to keep her as a servant.
Watch thou o'er her lest she hideth,

Then escapes to join the Chieftain,
Who, I think, may have departed
By the morning to the country,
Whence no one returns to tell it.

“‘Still, for fear I am mistaken,
And the Dusky Chief is able
To endure until the morning,
I will guard him every moment,
And, should he outlive the torture,
He shall be my slave forever!’

“Then the brutal At-a-ho-can
Settled down upon his haunches
Near the entrance to the cavern,
Where he watched the U-ri-on-tah.

“Then the gentle Mes-ses-sa-gen
Whispered softly to the Princess.
While he loosed the painful fastenings
From her wrists, he urged the Princess
To retire within the cavern
And await his early coming.
He would try to find some measures
To appease the At-a-ho-can,
Who was terrible when angry.

“When the night was far advancing
And the morning stars were singing,
Then the gentle Mes-ses-sa-gen
Came and whispered to the Princess
That, by searching through the cavern,
He had found some fire-water,
Which he said the At-a-ho-can

Would receive without resistance ;
And, when sleep should follow after,
Then the Princess must act quickly :
She must glide past At-a-ho-can
And release the U-ri-on-tah,
Then together they must hasten
Up the valley to the westward,
Where the Great Chief Ska-ne-at-e-les
Would await them' on the morrow.

“Then the gentle Mes-ses-sa-gen
Urged the Princess Au-die-ne-ta
To remind the Dusky Chieftain
Of his promise to petition
For release and restoration
To his own beloved people :

“ ‘Tell the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
That, while watching At-a-ho-can
Through the long night now just passing,
I then heard the ugly monster
Speak in whispers to the Bee-ess,
Whom he promised that the Chieftain
Should not slip from out his clutches.

“ ‘Then the Bee-ess, with a chuckle,
Peered from out the cavern's portal
At the hapless U-ri-on-tah,
And he sneered his satisfaction,
Then with jaunty air he vanished.
But, before he had departed,
Mes-ses-sa-gen heard him utter
In a strange, mysterious manner,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Words of wondrous depth of meaning :
How the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Into Bee-ess traps had fallen,
And, because the Dusky Chieftain
Had moved westward on the war-path
With no wampum belts around him,
The Bee-ess would surely conquer,
As he had through all the ages.

“ Then the Bee-ess muttered softly :
“ Should the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Bring his Warriors from the eastland
With their wampum belts about them,
Then, forsooth, I might surrender.
But, so long as U-ri-on-tah
Thinks to capture me with weapons
Light as air, then he will only
Meet defeat in every battle.”

“ Then he strode away and murmured
Words which seemed to sound familiar
To my ear when I was mortal ;
These the words the song suggested :
“ Nothing clears the understanding
Like the wampum belts around us.
Every doubt and scruple endeth
On the instant when the wampum
Shows itself upon the Warrior.
How it caters to the meanest !
How the loud and clamorous listen
To the siren with the wampum !
How it brings the most unbending

Of the Chiefs to their patellas
When they hear the clink of wampum !
O the wampum is the winner !
It confounds our greatest statesmen,
Striketh dumb our finest speakers ;
All our liberties are threatened
When the Warrior comes among us
With his wampum belts around him."

" ' Then, the Bee-ess passing onward,
Soon his notes were growing fainter,
And at last were heard no longer,
As he danced away on tiptoe
With a gay and glad demeanor.

" ' And he wore a look of triumph,
In his eye there gleamed the tiger,
In the fur his claws were hidden.
Very handsome is the Bee-ess,
And he always looked his sweetest
After he had won a battle
From the Dusky U-ri-on-tah.
And, indeed, he chuckled slyly,
For was not the Dusky Chieftain
Even now engaged in planning
How he may be freed from torture
And escape within the forest,
There to heal the cuts and bruises
Which the Bee-ess had inflicted ?
And the cunning, cruel creature
Under cover of the darkness
Disappeared beyond the hearing.' "

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

“Then the Mes-ses-sa-gen crawleth
To the side of At-a-ho-can,
And he hands the fire-water
To the true god of the valley,
Who, with naught of hesitation,
Threw it down his mighty gullet,
Then leaned back and sank in slumber.

“Now the Au-die-ne-ta glideth
Past the sleeping At-a-ho-can
To the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
And released him from his torture.
Now she sitteth down beside him,
And her heart is light and happy.”

Now the Dusky Chieftain ponders
On the story of the Princess,
And it made a deep impression,
For he finds at last the secret
How to triumph o’er the Bee-ess—
Use of wampum was the secret.

Yet the Dusky Chieftain pauseth,
For suspicion fills his bosom.
Did the Bee-ess sing of wampum
To beguile the U-ri-on-tah,
And persuade him to relinquish
All his plans against the Bee-ess?
Was it not another dead-fall,
Which the cold, relentless demon
Had contrived for U-ri-on-tah,
To be caught once more and punished?

Thus the Dusky Chieftain reasoned,

Sat and pondered on the future,
While the Princess Au-die-ne-ta
Bathed his wounds in pure witch-hazel
And, with words of hope and comfort,
Tried to cheer the Dusky Warrior.
But 'twas plain that U-ri-on-tah
Must acknowledge that the Bee-ess
Had not lost his former cunning,
But, indeed, had gained in shrewdness.

Then the weary U-ri-on-tah
Thought of all the years which ended
In defeat for his Brave Warriors
In his struggle with the Bee-ess ;
How, throughout the dreary ages
Which were passed in vain endeavor
To defeat the deathless demon,
He had never yet succeeded
In one battle with the monster ;
Even though 'twere but a skirmish,
Yet the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Never made the slightest headway.

Thus the Chieftain sat and pondered,
While the world seemed rushing past him.
It was plain that he was worried,
And he felt the need of something
Which should lift the unseen hoo-doo
From his back, where it was fastened
By the cunning, cruel Bee-ess.

Thus the Chieftain sat reflecting
Till the sun had crossed the zenith,

And was sinking to the westward,
Hanging low beyond the forest ;
Still he sat unmoved and silent
With the Princess close beside him.

Even now the night is falling,
And the birds are hushed and silent,
While the moon is softly climbing
O'er the hill-tops to the eastward,
And the Autumn wind is chilly,
As it steals from out the northland,
And the purple leaves are falling
Fast around the Chief and Princess,
Who are sitting still and silent ;
They are brooding o'er their troubles.
Time is passing all unheeded,
While the wind is gently rising,
As the midnight hour approaches.

Now the wind breathes through the branches
Like the music of the harp-strings
Swept by hands of unseen spirits ;
Alto notes are softly wailing,
As the winds are growing stronger,
And, from far-off hill-tops coming,
Sound like march of mighty armies,
Moving down in line of battle.
Wondrous music now is moaning
Through the forest, while the Chieftain
And the Princess sit and listen.

Now Æolian harps and organs
Join in sweetest notes of worship ;



Bands are marching in the forest
With their silver horns and trumpets,
Playing sad and mournful music
As they pass beyond the hearing.
Then arise from all about them
Sounds which seem to fall from heaven,
Rolling in from all directions,
Joining in triumphal chorus.

Myriad heavenly voices singing
To the music of the soft reeds,
Blown upon by sprites and fairies.
Minor strains and soft chromatics,
Enharmonic intonations,
Blending in the sweetest cadence
Ever heard or ever falling
On the ear of an Immortal.

Not in all the world of music
Is there aught by which to liken
Music wrought by unseen spirits
In the heart of every forest.

Sitting thus, the Chief and Princess
Are enraptured by the music,
And their hearts are filled with courage,
Yet their cheeks are moist with weeping,
For the music of the forest
Takes them back to their dear wigwam ;
And they feel the weight upon them
Of the burden which their father
Placed upon them when he stripped them
Of their powers as proud Immortals,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

And then sent them forth to battle
With a cruel, deathless demon.

Thus they talk of their dear wigwam
In the foot-hills where they left it
To pursue the cruel Bee-ess.
These and many kindred subjects
Were discussed awhile the music
Swept along and through the forest
In sad anthems, soft and dreamy.

Then again the U-ri-on-tah
Pondered on the past, and wondered
If his friends were true and steadfast—
All the braves of O. O. T. T.
And the chiefs around the Oom-paugh.
Do they think of U-ri-on-tah
And have strong desire to see him?
Where were all the wolf-clan Warriors?
When the hour of danger cometh
Will the Chiefs give forth the war-whoop,
And rush in where braves are struggling
Round the dauntless U-ri-on-tah?
Where the arrows fall the thickest,
Where the tomahawks are flashing,
Where the scalps are torn and lifted,
Will the chiefs of O. O. T. T.
Stand beside the U-ri-on-tah
In his battles with the Bee-ess?

It was thus he thought and pondered,
While the Au-die-ne-ta rested
At the feet of U-ri-on-tah,

Who was standing in the forest,
Standing still beneath the branches
Of a mighty monarch, spreading
Wide his arms as though to shelter
U-ri-on-tah and the Princess.
Till at length the Chieftain, kneeling,
Placed his ear upon the greensward,
And with bated breath he listened
To the sound of stealthy footsteps,
Which were creeping close upon them.
Then a voice from out the forest,
In a low, deep-toned sonation,
Softly spake to U-ri-on-tah :

“ Hear the great Loch-ar-da-no-mah,
Monarch of the On-on-da-gas!
I am come from out my wigwam
To deliver thee a message
Which was told me in my dreaming.
Will the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Listen well to him who speaketh—
Listen to Lock-ar-da-no-mah,
For, behold, the On-on-da-gas
Are the oldest of the nations
Who inhabit this vast country?
All the tribes of earth existing
Sprang from out the On-on-da-gas.

“ When the world was young and tender
When there were no storms of winter,
In the days when Indian Summer
Reigned supreme throughout the ages,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Then it was this child of nature
From the heart of yon great mountain
Caught the breath within his nostrils,
And stood forth a living creature.



“Thus was born the On-on-da-ga,
First and best of all creation.
Like the artist’s proof in pictures,
Those which first are pressed and branded
By the artist are the finest.

Thus it was when nature molded
Men from out her new-made patterns
First came forth the On-on-da-ga,
And, behold, I am the Chieftain
Of that noble tribe of red-men!

“The creation of this brooklet
Was as told by thee this morning.
I was listening to thy story,
Which was true in all its detail,
Yet it still remains to mention
How the great Lock-ar-da-no-mah
Passed away beyond the southwest,
Where he dwelt for many ages
In the happy hunting-grounds there—
Yan-ge-yoh-ar-gwer-do-wers-tanke—
And, when seated on a mountain
In that most delightful country,
He would look beyond its borders
Toward the land of On-on-da-ga,
Till he found his heart was yearning
For his own beloved brooklet,



"TILL HE FOUND HIS HEART WAS YEARNING
FOR HIS OWN BELOVED BROOKLET."

LOCK-AR-DA-NO-MAH.

And the gray rocks where he lingered
When his salty tears were falling.

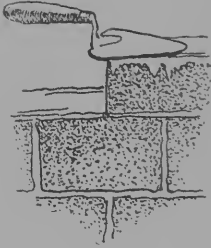
“Now the mighty Ha-wea-ne-o,
Ruler in that land of spirits,
Read the heart and secret longings
Of the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah,
And he called the Chief before him,
Then addressed him in this language:

““O thou great Lock-ar-da-no-mah,
First to form the running brooklet,
First to teach the world the value
Of a stream for trout to live in,
First to learn the precious secret
How to form the streams and rivers
Which now run in all directions
Through the lands of my dear people,
Thou art worthy of promotion,
And I bid thee now to listen
To the words of Ha-wea-ne-o.

““Since the days when thou didst fashion
One small brooklet on the hill-side
Other Chiefs have come and builded
First the small streams, then the rivers,
Until now the land is teeming
With these streams in all directions.
This in turn has caused much trouble
To my people, who, when roaming
Through the land, have found deep waters
Which they could not cross in spring-time.

““Now I bid thee turn thy footsteps

Toward the land of On-on-da-ga,
And prepare to make the Portland
Which shall harden under water,
And with which my own dear people
May build bridges o'er the rivers,
Thus at last in part restoring
Many trails which now are flooded.
Let the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah
Go at once and I will guard him
In this mighty undertaking.'



"Then the Ha-wea-ne-o ceaseth,
And I started on the journey
To the land of On-on-da-ga
And obeyed the Ruler's mandate.
I am maker of the 'Empire'
And the 'Flint,' the greatest Portlands
Ever known since first the sunshine
Caused the earth to send forth mortals.

"Didst thou know that thou art standing
Where the great Ta-ren-ya-wa-go
Built his Lodge near Lake Ti-o-to?
Here he taught the On-on-da-gas
Many laws and useful maxims,
After which this wondrous spirit
Took the name of Hi-a-wa-tha,
And became the great adviser
Of the many tribes of Warriors
Who inhabit this fair valley.
He it was who caused the union
Of the five great, warlike nations,

Then withdrew and went to heaven.

“ ’Tis the land of Hi-a-wa-tha
Thou art standing on this moment.
In his name I greet the Chieftain—
Greet the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
And the Princess Au-die-ne-ta.

“ I am come this night to warn thee
Of the dangers which beset thee :
Listen well to all I tell thee.

I was resting in my wigwam,
When there came before my bedside,
Came from out the land of spirits,
One great Chieftain, tall and handsome,
Who spoke thus in solemn cadence :

“ ‘ Go at once to U-ri-on-tah,
Thou wilt find him in the forest ;
Tell him every word I utter,
Tell him thus and tell it truly,
Do not change one word or sentence :

“ ‘ I am big Chief Mon-to-we-se,
Whom the mortals call the whirlwind ;
I was summoned from the southwest,
From the happy hunting-grounds there
By thy mighty mountain father.
Once I dwelt beside thy father,
And Quin-nip-i-ac’s fair waters
Flowed between us in the valley,
And, behold, thy father sent me
With a message to deliver.
This is what thy father sayeth :

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

“ ‘ Tell my son to hasten westward
On the trail to Ton-a-wan-dah,
Stopping not for rest or slumber,
Lest the Bee-ess shall o’erwhelm him.
Tell my son his fate dependeth
On the swiftmess of his journey
To the hills of On-ta-ro-ga.
Thou wilt listen to thy father,
While he tells thee of the danger
Which now threatens to o’ercome thee.

“ ‘ Knowest thou the At-a-ho-can
Has discovered all the intrigue
Of thy friend, the Mes-ses-sa-gen ;
And has plunged him into sheol
Where Ha-ne-sha-o-ne reigneth,
Which is underneath the cavern,
Where the At-a-ho-can dwelleth ?
There the Mes-ses-sa-gen lieth
On his back, while chains are fastened
Round his limbs, and leading upward
To the roof are held in staples,
And the chains are drawn so tightly
That the Mes-ses-sa-gen groaneth
In his agony and sorrow.
And the dreadful At-a-ho-can
Has condemned him thus to suffer
Twenty æons in succession.

“ ‘ Punished thus is Mes-ses-sa-gen
For his friendship for my children :
Night and day he spends in praying

To the great Stone God, the Oom-paugh,
For the safety of the Princess
And the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
Now his only hope of rescue.
Thus he lies in mortal anguish,
In a place so vile and noisome
That the home of At-a-ho-can
Seemeth sweet and clean by contrast.

“Listen further, my dear Chieftain!
Even now the At-a-ho-can
Has sent braves upon the war-path,
With instructions to pursue thee
And return thee to the cavern,
Where he thinks to hold thee safely,
While the Bee-ess, gliding swiftly
To the westward, shall outstrip thee
In the race to gain possession
Of the God of On-ta-ro-ga.
For full well the Bee-ess knoweth
That if thou shalt reach the Oom-paugh
And shalt cast the sign before him,
And shalt give the signal also,
Ere the Bee-ess shall have reached him,
Then, indeed, will U-ri-on-tah
Gain the vantage-ground of battle.

“Go at once, my Dusky Chieftain,
Thou wilt find the Bold Pal-met-tah,
And the Mighty Tam-a-rack also,
Standing guard before the entrance
To the wigwam on the hill-top.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

“ ‘ Bear in mind the crafty Bee-ess
Even now is rushing westward,
And he laughs at U-ri-on-tah
As he casts a glance behind him
And sees not the Chieftain coming
On his trail, nor even moving
From his resting in the forest.



“ ‘ For his spies have traced your footsteps,
And his braves are now approaching,
Through the forest, softly stealing
Round your resting-place, my children.
They will cut off all your chances
Of escape, and they will drag you
Back to At-a-ho-can's dungeon.

“ ‘ Even now the spies draw nigh you—
Dost not hear the dry leaves crackle?
Rise and fly, my U-ri-on-tah!
Do not fear for thy dear Princess,
She will find the God of Wi-daagh
Has provided her with courage
And the strength to keep beside thee.
Even now she can outstrip thee
And the Bee-ess in this wild race
For possession of the Oom-paugh.’

“ Ceaseth now the Mon-to-we-se,
And his spirit fled in silence,
Leaving Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah,
Who came forth to seek the Chieftain
And deliver him the message.
Now he turns to seek his wigwam.”



“COME NOT NIGH, THOU DUSKY CHIEFTAIN.”

Then the U-ri-on-tah calleth
Unto him to draw still nigher
Where the Chieftain might behold him.
But Lock-ar-da-no-mah answered :

“Come not nigh, thou Dusky Chieftain,
For, behold, I am the monarch
Of this forest and this valley.
I am honored by thy presence,
But I cannot now approach thee
To sit down and smoke tobacco.

“When thou comest from the sunset
Thou wilt meet Lock-ar-da-no-mah
In his wigwam by the Salt Lake.
Now, behold, I leave thee quickly !”

Then the U-ri-on-tah calleth,
But no answer came to greet him.
Thus Lock-ar-da-no-mah vanished
From his presence in the forest.

Then he turned to Au-die-ne-ta,
Who was drawing up her girdle,
Tighter drew the silver buckle,
While her skirt of many feathers
Was held firmly in position
At her waist and, reaching downward,
Just below her knee it ended.

Then her moccasins were tightened,
And her buckskin leggins fastened,
While her hair, as black as midnight,
Fell around her graceful shoulders.

Standing thus in queenly beauty

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

In the forest, while the moonlight
Glinted down among the branches,
Casting shadows o'er the Princess,
Thus she stood beside her Chieftain,
Who with pride was gazing on her.

He had never seen such beauty,
Such a picture of perfection
As the Princess now before him ;
And the Chieftain fondly lingered,
One short, blissful moment lingered
Ere he bounded through the forest,
Like a wild deer seeking safety
From the arrows of the hunter,
While the tall and graceful Princess
Tripped along the trail behind him.

In the gray of early morning,
When the night had sought the borders
Of the land beyond the waters
Of the great lakes toward the sunset,
Then the Dusky Chieftain pauseth,
For he sees with sight unerring
Many traces of the Bee-ess.

In the trail he sees the foot-prints,
Faintly outlined on the brown leaves,
Which along the trail were scattered.
And he saw the grass had risen
Partly upright since 'twas trodden,
Telling plainly to the Chieftain
Of the moments since the passing
Of the crafty, cruel Bee-ess.

Then the Chieftain and the Princess
Sought the spring, which here was gushing
From beneath a ledge of limestone,
And they drank the limpid water,
Which renewed their strength and vigor.

Thus refreshed, the Chief and Princess
Moved away with rapid footsteps,
And their pace was greatly quickened
As the sun came stealing upward,
Lighting up the trail before them.

All day long they strode in silence,
And the darkness, falling round them,
Found them pressing ever onward
Toward the Stone God in the wigwam
In the wilds of On-ta-ro-ga.



CHAPTER IX.

A STOLEN GOD.

Now the hour is past the midnight,
In the small hours of the morning,
When the Chieftain and the Princess
On the trail Sa-go-ye-wat-ha,
Leading up the Stone God cañon,
Found an ambuscade of Indians,
Who were friends of U-ri-on-tah.

Here the Dusky Chieftain, halting,
Asked this trusty band of Warriors
If they saw the crafty Bee-ess
Stealing upward through the forest.
All replied that none had seen him,
And each Warrior had been standing
Through the night, with constant watching
Round the wigwam in the forest.

Now the Chieftain, rushing headlong
Up the cañon to the hill-top,
Sped like wild-fire through the forest,
Till he came before the wigwam.
Here he halted but an instant,
For to him it seemed deserted.

Then he madly sprang within it,
Crushing all that stood before him,
Till he reached the Stone God altar.



There his heart stood still within him,
For the Oom-paugh had been stolen,
And the altar wrecked and pillaged,
Not a Warrior left to guard it.

Now the Chieftain's heart was palsied,
For the truth was forced upon him
That the Bee-ess had succeeded
In arriving there before him ;
And he sank upon the flooring
Of the wigwam, pale and trembling.

Yet the fates had not deserted
U-ri-on-tah in his struggles,
For, while lying on the flooring,
He could hear the sound of voices
Which were surely underneath him ;
And, in looking near a corner,
Saw a cover, which he lifted,
And, behold ! there was the entrance
To a cavern, which was lighted,
And he plainly heard the voices
Of the Tam-a-rack and Pal-met-tah.

In the cavern they were singing
" On the banks of Sus-queh-an-nah,"
While the braves of O. O. T. T.
Stood around in mystic circle,
And their voices rang and echoed
In their native lupine language
Through the cavern, wild and lurid.

Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Called aloud to all the Chieftains ;



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

And he told them that the Oom-paugh
Had been stolen from his altar
In the mystic shrine above them
By the wicked Bee-ess demon.

Then the Chieftains, rushing wildly
Through the cavern's many chambers,
Vainly searching for the Bee-ess,
Came upon the Au-die-ne-ta
Sitting on a shelving terrace.

At her feet there lay the Oom-paugh,
And she smiled upon the Chieftains,
Who were stamping with impatience
To pursue the heartless Bee-ess.
But she waved her hand before them,
And the Warriors stood in silence
While she told her wondrous story:

“ When the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Met the braves in Stone God cañon,
I had glided round the rock-cliff
To the portal of the cavern,
Thinking thus to meet the Bee-ess;
For I felt by intuition
That the demon had outstripped us
In the race to On-ta-ro-ga,
But that we were close upon him.
And I felt that U-ri-on-tah
Would press hard upon the demon,
Who would surely seize the Oom-paugh,
And would find a secret passage
From the wigwam to the cavern.

Thence escape would be quite easy
By the portal at the rock-cliff.

“When the Bee-ess reached the wigwam,
It was then the U-ri-on-tah
Was heard plainly in the forest,
Running swiftly toward the wigwam
From the head of Stone God cañon.

“When the Bee-ess heard him coming,
Then he quickly clutched the Oom-paugh,
And rushed wildly down the passage
To the cavern underneath him.
Here he saw, across the passage
Which he thought would lead to safety,
Warriors of the O. O. T. T.,
Who had sat within the wigwam
Till the early hours of morning,
Then had sought the darksome cavern
For a moment of refreshment,
Thinking soon to seek the wigwam.
It was thus the Bee-ess caught them
Off their guard, then stole the Oom-paugh.

“When he saw the trusty Warriors
In his path, he turned and hastened
Down the passage toward the Princess,
Thinking here at least was safety,
For this passage had been haunted
By the evil Klu-ne-o-lux;
And the braves would not pass through it
When alone they sought the cavern.

“Thus it was the Au-die-ne-ta

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Saw the Bee-ess, in the dim light,
Bending low beneath the burden
Of the Oom-paugh on his shoulders,
Coming straight to where she sitteth
By the terrace in the passage,
All unconscious of her presence.

“Quickly now the Au-die-ne-ta
Thought to thwart the Bee-ess demon
Who was now so close upon her ;
She had barely time to hasten
Round behind the shelving terrace,
When the Bee-ess came so closely
As to brush against her garments.
He was breathing short, and panting
Underneath the heavy burden ;
Then upon a sudden impulse
She gave forth a sharp expression :
‘ Drop me here ! ’ she shrieked so shrilly
That, forsooth, the Bee-ess stumbled,
And he dropped the Oom-paugh quickly,
Then he fled along the passage,
And he shrieked in wildest accents :
‘ Surely ’tis the Klu-ne-o-lux ! ’
And he fled from out the cavern.”

Ceaseth now the Au-die-ne-ta,
And the Chieftains in amazement
Gazed upon the fallen Oom-paugh ;
And their hearts were filled with wonder,
Filled with fears of dire foreboding.
As their thoughts grew, they were stricken

With a horror and confusion;
And they fell upon their faces,
Calling loud upon the Oom-paugh
For forgiveness of their errors.

They were sure the God was angry,
For the thought bore in upon them,
With terrific force and fury,
That the Oom-paugh had not spoken
Since the moment when the Bee-ess
Snatched him from his mystic altar.
Who could tell but that the Oom-paugh
Was well pleased to have the Bee-ess
Bear him off to his own country,
Where the wampum belts were plenty?
"How can we know but the Oom-paugh
Has grown tired of our devotion,
And desires new worlds to conquer?"

Thus the Warriors wailed in concert
With their faces on their bosoms.
Still the Oom-paugh, never speaking,
Gazed upon them stern and silent,
And they knew not of his wishes,
Lying prostrate there before them.
Now the Warriors all had risen,
And they bended down together;
Then they lifted up the Oom-paugh,
And they placed him on the terrace.

Then the braves engaged in worship,
And they formed a dancing circle
Round the Oom-paugh in the cavern,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Hoping thus to stay his anger ;
And they danced till early morning,
While the old men and the Sachems
Held the grave Hen-nun-do-nuh-seh.

- Low their heads were bent in mourning,
Till the dance of worship ended.
Then, with reverent awe and silence,
They conveyed the only Oom-paugh
To the mystic shrine above them,
And they placed him on the altar.
Still he spake not to his people,
And his right eye coldly glittered,
And 'twas plain the God was angry.

Now the Princess Au-die-ne-ta
And the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
With the Chieftain Bold Pal-met-tah,
Drew aside and, being seated
In the forest near the wigwam,
Sang a song awhile the Warriors
Stood around in mystic circle ;
This the song the trio chanted :

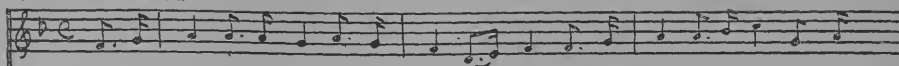




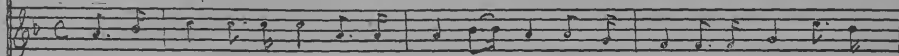
The Home on the Hill.

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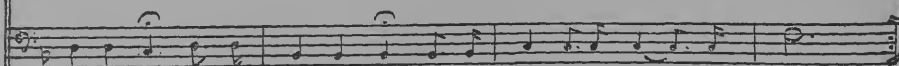
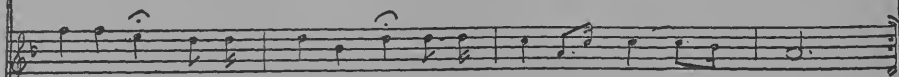
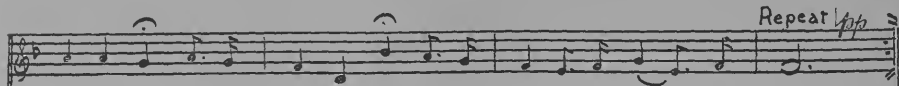
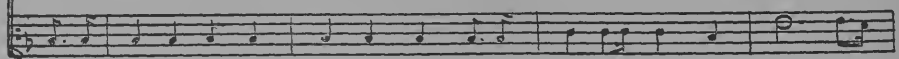
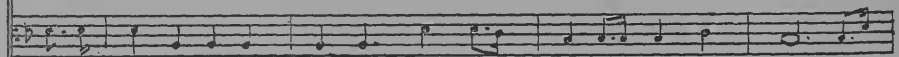
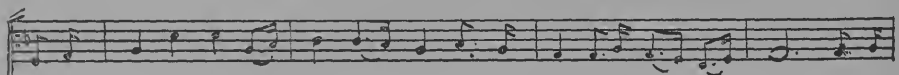
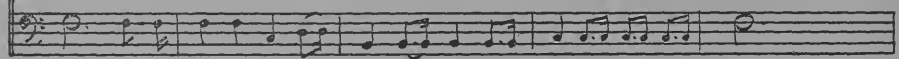
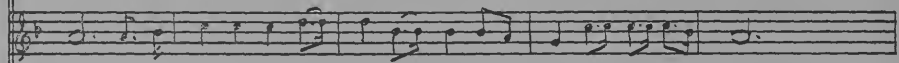
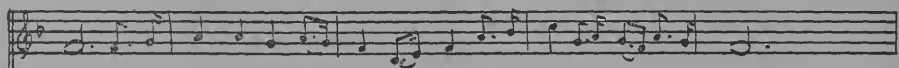
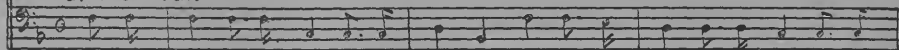
Au-die-ne-ta



U-ri-on-tah.



Pal-met-tah



The Home on the Hill.

There's a dear little cot in a sacred spot,
Where the wild flowers bloom by the way;
There the rock-cliff hill stands guard o'er the mill
As it hums in the valley all the day.

There the wild birds sing, and their sweet notes ring
Through the woods that I love so well,
Till the night falls down and the shadows frown
Round the home where my loved ones dwell.

On the brow of the hill when the night is still,
And the round, laughing moon looks down,
Then I long to stray through the forest gray,
With the leaves 'neath our feet turning brown.

When the whispering breeze breathes soft through
the trees,
And the owl whistles low to his mate,
Then 'tis sweet to turn where the dark-green fern
Leans over the path to the gate.

On the hill-side steep is a cavern deep,
With a trail leading up to a throne.
There the cave-winds sweep and the God could sleep
While he changed all his flesh into stone.

Then the Stone God came in a cloud of flame,
And he rules from his mystic shrine,
While the wolf-clans roam in their forest home,
And they tread on a golden mine.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

When the last note had been rendered,
Then the Warriors rose and chanted
Wild refrains about the spirits
Of the dead who fell in battle
When the Iroquois were fighting
In the valley of the Mohawk;
Also sang of Sus-queh-an-nah
And the chiefs of O. O. T. T.,
Then they sang of Ton-a-wan-dah,
Sang about Do-ne-sho-ga-wa,
How he was the trusted keeper
Of the western gate, where Hiram
Met his fate, became Immortal,
And his name is now familiar
Round the world where Masons gather.



Thus they sang until the even,
When a silence fell upon them,
For they saw a runner coming
Up the cañon, looking sharply
For the wigwam and the Warriors.

Soon he came and, speaking quickly,
Told the Warriors how a Chieftain
From the Min-ne-so-tah valley,
Was approaching with his Warriors
For a visit to the Oom-paugh.

Now behold the Car-ne-yah-quah,
With his Warriors gathered round him—
Warriors from the Min-ne-so-tah,
From the dancing Min-ne-o-pah,
From the wild and rushing Blue Earth,

Where it joins the Min-ne-so-tah
In the valley of Mah-kah-to.
Gathered here were many warriors
And their Chief was Car-ne-yah-quah,
He who made the mystic powder
Which would harden under water.

Now the Car-ne-yah-quah speaketh :
“ We are come from where the sunset
Paints the clouds in deepest crimson ;
Where the many lakes and rivers
Meet in subterranean passes ;
Where the timber-wolf is prowling,
And the white owl fills the night air
With his soft and plaintive hooting ;
Where the wild geese sail above us,
And the ducks in lakes and rivers
Cannot swim because the fishes
Fill the waters to the surface ;
Where cement is made the greatest
Ever known in all this country.
When it hardens under water,
Then the flint turns green with envy,
For the flint is soft beside it.
We have come to-day among you
On a visit to the Oom-paugh,
And we trust you will receive us
As becomes such Mighty Warriors.”

Now the Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah
Gave tobacco as a present,
Then they smoked the pipe E-yan-shah,



And the pipe of peace was handed
Round the circle by the wigwam.

Then uprose the Bold Pal-met-tah,
And he welcomed Car-ne-yah-quah,
Welcomed also all his Warriors,
Then invited them to follow
As he led them to the wigwam,
Where they saw the only Oom-paugh,
And they fell upon their faces,
While they worshipped in his presence.
And when they had ceased from worship
They were taken to the cavern,
Where a feast was spread before them.
Then they gathered in the forest,
Where they smoked the sweet tobacco.

Soon the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Rose and spake to Car-ne-yah-quah :

“Will the Great and Mighty Chieftain
From the wild and rushing Blue Earth
Entertain his eastern brethren
With a wondrous western story?
We are sure the Car-ne-yah-quah
Cannot tell us any story
More amusing than his telling
Of his great cement which setteth
Harder than the flint in hardness.”



At the mention of this portion
Of the Car-ne-yah-quah's boasting
Then the Chieftain Bold Pal-met-tah
And the Great and Mighty Tam-a-rack

Looked across the mystic circle,
And they smiled each on the other.
Seeing which, the Car-ne-yah-quah
Breathed a vow to make those Chieftains
Bite the dust before the ending
Of this visit to the Oom-paugh.
Still the U-ri-on-tah speaketh :

“ We are sure the western Warrior
Is well fitted for the effort,
And can tell a wondrous story,
Should he choose to entertain us.”

Then the U-ri-on-tah ceaseth,
And was seated in the circle
Where was passed the sweet tobacco ;
And they listened to the story
Told in song by Car-ne-yah-quah
This the song he sang before them :



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

CHAPTER X.

SONG OF CAR-NE-YAH-QUAH.

“FAR beyond the Mis-sis-sip-pi,
Far beyond the waving prairie,
In the wilds of Min-ne-so-tah,
In the land of tangled forests,
Where the panther roams at pleasure,
Where the mighty Min-ne-so-tah
Sweeps around the purple mountain,
Where the swiftly-rushing Blue Earth
Joins the mighty Min-ne-so-tah,
Where the falls of Min-ne-o-pah
Murmur softly to the spirit
Of the queen of all the fairies—
To the gentle Min-ne-o-pah,
Sister of the Min-ne-ha-ha,
Sister of the laughing waters,
Where the forests hang their branches
O'er the madly rushing Blue Earth,
Where the gray and misty rock-cliff,
Gloomy sandstone of the Potsdam,
Lofty cap of old Silurian,
Towers up athwart the landscape,
At its base the roaring Blue Earth
Sweeps around in mighty torrent.



FIERY CAR-NE-YAH-QUAH.

“It was here they gathered nightly
From the wilds of Min-ne-so-tah—
Gathered nightly for the war-dance,
And the music of the tom-tom
Mingled with the roar of waters.

“Warriors came from To-kan-has-san,
From the Ka-bee-kon-ang country,
From the mighty Waz-i-o-ju,
From the Wee-tah-wa-ka-ta-ha,
From the O-ka-man-pi-da-na,
From the warlike To-han-shat-sha,
From the wild and weird Min-ish-ka,
From the O-ka and My-ah-skah,
From the terrible Wa-be-zi,
From the Ti-tank-tan-win-a-na,
From the O-mosh-kos-pik-wa-bik,
From the mighty Na-do-wes-sioux,
From the warlike Win-ne-ba-goes,
From the far away Wa-ra-jus,
From the noble Mo-ing-qua-ha,
From the dusky Av-ou-no-ue,
From the wondrous Ta-po-ue-ri,
From the Ok-a-man-pi-da-u,
From the thirsty Ou-ta-go-nis,
From the gentle Cha-ni-ush-kah,
From the peaceful Po-ke-ga-ma,
From the terrible O-man-hu,
From the savage Min-ne-ton-ka,
From the fighting Kan-di-yo-hi,
From the fierce and strong O-mosh-kas,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

From the great and brave Wa-gan-za ;
Came they here to worship nightly,
Here to worship their Great Spirit
Near the entrance to his cavern,
'Neath the overbending forest.

“ Here the Mighty Red Cloud dwelleth
In his wigwam by the Blue Earth.
When the moon shone on the waters
Of the sparkling Min-ne-o-pah—
Dashing, foaming Min-ne-o-pah,
Shone as well on Wa-kon-tee-pee,
Dwelling of the mighty Spirit,
Here they came to smoke E-yan-sha ;
Here the Mighty Chieftains gathered,
Listening to the wondrous Red Cloud.

“ When he rose to speak, the Warriors
Gathered round this Mighty Chieftain,
Listening to his words of wisdom,
Lying round their fitful night-fires,
While they passed the pipe E-yan-sha.

“ Then uprose the Mighty Red Cloud
And he stood before his wigwam,
Near the cavern Wa-kon-tee-pee,
And addressed the gathered Warriors :

“ ‘ Many moons have come and vanished
Since the time when our forefathers
Gathered here to form an order
For the welfare and the safety
Of the children of the forest
And the children of the prairie

In the heart of this Sioux country.

“ ‘ On the borders of the river,
In the depths of tangled wild-wood,
Close beside the purple mountain,
Here the children all were gathered
From afar to form an order—
Form a Lodge to make Immortals
Of the braves who went to battle,
Fighting for their God and Country.

“ ‘ Here is where the Lodge was founded,
Near the wild and rushing Blue Earth,
Close beside the mighty cavern,
Called the sacred Wa-kon-tee-pee.

“ ‘ Pause awhile and smoke tobacco,
Smoke the Calumet E-yan-sha
While the Mighty Red Cloud resteth.’

“ Leaning on his staff and gazing
Out upon the troubled waters
Of the roaring, rushing Blue Earth,
He is lost in meditation,
Thinking of the fearful order
Which had made him an Immortal.

“ Here were candidates in waiting,
Ready with the oath to enter
Even now the dreadful cavern,
Which was entered by a passage
Far beneath the Wa-kon-tee-pee,
And his heart grew sick and weary,
For he loved his dusky brethren ;
And he could not bear to listen

To their wild-voiced, restless craving
To begin the dreadful ordeal,
For they knew naught of the terrors
Which await them in the cavern.

“Once again the Red Cloud speaketh :
‘Listen well, my trusty Warriors,
Let me tell you all that happens
To the Warriors who may enter
Into this most dreadful order,
And the fate of some who perished
In this vile and loathsome cavern.

“‘When you hear what then befell them
After they became Immortals,
You may change your steadfast purpose,
And prefer to die as mortals,
Then go hither to the country
Where the hunting-grounds are guarded
And preserved by our Great Spirit,
Where the game is always plenty,
Where the tribes are all contented.’

“Now we pause and smoke tobacco,
Smoke the Calumet E-yan-sha,
While we worship our Great Spirit
Dwelling here in Wa-kon-tee-pee.

“Now the mighty Red Cloud speaketh :
‘I am ready now to tell you
Of the fate of all the Warriors
Who shall enter this dark cavern
Underneath the Wa-kon-tee-pee.

“‘When they pass beyond the portals



CAR-NE-YAH-QUAH AT HIS WIGWAM ON THE BLUE EARTH RIVER,

They are stripped of all their clothing:
Nothing in their hands to help them,
Neither food nor bow and arrows,
Neither is there any water;
Total darkness there surrounds them;
They are seized by fearful demons,
And thrown prostrate on their stomachs.

“‘Then their backs are slitted lengthwise
By the knives in hands of demons,
Slitted lengthwise from their shoulders,
And the skin is then torn backward
On each side, until it resteth
On the flooring of the cavern.

“‘Then their flesh is filled with microbes,
With all forms of known bacteria,
With the fever germ bacillus.
These are poured upon their raw flesh
And they enter all the gashes
Which are cut with blunted hatchets.

“‘Maggots then are poured upon them,
Then the skin is drawn above them,
And is held with threads of buckskin.
Then 'tis told to every Warrior
He must wander in the darkness,
Till he falleth by the wayside
With the awful thirst upon him—
Wretched thirst and burning fever—
And his strong heart now shall fail him,
He will wildly seek the portal,
Shouting loud for help of mortal.



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

“ ‘ No one comes, for none can hear him :
He is left alone to perish,
With the agony which cometh
Unto those who join the order
And desire to be Immortal.

“ ‘ Now the microbes gnaw his vitals,
And the maggots pierce his bowels,
While bacilli feed his fever.
Then he falleth over backward
With his hands extended upward ;
Poureth out his heart of anguish
While his lips are stained with foaming,
Cries aloud to our Great Spirit :
“ Send me help from Wa-kon-tee-pee,
For without it I must perish ! ”
And he writhes in mortal anguish.
Our Great Spirit will not help him :
Then at last the Warrior fainteth.

“ ‘ While he lies there in the darkness,
His proud spirit leaves his body
And is seeking for a passage
From the dark and gruesome cavern.

“ ‘ When the spirit nears the portal
It is met by Min-ne-o-pah—
Airy, fairy Min-ne-o-pah—
Who at once commands the spirit
To return beside the body,
There to enter, there to tarry
Till the end of time and longer.

“ ‘ Then the gentle Min-ne-o-pah

CAR-NE-YAH-QUAH.

Bathes the Warrior's cuts and bruises ;
With the Snig-e-i she bathes him
Till at length the Warrior moveth,
Opens wide his eyes in wonder.
Then the fairy Min-ne-o-pah
Taketh Snig-e-i and holds it
To the parched lips of the Warrior,
Which he drinks with little urging.
“ Then once more he standeth upright,

And is raised as an Immortal
By the hand of Min-ne-o-pah,
Who conducts him to the portal,
Where he steps forth in the sunshine ;
And his face is radiant, smiling,
For indeed he is Immortal.’

“ Now the Red Cloud ceaseth speaking ;
Then uprose the Mighty Chieftains,
Wildly surging round the Red Cloud,
Pressing round him in their frenzy,
Crazed and mad to pass the ordeal ;
Each and every Mighty Warrior
Anxious to become Immortal,
Caring naught for bitter anguish,
Pain, and agony of dying.
Each and all would dare the demons,
Thinking each of Min-ne-o-pah
With her Snig-e-i to cheer them.
They would go within the cavern
And begin the happy ordeal.

“ Then uprose the Mighty Red Cloud



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

And he raised his hands above them,
Bade them listen to the finish
Of the sad and gruesome story.
Silence then fell on the Warriors
And they sat around the Red Cloud,
Who now spake before his people :

“ ‘ I will tell you in this story
Of the fate of some who perished
In this vile and loathsome cavern.
When you hear, then, what befell them,
After they became Immortal,
You may change your earnest purpose
And prefer to die as mortals.

“ ‘ You have heard about the pale-face—
How they worship their Great Spirit,
He who made himself some angels—
Made them all with wings for flying
O'er the world and never dying,
Each his occupation plying,
Each one with the others vying
How the best to keep from sighing
When the pale-face, filled with lying,
Stole our lands instead of buying.

“ ‘ This Great Spirit of the pale-face
Made of angels one too many—
One too many for his comfort ;
For this odd one made much trouble,
Trying night and day to foster
Discontent among the angels.

“ ‘ Then it was that this Great Spirit,



"DASHING, FOAMING MIN-NE-O-PAH."



Putting forth his greatest effort,
Drove that angel out of heaven,
And he fell among the people—
People of the pale-face nation,
Where he reigns supreme and mighty.

“‘ Even so among our people,
Some have passed the fearful ordeal
And have thus become Immortal.
Then they go about for mischief,
And, when driven from our country,
Seek a home with pale-face people.

“‘ Once there came before my wigwam,
Nip-pen-ose, a mighty Warrior,
And I bade him seek the cavern,
Where he passed the frightful ordeal
And was raised by Min-ne-o-pah,
My own niece the Min-ne-o-pah.

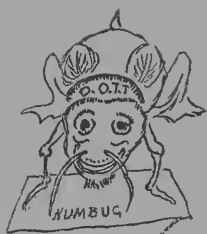
“‘ Then he passed before my presence,
And his eyes sent forth a glitter,
And his speech was very bitter;
Then I knew that bad was in him,
And I bade him leave our country—
Leave it then with no returning.

“‘ Strode away this wicked Warrior,
Looking back with bold defiance,
O'er his shoulder looked he backward,
As he strode on towards the sunrise.

“‘ On his trail I sent a runner.
Two moons passed ere he, returning,
Told me Nip-pen-ose had wandered

To the heart of Pennsylvania,
Where he found congenial spirits
Who had chosen him as leader—
Spirits who from us descended,
Many generations passing
Since their fathers passed this portal
And were raised within this cavern.

“ Every one of them bad Indians ;
Hence they gather in the forest,
In the heart of Pennsylvania,
There to make themselves an order—
Order of the O. O. T. T. ;
Try to imitate our order,
Even make themselves a Princess,
Whom they call their sweet Ne-ha-ha,
Like our own sweet Min-ne-o-pah ;
Even try to raise Immortals—
Nip-pen-ose makes them believe it—
And this slimy imitation
Thinks to equal this great order—
Order of the Wa-kon-tee-pee,
Where alone are made Immortals.



“ O. O. T. T. is a humbug,
And I warn you all, my Warriors,
There are now those who among you,
Should they once be raised Immortal,
Would become possessed of demons,
Like the Nip-pen-ose I mention,
Patron saint of O. O. T. T.

“ Is there one among your number,

Should I make you all Immortal,
Who would dare to take the chances
Of becoming such an object
As a devil for the pale-face ?'

" Then arose a low, wild murmur,
Gaining strength as it grew louder ;
No one wished to be a devil
For the hated pale-face people.
Better far to live as mortals
Than to fall so low as pictured
By the Great and Mighty Red Cloud ;
Then they slid beyond the darkness,
None remained until the morning.

" Left alone was Mighty Red Cloud
In his wigwam by the Blue Earth,
Near the sacred Wa-kon-tee-pee.
Here beside the rushing river
Sat the great and wondrous Chieftain,
Sat and pondered, sad and lonely—
Pondered on his fallen angels,
How his once great Ton-a-wan-dah
Passed the portal of this cavern
And came forth an ugly Indian.

" He was banished toward the sunrise,
To the hills of On-ta-ro-ga,
Where he raised up two Big Indians—
Raised the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
And the festive Chief Pal-met-tah,
Who, when grown, began to wander
To the heart of Pennsylvania,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Where they joined the Mighty Tam-a-rack
On the banks of Sus-queh-an-nah.
There they formed the O. O. T. T.,
Then commenced to make Immortals
In the wigwam in the forest ;
And they claim to have great power—
Greater far than Mighty Red Cloud
And the sacred Wa-kon-tee-pee.

“ I must teach these Chiefs a lesson,
Teach them that the Mighty Red Cloud
Has the power and will to crush them.
I will send a gnome to capture
And possess the King's Rock quarry.
He shall cast a spell upon it,
And, when they shall try to work it,
Their cement shall fall to ashes,
Shall not harden under water,
And the pale-face will not buy it.

“ Then the heart of Mighty Tam-a-rack
Sinketh low within his bosom,
And the chiefs from On-ta-ro-ga
Now begin to lose their courage.
They will wonder who hath stolen
All their wondrous skill and wisdom.

“ Then the Tam-a-rack, fierce and wrathful,
Shall cry out : ‘ Who hath bereft you
Of your boasted skill and cunning ?
Where is now your puffed-up greatness ?
This cement is worse than useless :
'Twill not set in air or water.

On the King's Rock there's a hoo-doo,
Bold Pal-met-tah has deceived me,
U-ri-on-tah has betrayed me ;
These great Chiefs have brought the hoo-doo,
And my life is made unhappy.
Woe is me!' groaned Mighty Tam-a-rack.

"Now the gnome is winking slyly,
Sitting there in King's Rock quarry ;
He has stirred up strife and anger,
And he pleases Mighty Red Cloud.

"Now the big and fierce Pal-met-tah
And the angry U-ri-on-tah
Both accuse the Mighty Tam-a-rack
Of a vile and base deception—
Stealing samples from the quarries,
From the mines of On-ta-ro-ga,
Taking them to King's Rock quarry,
Marking them 'Old Sus-queh-an-nah,'
Sending them to On-ta-ro-ga
For a test of King's Rock samples,
Thus deceiving both the Chieftains,
And they glare at Mighty Tam-a-rack,
Who is furious in his anger—
And the gnome is winking slyly.

"Now the shouts of these brave Warriors
May be heard throughout the valley
Of the lovely Ot-zin-ach-son.
Up and down the mystic cañon
Ring their angry notes of warning,
Mountain-sides give back the echoes,



Till the wolves from out their hiding
Stand and listen, gaunt and hungry,
As they sniff the coming battle.

“Fiercer grows the bitter quarrel
Till at last the lie is given;
Then the tomahawks are flashing
And the gnome is winking slyly,
As the hungry wolves are stealing
Round about these angry Warriors,
Who are doomed to swift destruction,
As they circle round each other,
Hoping thus to gain advantage,
Looking not beyond their circle
On the pack of wolves around them.

“Now they grapple with each other
In a fierce and deadly struggle,
Then the wolves close in upon them.
Howls and shrieks now fill the cañon—
Wails and cries, then soon subsiding,
As the wolves pile deep upon them.

“‘Where is now the O. O. T. T.?’
Quoth the Great and Mighty Red Cloud—
And the gnome is winking slyly.

“Bones soon scattered o’er the mountains
Tell the story of the Tam-a-rack,
Story of the Bold Pal-met-tah,
Story of the U-ri-on-tah.

“Thus avenged is Mighty Red Cloud,
Thus avenged is Wa-kon-tee-pee,
Thus are evil spirits punished,





"THEN UPROSE THE MIGHTY RED CLOUD."

Thus is O. O. T. T. ruined,
Thus deserted is the wigwam
By the mystic spring enchanted.
None are left to roam the forest,
None to guard the haunted castle,
None to watch the headless horseman.
Gone, alas! is Mighty Tam-a-rack,
Gone, alas! the Bold Pal-met-tah,
Gone, alas! the U-ri-on-tah.

“Silence reigns throughout the valley,
Gloom is deepening o’er the cañon,
Desolation fast o’erspreading
Lochabar and spring enchanted.
Now the moon, no longer welcomed,
Turned her face and passed in silence
Over that unhappy valley.

“Then from out the spring enchanted
Nip-pen-ose came, limp and halting,
And he took the trail to Blue Earth,
Where he found the Mighty Red Cloud
Sitting silent by his wigwam.

“Then the Nip-pen-ose fell prostrate
On his face before the Red Cloud,
Suppliant for the Great Chief’s pardon.
Hear the wail of Nip-pen-o-wi:

“‘O thou Mighty Red Cloud, spare me!
Soften now thine heart, O Chieftain!
I will worship Wa-kon-tee-pee,
If thou wilt restore my kingdom,
Give me back my wayward children!’

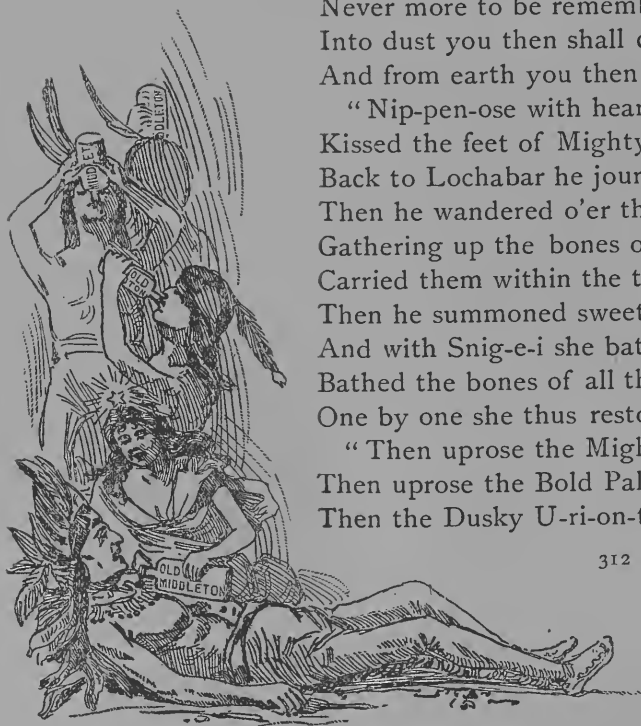


Spoke he thus when lying prostrate
On the ground by Wa-kon-tee-pee.

“Then uprose the Mighty Red Cloud;
‘Nip-pen-ose, arise!’ said Red Cloud,
‘And return to thine own wigwam.
I forgive on one condition:
Hang my portrait in the temple—
Temple of the O. O. T. T.,
Where the Warriors all must see it;
Then whoever sees my image
Must salute the Mighty Red Cloud,
Ever more must bow before me.
Failing which, I hereby warn thee
I’ll lay waste the O. O. T. T.,
Never more to be remembered—
Into dust you then shall crumble,
And from earth you then shall vanish!’

“Nip-pen-ose with heart uplifted
Kissed the feet of Mighty Red Cloud,
Back to Lochabar he journeyed.
Then he wandered o’er the mountains,
Gathering up the bones of Princes;
Carried them within the temple,
Then he summoned sweet Ne-ha-ha,
And with Snig-e-i she bathed them—
Bathed the bones of all the Princes,
One by one she thus restored them.

“Then uprose the Mighty Tam-a-rack,
Then uprose the Bold Pal-met-tah,
Then the Dusky U-ri-on-tah,



CAR-NE-YAH-QUAH.

Then on high they raised their voices,
And once more they sang together
'On the banks of Sus-queh-an-nah.'

"Then they thanked the sweet Ne-ha-ha—
Thanked her for their restoration,
But they all had learned a lesson.
They had learned that Car-ne-yah-quah
Owns the quarries, where the Red Cloud
Dwells beside the Wa-kon-tee-pee,
By the wildly roaring Blue Earth,
Where is made cement which hardens
Like the flint when placed in water.

'Now the Car-ne-yah-quah ceaseth;
His revenge is full and ample
For the smiles of sly derision
Which he saw upon the features
Of the Tam-a-rack and Pal-met-tah
When he first remarked the virtues
Of his great cement, which hardens
Under water like a flint-stone.

"Now the Car-ne-yah-quah ceaseth—
Ends the Song of Car-ne-yah-quah."



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

CHAPTER XI.

SONG OF BOLD PAL-MET-TAH.

THEN uprose the Mighty Tam-a-rack,
Followed quickly by Pal-met-tah,
And they drew aside and counseled
How to cure this boasting Chieftain
Of his folly in thus daring
To deride the O. O. T. T.
And insult its greatest Chieftains.
Yet they could not harm the Warrior,
As he was a guest among them—
Honored guest who journeyed hither
From the west to On-ta-ro-ga,
Came to worship here the Oom-paugh.
* Thus it was they could not harm him,
Yet they felt the fearful scourging
Of his sharp and cutting language,
And the sting was rankling deeply
In their bosoms, and they muttered
Words of vengeance on the Warrior.

It was then the U-ri-on-tah
Joined the Chieftains who were scowling,
And he counseled moderation,
Told them how the Car-ne-yah-quah
Might be beaten in a manner
Which would bring confusion on him.



BOLD PAL-MET-TAH.

PAL-MET-TAH.

"It was plain that Car-ne-yah-quah
Took much pride in his own product :
He believes that nothing equals
His cement in all the virtues
Which conduce to bring perfection.

"It is clear, then, that to beat him
And to cure him of his boasting,
Some one must be brought to match him.
Let the Bold Pal-met-tah calmly
Undertake to bring confusion
On the Chieftain from the prairies
By a scheme of empty boasting
Which shall far excel the Chieftain
In verbose and florid language,
Yet in manner inoffensive."

Speaking thus, the U-ri-on-tah
Drew aside and, walking slowly,
Disappeared within the forest,
Quite unnoticed by the Chieftains,
Who were now engaged in plotting
For the sole and only purpose
Of revenge on Car-ne-yah-quah.
Thus it was when U-ri-on-tah
Strolled away it was not noticed.
Then the Chiefs now sought the wigwam,
And they joined the mystic circle,
Where the Suc-co-tash was boiling,
And they sat awhile in silence,
With their heads inclining forward.

Then uprose the Bold Pal-met-tah,

*
THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.



And his nostrils curled in sneering
As he glared at Car-ne-yah-quah,
Who was seated in the circle,
Unconcerned to all appearance ;
Yet 'twas plain he did not relish
What he saw in Bold Pal-met-tah
For, without apparent motion
From the stolid Car-ne-yah-quah,
One by one his faithful Warriors
Drew around and stood beside him
As he rose, then, quick as lightning,
Every Warrior stood defiant,
And their tomahawks were flashing,
Glistening brightly in the sunlight.
Every Warrior from the prairies
Stood alert in fighting posture,
Ready for the word to issue
From their Chieftain Car-ne-yah-quah.

But the Bold Pal-met-tah, smiling,
Drew the curls from both his nostrils,
And he waved his hand in token
Of his friendship for the Warriors
Who stood round the Car-ne-yah-quah.
Then he spake in softest accents,
And the Warriors soon were seated
Round the circle, as they listened
To the words of Bold Pal-met-tah :

“ We have heard the Car-ne-yah-quah
Tell the story of the Blue Earth,
Where it joins the Min-ne-so-tah—

Heard him tell about the setting
Of the stuff which he produces—
How the flint turns green with envy,
And feels soft beside the hardness
Of cement he calls ‘Man-ka-to.’

“Now of this there is no question,
For we all know just how truthful
Is the Great Chief Car-ne-yah-quah.
We are honored by his presence,
We are proud to introduce him
To the great and only Oom-paugh,
Hoping he may gain more wisdom;
For ’tis plain that Car-ne-yah-quah
Stands in need of greater knowledge
Than he now can well lay claim to.

“For when he asserts in earnest
That which seems absurd and foolish,
How his great cement is greater
Than all else when placed beside it,
We are forced, at risk of rupture,
To declare it utter nonsense,
And take issue with the Chieftain.

“Let the Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah
Listen while the Bold Pal-met-tah
Gives him pointers on the subject.
But the Chief must tell his Warriors
To put up their bloody weapons
And assume an air less warlike.

“When he told us his fine story—
Sang the Song of Car-ne-yah-quah,

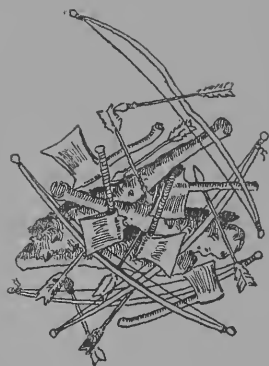
He was treated with great kindness;
When he sang of dire destruction
To the only O. O. T. T.
No one here would think to stop him
With an arrow through his body.

“We are not that kind of people:
It remains for prairie cowards
To be first to make disturbance,
When as friends we come together,
Each to tell his greatest story.

“Now when Car-ne-yah-quah orders
His brave Warriors to surrender
All their knives, and bows, and arrows,
And their tomahawks and war-clubs,
And shall pile them in the center
Of this circle, then be seated
Round the circle, feeling friendly,
Then will rise the Bold Pal-met-tah
And will undertake the problem
Of instructing Car-ne-yah-quah
In the art of being truthful
When cement shall form the subject
Of discourse among the people.”

Then forthwith the Car-ne-yah-quah
Gave a sign before his Warriors
And they all gave up their weapons,
Stacked them in the mystic circle,
Then sat down prepared to listen.

Then uprose the Bold Pal-met-tah
And began to tell his story:





PAL-MET-TAH RETURNING FROM THE CHASE.

“ In the days when all was chaos,
Just before the world was builded,
Came a cloud from out the darkness ;
And the cloud was black as midnight
All except its outer edges,
Which were bordered with a rainbow.

“ On this cloud sat Ha-wea-ne-o,
In one hand his bow and arrows,
While a war-club graced the other ;
On his head the feathered bonnet,
And its soft and snow-white plumage
Waved behind him in the hot winds
Which Ha-ne-she-o-ne sendeth
Up from out his pit of darkness.

“ It was thus the Ha-wea-ne-o
Came from out the southwest country—
Came to find for his dear people,
Still unborn yet coming hither,
Hunting-grounds, where they as mortals
Should prepare to follow after
As he led them to the country
Where was peace and joy forever.

“ Thus it came when Ha-wea-ne-o
Floated o’er this shapeless planet,
Looking down, with eager longing,
He beheld what seemed an island
Floating in the space below him.
Drawing nigh, he saw still further
Many islands, floating loosely
In a sea of boiling water.



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

They were driven by the hot winds,
Where Ha-ne-sha-o-ne listeth.

“Now the islands crowd each other,
Then one sinketh by the crowding,
Then again the hot winds swept them
Far apart, and now they vanish,
Float away in mist and darkness.

“But the patient Ha-wea-ne-o
Sat upon his cloud, and waited
Through the ages for the coming
Of the time when many islands
Should draw nigh, and when the darkness
Had uplifted for the morning
Of the day when he should triumph.

“Sitting thus, the Ha-wea-ne-o
Gazed below and saw the waters—
Saw that they had ceased from boiling.
Now, indeed, was daylight coming,
For, as he sat gazing outward
O'er the vast expanse of waters,
He beheld some islands floating
Toward each other in the distance.
One was larger than the others,
And he saw some rocks upon it.
Then his eyes grew sharp and piercing,
For he saw some object moving
'Mong the rocks upon this island.

“Drawing nigh, the Ha-wea-ne-o
Shouted down upon the island
In a voice both grand and solemn :





"YOU BEHOLD THE BOLD PAL-MET-TAH."

PAL-MET-TAH.

'Who art thou upon the island?'
Then the person quick responded
In a voice which rang and echoed
'Gainst the cloud whereon was seated
Great and Mighty Ha-wea-ne-o:
'You behold the Bold Pal-met-tah,
Monarch of this glorious island!
Leave thy cloud and hasten hither
And partake of good Old Amber.'

"Now the spirit Ha-wea-ne-o
Was not versed in worldly phrases,
Yet he thought the Bold Pal-met-tah
Meant to treat him well and kindly,
And he answered, speaking softly:
'I decline thy invitation,
Yet, as thou shouldst know who speaketh,
Know I am the Ha-wea-ne-o,
And I rule supreme and mighty
In the spirit world above thee.
I am come from out the southwest,
Searching for a goodly country,
Where my children may be happy
And at last become Immortal.
So, when first I saw the islands,
I had more than half concluded
To descend and take possession;
But I found, on brief reflection,
When Ha-ne-sha-o-ne bloweth
Hot winds from his blood-red nostrils,
That I could not hold the islands.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

They would drift apart and wander
O'er the deep, and thus my children
Would be scattered and thus weakened ;
And I find I must look further.
So I bid the Bold Pal-met-tah
Hail ! Farewell ! and may he prosper
Is the wish of Ha-wea-ne-o.'

"Then the black cloud moved in silence
O'er the spot where Bold Pal-met-tah
Stood among the rocks and ledges.
Then the spirit, looking backward,
Saw the Big Chief making gestures,
Showing that he wished the spirit
Would return and hear his story.

"Then the spirit turned the black cloud
In a circle, floating slowly
O'er the spot where Bold Pal-met-tah
Stood and swung his arms and shouted :
'I have had a new idea
Since you left me in the gloaming !

"Then the gentle spirit answered :
'I advise thee, then, to keep it,
For perhaps thou mayest need it
When the times get hard next winter.'

"Then the black cloud started forward,
But the Bold Pal-met-tah beckoned
So in earnest, that the spirit
Halted ere he left the presence
Of the Big Chief who was shouting :
'Come down here and make a bargain !

PAL-MET-TAH.

I will make a contract with thee—
I can bind the isles together
Knowest thou what I am doing?
See me break this rock and place it
In those kilns which now are smoking.
When the rock is burned I grind it:
Here is made the wondrous 'Storm-King'
And the 'Roman Rock' and 'Obelisk,'
Brands that never yet were equaled
In this world or any other.



“Listen well to all I tell thee:
I can bind whole worlds together;
Then how easy can these islands
Be made one by using concrete.
Thus you see 'twill make one country,
If I bind them fast together
With cement, which I am making
Here upon the On-ta-ro-ga.
See! the furnace now is smoking
Night and day and never ceasing.

“Now, if thou dost much desire it,
I will make a contract with thee
To produce one solid country,
Where thy children may be happy.’
Ceaseth now the Bold Pal-met-tah.

“Then the gentle spirit speaketh:
‘Should I make a generous offer
To repay thee for thy labors,
What shall be the terms of payment?’

“Then the Bold Pal-met-tah speaketh:

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.



'I must own the Earth,' he answered,
'But thy people may enjoy it;
They can roam about at pleasure,
They can chase the deer and bison,
And they will not feel the pressure
Of my hand upon their vitals.
They will think they own the country,
And will never know the difference.'

"Thus persuaded was the spirit
And he quickly closed the contract.
Then to work went Bold Pal-met-tah
And he made vast beds of concrete;
Then he stuck the isles together.
One by one he bound the islands,
And, when he at last cemented
All the joints, he found some mortar
Had been left from all the batches—
Was left over and was wasted
And was spoiled beyond redemption,
As the second set is weakly.

"So he scraped the waste together
In a pile, and then he dumped it
In a heap in Min-ne-so-tah,
Piled it up beside the Blue Earth.
Thus he made a fake deposit,
Where the Car-ne-yah-quah found it
And was trying now to sell it;
But he found that when the hot sun
Baked it on the streets in day-time,
Where 'twas used in making pavements,



PAL-MET-TAH ENTERTAINING HIS FRIENDS AT HIS WIGWAM—
A QUIET LITTLE GAME.

PAL-MET-TAH.

That whene'er the dews of evening
Fell upon it, it would soften.

"Then he poured hot sand upon it,
Trying hard to make it harden,
But, alas! 'twas second-handed,
And it was not worth the powder
It would take to blow it skyward.
Well the Car-ne-yah-quah knoweth
This is true but will not own it—
He is a Ha-seh-no-wa-na!"

Here the Song of Bold Pal-met-tah
Was cut short, for in an instant,
'Midst a wild and savage uproar,
All the Warriors from the prairie,
Led by Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah,
Sprang upon the stack of weapons
And at once they opened battle.

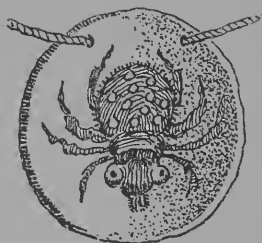


CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE.

NOT since first the world was peopled
Was there ever aught to equal
This dread battle and its horrors.
On one side were many Warriors
Of the wondrous O. O. T. T.,
Led by Tam-a-rack, fierce and angry,
And Pal-met-tah, cold and cruel,
In their war-paint and their feathers,
These great Chieftains keenly smarting
'Neath the scourging, cutting language
From the tongue of Car-ne-yah-quah.

Standing out against these Warriors
Were the braves of Wa-kon-tee-pee,
Led by Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah.
On his breast he wore a gorget :
'Twas a shell from out the Blue Earth,
And a huge and ugly spider
Was engraved upon its surface.
'Twas a mascot from the Red Cloud,
Which was worn by Car-ne-yah-quah
Through a hundred bloody battles.
Thus stood forth the Car-ne-yah-quah,
Who, with all his host of Warriors
From the wondrous Blue Earth valley,



THE BATTLE.

Felt the insults heaped upon them
By the bitter, stinging language
Which had come from Bold Pal-met-tah,
And they stood by Car-ne-yah-quah.

Now was heard the thrilling war-whoop,
As it wildly rang and echoed
Out among the hills and valleys
Of the charming On-ta-ro-ga,
And the gods of war were smiling.

Soon the ground was strewn with Warriors,
Lying one upon another :
Scalps were lifted from the living,
And were torn from dead and dying.
Friend and foe were strewn together
In among the rocks and hillocks,
Where the fierce and cruel Warriors,
Now enraged beyond their reason,
Trampled under foot the fallen.

Now is seen the Car-ne-yah-quah
Cheering on his reckless Warriors.
In one hand he grasps his war-knife,
While the other hand is lifted
High in air, where he is holding
Many scalps as bloody trophies
Of his prowess in the battle.

Then he holds aloft his mascot,
And the Warriors from the prairies
Utter forth their wildest war-cries :
Thus the wondrous Car-ne-yah-quah
Urges on his wild Sioux Warriors.





THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

See the fierce and blood-stained Tam-a-rack!
Now his form is clearly outlined
'Gainst the mellow skies of Autumn,
As he stands a moment, pausing,
On a slightly rising hillock,
With his foot upon a foeman.

Thus he stands to cheer his Warriors,
Who are seen to break and falter
As the reckless Sioux are pressing
With relentless cries of vengeance
On the blood-stained foe before them.

But the bold and warlike Tam-a-rack
Turned the tide with skill and bravery,
As his voice rose clear and ringing
Out across the On-ta-ro-ga,
As he cheered for Ot-zin-ach-son,
Loudly cheered for O. O. T. T.

Where is now the Bold Pal-met-tah?
Early in the hour of battle
He was singled out for vengeance
By a clan of Blue Earth Warriors,
Who were sworn to kill the Chieftain
For his reckless use of language
When addressing brave Sioux Warriors;
And they drew around Pal-met-tah,
Slowly closing in upon him;
On all sides they gathered round him,
Then they rushed upon the Chieftain
With a wild and piercing war-cry.

But the great and wondrous giant



"THUS THE BATTLE RAGED FOR HOURS."

THE BATTLE.

Swung his war-club fast and furious,
And the Sioux fell thick about him—
Lay so deep the Bold Pal-met-tah,
When he joined the Mighty Tam-a-rack,
Had to clamber over bodies
Piled in ridges round about him.

Thus the battle raged with fury,
And the hill-sides, and the valleys,
And the rocks of On-ta-ro-ga
Dripped with blood from all the Warriors
On this awful field of carnage.

Now the blood had formed a brooklet,
And it flowed along the surface
Till it reached the rock-cliff standing
'Gainst the sky so cold and cheerless.

Here the brooklet, leaping over,
Splashed the rocks below with crimson,
Which may yet be seen still staining
Many rocks along the ledges.
Still the battle grew in fierceness,
And the war-whoop filled the gorges
Of the cliff, where, single-handed,
Many angry Warriors grappled
With the foe in deadly struggle.

Some were clinched and thus fell over,
Down upon the rocks below them,
And their crushed and bleeding bodies
Quivered in the mellow sunlight.

Thus the battle raged for hours,
Yet no side had gained advantage.





THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Blood had covered all the fighters,
Till no Warriors there were certain
Whether, when they killed an Indian,
Their own brother had not fallen.

Now above the din of battle
Rang the voice of Au-die-ne-ta ;
Standing on the topmost ledges
Of the rock-cliff, she was crying :
“ Who hath seen my Dusky Chieftain ? ”

Loud and louder rang her wild cry,
And the Warriors heard and listened.
Now her voice came shrill and piercing,
As she shrieked in fear and terror :
“ Where is now the U-ri-on-tah ?
Who hath seen the Dusky Chieftain ? ”
Every Warrior's heart was softened
By her piteous wail of anguish.
Then the Princess, springing forward,
Bounded o'er the ledges, crying :
“ Who will help the Au-die-ne-ta ? ”

It was thus the battle ended
In a draw, as all such battles
Always end when 'tis a question
Which cement shall test the higher.
And the Warriors joined the Princess
In a search for U-ri-on-tah,
Leaving only squaws and squaw-men
To attend the dead and dying,
Who outnumbered all the living—
One survived where ten were slaughtered.

THE BATTLE.

At this moment Bold Pal-met-tah
Met the Chieftain Mighty Tam-a-rack;
And they knew not each the other
For the blood and grime that covered
Their dark faces, and their bodies,
Which were naked to their waist-belts.

They were in the thick of battle,
And the cuts and bruises on them
Showed that they had been kept busy
By the Great Chief from the prairie.

One short moment they stood, eyeing
Each the other with suspicion,
Lest their own scalps might be lifted,
Till one cast the sign before him
And the other gave the signal.

Then they turned and joined the Warriors,
Who were swiftly running eastward
On the trail behind the Princess,
Who went bounding like the wild deer,
And her long hair, dark as midnight,
Like a meteor streamed behind her.

Wild her cry, her heart nigh breaking;
For she felt some dire disaster
Had befallen U-ri-on-tah,
And she knew by intuition
That the Chieftain was in danger
From his foe, the ruthless Bee-ess,
Since his father had bereft him
Of his powers as an Immortal.

"I must save him!" wailed the Princess,





Who went shrieking down the cañon.
Soon she came upon the borders
Of the Devil's gorge, where chasms
Are cut deep among the ledges
Which o'erhang the Devil's brooklet.
Here she lingered, peering upward
'Mong the rocks, where trees o'erhanging
Cast dark shadows down the valley.

One by one the Warriors glided
Down the dark Tar-at-ar-o-ga,
Meeting at the Con-at-a-ra.

Some among the Mighty Warriors,
Who had left the field of battle
When they heard the frenzied Princess
Weeping for her absent Chieftain,
Drew away from where the old trail
Trends along the rock-cliff passage
Which was taken by the Princess,
And they took the trail which leadeth
To the southeast through the forest.

This they followed, quickly coming
To the Devil's hole, then, turning,
Went due north and, soon appearing
On the rock-cliff overhanging
The patena in the valley,
There they saw the braves who followed
On the trail behind the Princess,
And were standing, with amazement
Pictured on their upturned faces;
For they saw the Princess climbing

THE BATTLE.

Swiftly up the cliff before them,
Where they could not hope to follow.
Loud she called upon her Chieftain
To make answer if he heard her.

All the Warriors in the valley,
With those on the rock-cliff standing,
Stood with heads bent on their bosoms;
For they felt the awful import
Of the strain upon the reason
Of the Princess, who was climbing
Mong the cliffs, while shrieking madly
For her Chieftain U-ri-on-tah.

Soon she came upon a crevice
In the rocks which, darkly shadowed
By the overhanging forest
Growing close upon the edges
Of the Devil's gorge above her,
Part concealed the gloomy crevice.

Now she peered within, scarce hoping
For reward in her wild searching,
When, with one long wail of anguish,
Rang the voice of Au-die-ne-ta,
Startling ravens from their hiding
In the crags and stunted cedars,
Drowning out the Co-at-a-ra.

Every Warrior heard the Princess,
And they knew, without mistaking,
That at last she saw her Chieftain.
On the instant every Warrior
Sprang to rescue U-ri-on-tah.



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Few below could climb the rock-cliff,
But the Warriors on the summit
Let each other down the ledges,
Till at last they stood together
Near the Princess, who was frantic
In her grief and calling wildly
For some one to save the Chieftain.

Then she leaped out o'er the chasm,
Toward a rock-point, standing sharply
Up from out the depths below her,
And her moccasins clung firmly
To the sharp peak for a moment.
Then again she sprang still farther
Through the air, and safely landed,
With her feet upon a rock-cliff
Shelving out above the chasm.

Here she found, by leaning over
At the risk of pitching headlong
Down the chasm, she could barely,
With her finger-tips extended,
Touch the body of her Chieftain,
Who was hanging by his ankle
With his head extending downward,
And was dangling quite unconscious
In the dim light of the chasm.
With his right leg badly fractured
Near the ankle, he was swinging,
First to one side then the other,
As the harsh wind chose to turn him.

Many Warriors, who were anxious



THE BATTLE.

To assist the frantic Princess,
Tried to leap across the chasm,
Yet plunged headlong down in silence,
And were crushed upon the boulders
And the wondrous-hued Tar-i-o
Which were strewn along the bottom.

Few there were who leaped in safety ;
Only those, both strong and supple
In the chase and on the war-path,
Dared to venture on the rock-cliff.
These were quickly standing closely
Round the form of U-ri-on-tah,
And they drew his body forward.

Then the tall Chief Ho-me-ra-hah
And the sturdy Chief Ra-yah-ho
Climbed the ragged wall above them,
Till they came to where the Chieftain
Was held fast within the crevice
By his foot, and quick released him.
Then the Warriors, standing ready,
Softly drew the U-ri-on-tah
Toward the rock-cliff, and they laid him
Gently down beside the Princess,
Who now clasped his lifeless body,
And she poured forth many blessings
On the Chiefs who came to aid her,
And she called aloud, while weeping,
Would the Oom-paugh come and help her
To restore the U-ri-on-tah?

At the mention of the Oom-paugh

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

All the Warriors standing round her
Quickly fell upon their faces,
And remained thus in dead silence
While the Indian Princess pleaded
For the Stone God's help and mercy.

Then a great calm fell upon them,
Not a sound was heard among them,
Save the gurgling of the water
As it issued from a crevice
In the rock-cliff and went foaming
Down the gorge, o'er many ledges,
Till at last it gently whispered
On its way down through the valley.

This the only sound was heard there,
For the rooks and ravens listened,
As they peered from out the branches
Of the stunted pines and cedars,
Which found foothold in the steep face
Of the rock-cliff, cold and gloomy.

Sitting thus awhile, the Princess
Chafed the hands of U-ri-on-tah,
And she smoothed his pale, cold forehead,
While her soft hands pressed his temples.

On his breast her wet cheek rested;
And she tried to catch the beating
Of his heart, which now, unable
To respond to her entreaties,
Had ceased throbbing at the moment
When the Princess first had seen him
Hang suspended o'er the chasm.

THE BATTLE.

Yet the warmth within his body
Still remained, and thus the Princess
Now, with all the desperation
Of the nature born within her,
Clung to him, though scarcely hoping,
And her piteous cries of sorrow,
Stifled sobs and helpless moaning
Melted every heart around her ;
And the Chieftains, lying prostrate
On the cold rocks round about her,
Wept aloud for U-ri-on-tah
And the Princess Au-die-ne-ta.

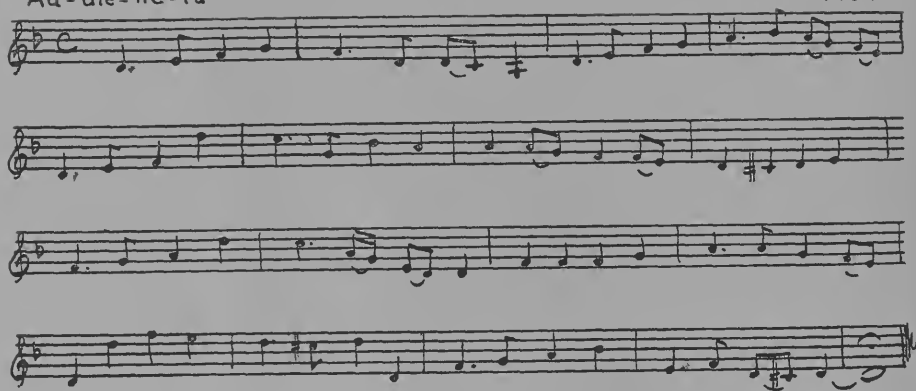
Now the broken-hearted Princess
Sat beside her fallen Chieftain ;
With her body gently swaying
Back and forth, she broke the silence,
As she chanted low the Death Song
Of the Wolf-Clan for her Chieftain.
Thus now sang the Au-die-ne-ta :



The Death Song.

Au-die-ne-ta

No 9.



The Death Song.

"Gone, alas! is U-ri-on-tah,
But his spirit hovers near me,
And I soon will stand beside him.
Lovingly our spirits clingeth
To each other now as always;
We will sit beside each other
On the white cloud sailing eastward,
Thus returning to our wigwam.

"From the sea no more to wander,
There abiding till the mountain
Calleth us to be Immortals,
U-ri-on-tah stands, awaiting
His beloved Au-die-ne-ta—
By the white cloud he is standing.
Take me to thy heart, my Chieftain,
For thy Au-die-ne-ta cometh!

"O my heart, my U-ri-on-tah,
Always tender, true, and gentle!
O my heart, my love, my Chieftain!
Art thou looking down upon me
Here alone and broken-hearted,
Waiting for thy loved voice calling
Me to lean upon thy bosom?
Lo! I come, I come, my Chieftain!"

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

When at last the song was ended
She arose and, gazing upward
Through the overhanging branches,
Saw the white cloud sailing eastward ;
Then she turned and, falling prostrate
On the cold form of her Chieftain,
Sobbed aloud upon his body.
Then, arising, soon she standeth
On the brink and, looking downward
O'er the dark and gloomy chasm,
Laid aside her beads and buckles,
And prepared to cast her body
Down upon the rocks below her.

At this moment came a murmur
In the tree-tops far above her ;
Then it swayed the lower branches,
As the light breeze fanned her forehead,
While the sun shone full upon her.

Now the wind grew strong, and music,
Sweet and mournful, filled the forest ;
And the heart of Au-die-ne-ta
Was uplifted by its cadence,
And the thought came sweet and tender
Of the days when, with her Chieftain,
She was singing on the rock-cliff
Near their wigwam in the foot-hills.
And, as now the wind grew stronger,
She broke forth in plaintive singing
Once again the sacred love-songs
They had sung so oft together.

THE BATTLE.

Thus she sang awhile the forest
Filled the measure in the blending
Of the chorus, and sustaining
Her sweet voice which, gently rising,
Filled the forest and the valley
With a flood of soulful music.

Then at last her voice was silent,
Yet her face was still uplifted ;
And her eyes were fixed and steadfast
On the white cloud floating o'er her.
Thus transfixed, and thinking only
Of her Chieftain, she uplifted
Both her hands, then plungeth downward,
Thinking thus to join her Chieftain.
But although her form was bending,
O'er the chasm far extended,
Yet her feet were firmly fastened
To the rock on which she standeth.

Then a voice came strong and earnest,
Heard above the forest music ;
Thus it spake in measured accents :

“Au-die-ne-ta, stay thy purpose !
I have tried thee to the utmost :
Thou art dearer far than ever
To thy Chieftain, who hath heard thee,
Though he could not speak to save thee.
Hearest thou, I am the Oom-paugh !
I was here when first the soft wind
Sang among the topmost branches.
I came quick at thy entreaty

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Unto me to save thy Chieftain,
And, behold! he only sleepeth.
Hast thou, then, so soon forgotten
What thy mountain father told thee?
Thou wert both bereft of powers
Which belongeth to Immortals,
And though thou shalt suffer greatly,
Yet thou canst not die or perish.
All the pain and dire affliction
Which befall the lot of mortals
Thou shalt suffer, still undying,
Till thy father shall forgive thee
And restore to thee thy powers.

“Now, behold, thy feet are loosened.
Hasten, then, to thy dear Chieftain:
Even now his eyelids quiver;
Rest his head upon thy bosom,
Let him breathe the air of heaven.
Soon his eyes will look upon thee:
Courage, then, my Au-die-ne-ta!”

While the Stone God thus was speaking
He was hidden from the vision.
Now he came from out the cavern,
Borne aloft by unseen spirits,
Who advanced until the Oom-paugh,
On a mystic shrine uplifted,
Now appeared beside the Princess.
At each end the shrine was furnished
With two polished arms of silver,
And a spirit hand was grasping



"BORNE ALOFT BY UNSEEN SPIRITS."

THE BATTLE.

Firmly round the silver handles,
And the spirit arms extended
Faintly upward near the elbow,
Where they seemed to softly vanish
Into thin air, leaving only
These four arms and hands to safely
Bear the Oom-paugh o'er the chasm.
Then he paused and looked about him,
Down upon the prostrate Warriors;
Though he spake not for some moments,
Yet his right eye coldly glittered,
And 'twas plain that he was angry.

In the meanwhile Au-die-ne-ta
Knelt beside her fallen Chieftain;
Then she lifted up his dear head,
And she chafed his cold, damp temples,
Calling vainly, half distracted,
Would he look upon his Princess.

Soon the heavy eyelids lifted,
Closed again as though by effort,
While a cold chill shook his body,
Which was drawn with utmost tension,
Then relaxed and falling backward,
Thus the U-ri-on-tah fainteth.

Then the Princess, springing lightly
Down the rocks, returned with water,
And she bathed the lips and temples
Of the limp and helpless Chieftain,
Till at last his eyes were opened
And he gazed upon the Princess,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Pressed her hand in loving silence.

Now the Oom-paugh speaketh coldly
To the Warriors lying prostrate
On the rocks around about him:

“Warriors of the O. O. T. T.,
Warriors of the Wa-kon-tee-pee,
Hear me well, then ponder after.

“When I rested in the wigwam,
On the mystic shrine was seated,
I was guarded every moment
By some member of the order.
All was well then, all was peaceful,
Till the night when U-ri-on-tah
And the Princess reached the wigwam.

“Just before them came the Bee-ess,
Yet no harm could come upon me
Had you staid within the wigwam.
But, alas! what dire disaster
Followed quickly your betrayal
Of the trust which rested on you.
You were tempted by your weakness,
And you left me and descended
To the cavern underneath me,
Where the Snig-e-i was flowing.
And when once the cup was emptied,
Then the Oom-paugh was forgotten.
Thus it was my anger kindled,
And I thought 'twas best to punish
Each and all for thus offending
Me, the only Stone God living.

THE BATTLE.

“ Thus it came when you had left me,
Scarcely had your noisy revels
Reached my ears before the Bee-ess
Softly stepped within the wigwam.
All the rest is known among you.

“ I was sorry thus to punish
U-ri-on-tah, who was blameless,
But when I brought on the battle
By inciting friends to combat,
I had drawn the U-ri-on-tah
To the forest, thereby hoping
To protect him from disaster ;
But the ever-crafty Bee-ess,
Who is mightier than mortals—
And the demon never slumbers—
He it was who watched and waited
When the U-ri-on-tah wandered
In the forest he so loveth.

“ Then the crafty, cruel demon
Followed him, and came upon him
As the Chieftain sat in reverie
Underneath the forest branches.
This I saw and I relented,
And I sent the Princess seeking
U-ri-on-tah in the forest.

“ Had the Bee-ess fled the country,
It was my intent and purpose
To destroy those who betrayed me—
To destroy them in the battle.
But it happened that the Princess

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Knew, as though by intuition,
That her Chieftain was in danger,
And her wild cries stayed the battle.

“ Now you know why I was silent
From the time the Bee-ess left me
Till this moment, and I charge you,
When again you shall desert me,
I will leave not one among you
To hand down to future peoples
Any sign of your existence.
Every trace shall be extinguished
Which would give the slightest inkling
That such people ever dwelt here.

“ Although men may be Immortal,
Yet the Gods can well destroy them,
For the Gods have full dominion
Over Mortals and Immortals.
Though your bodies may be buried,
I will send sulphuric acid
To eat up your bones and tissue.
Thus avenged will be the Oom-paugh ! ”

Silence now fell on the people,
While the unseen spirits, moving
Toward the shadows in the chasm
With the mystic shrine uplifted,
Disappeared, and thus the Oom-paugh
Left his people lying prostrate,
With their faces on the cold rocks,
Still unmoved in deathlike silence.

Then was heard the Au-die-ne-ta

THE BATTLE.

Pouring out her heart in gladness,
For the Dusky Chieftain speaketh ;
Thus spake low the U-ri-on-tah :

“ Will the Princess call the Warriors
To assemble round the body
Of the helpless U-ri-on-tah,
And with tender hands uplift him
And convey him to the wigwam,
Where the loving Au-die-ne-ta
May bring back the health and vigor
To the Chieftain by her nursing?
For, alas! the Dusky Chieftain
Has a fractured limb, which needeth
All the care that can be rendered.”

Then the Warriors gathered quickly
Round the form of U-ri-on-tah,
And they made a couch of buckskin ;
Then they laid the Chief upon it,
And they bore him gently downward
To the valley, then turned westward
Till they reached the Stone God cañon.
Here they halted for a moment,
Then proceeded on the journey,
While the faithful Au-die-ne-ta
Walked beside the fallen Chieftain
Till they came upon the wigwam,
Where they placed him softly, gently,
On a couch, and there they left him.

Soon the night fell round the wigwam,
And the full moon now was rising



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

O'er the forest to the eastward,
Shining through the topmost branches
Casting shadows on the wigwam.

Now the owls came forth from hiding
And they whistled low and mournful
As they drew around the wigwam ;
And the moon, still rising higher,
Cast a flood of softest radiance
O'er the wigwam and the forest.

Now the winds come softly sighing
Through the trees and, passing onward,
Leave behind a tender impress
On the hearts of Nature's children.
Singing pines and moaning cedars
Join the lofty elms and maples
In a low, sweet strain of music,
Blended in a minor measure.

All was done to cheer the Chieftain
Who had lived so close to nature ;
But, alas ! 'twas quite unheeded,
For the Chieftain rests in slumber,
While the Princess sat beside him
Through the night, and only left him
When the sun came in the morning,
Smiling o'er the On-ta-ro-ga,
Bringing warmth to all his creatures.
Still the U-ri-on-tah sleepeth,
While the splints were drawn more closely
Round his bruised and fractured ankle.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETROSPECTION.

AUTUMN days now pass and Winter
Cometh on, and chilling north-winds
Whistle round the lonely wigwam ;
And the white drifts now are piling
High along the trail, which leadeth
Through the forest, gray and gloomy.
Yet the Chieftains often gathered
Round the couch of U-ri-on-tah,
Watching for the slightest token
Of returning health and vigor.

Then at last the Winter ended,
And the sun was slow returning
From the southern skies, and bringing
Welcome rains and gentle south-winds
And the swelling buds were bursting
Into blossom, and the robins,
And the orioles and blue-birds
From their southern homes were coming.
Also came the sweet-voiced thrushes,
Indian nightingales, the songsters
Dear to every true-born Indian ;
And these wild-birds filled the forest



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

With their music in the morning,
With their music in the evening.

It was then the U-ri-on-tah
From his couch of furs was lifted,
And was seated in the sunshine
By the entrance to the wigwam ;
And the faithful Au-die-ne-ta
Sat beside him, radiant, happy,
For she saw the smile returning
To the face of her dear Chieftain.
Then it was that all the Warriors
Who survived the awful battle
Were invited to the wigwam
To make glad the U-ri-on-tah.



One by one they came in silence,
And they gathered round the wigwam,
Where the Suc-co-tash was boiling,
While the Chiefs sat in a circle,
And the council-fires were burning
Through the night upon the hill-tops,
And the pipe of peace was lighted.

Then the young bucks held a war-dance
To the stirring Ta-wa-e-gun,
Till the morning sun was shining
O'er the tree-tops to the eastward.

Then the Mighty Chieftains gathered
Round the door where U-ri-on-tah
Sat while bathing in the sunshine,
And they held Hen-nun-do-nuh-seh,
After which the Dusky Chieftain

RETROSPECTION.

Greeted all the Chiefs and Sachems
As they gathered round the wigwam.

He was pale, and weak, and wasted,
Yet he felt the soft winds blowing
On his temples, thus refreshing
All his nature, and he motioned
To the Warriors to be seated.

Then he lifted up his wan face
And he gazed upon the red clouds,
Which above the sun were hanging
In the sky beyond the forest.
Hawks were sailing in a circle
High in air above the Chieftain,
Screaming shrill their notes of anger.

For a moment he was dreaming
Of his wigwam in the foot-hills;
Once again he saw his Noh-yeh
And his lofty mountain Ha-nih,
Then a tear stood on his pale cheek,
Which he brushed away, then, quickly
Turning, saw the Warriors seated
In a circle, and their faces
Were bent low upon their bosoms,
As a token of their wishes
That the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Should address them while they listened.
Then the U-ri-on-tah speaketh :

“ Many moons have passed, my brethren,
Since I journeyed from the eastland
To the land of On-ta-ro-ga.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Every Warrior in the hearing
Of my voice knows well the object
Of my visit to the Oom-paugh.

“ Know as well the Bee-ess demon
Undertook to steal the Stone God,
And how near he came to doing
This rash act, because the Warriors
Who had sworn to guard the Oom-paugh
Had relaxed their faithful vigils.

“ I will not upbraid my brethren
Of the O. O. T. T. Conclave ;
That which has been never changeth.
Of the present and the future
We will speak, then hold a council,
But 'tis well to know, in passing,
Why the U-ri-on-tah suffers.

“ When the Bee-ess held the Oom-paugh
On his back, while fleeing with him,
Much of strength and power was passing
From the Stone God to the Bee-ess.

“ Do not think, for one brief moment,
That because the Bee-ess carried
Our great Oom-paugh on his shoulders
He is greater than the Oom-paugh.

“ Let the Chieftains understand it.
We all know that evil spirits
In all ages have been roaming
Through the land, in bold defiance
Of the Gods, who, if united,
Are much stronger than the demons ;



Yet because the Gods are jealous
Of each other in the struggle
For possession of the people,
Each one thinking his the only
Proper way to guide and govern,
Thus, alas! their strength is wasted
Wrangling over abstruse isms.

“This is why there’s little progress
Toward subduing evil spirits,
And the task is rendered harder
By the fact that all the demons
Act in concert and thus prosper.
So, whenever any demon
Is hard pressed and help is needed,
Then he summons other demons
To his aid, who quickly gather
And support their struggling comrade.

“Thus it happens that a true God
May be wrestling with a demon,
And, forsooth, the God is stronger.
Then the demon, in some manner
Quite unknown to Gods or mortals,
Summons aid from kindred spirits.
Thus they often seem much stronger
Than the God who, single-handed,
Is compelled to fight his battles.

“Then there is the further secret
Of the power of evil spirits
To absorb both strength and knowledge
From the Gods through local nearness:

Thus they often gain advantage.

“Yet, with all these facts before us,
We still know the Gods are greater;
And the time is surely coming
When the Gods will work together:
Evil spirits then will vanish.
But, until such times shall ripen,
We must look to see the true Gods
Single-handed oft-times beaten.

“There is one more fact to mention,
More important than all others—
Let the Warriors give attention.
There are many kinds of demons:
Some are wise and some are foolish,
Some are weak and others mighty.
Each one has his special talent,
And each one is always busy:
Ne’er was yet an idle demon.

“When one demon does more labor
Than his fellows, and is skillful
In the art of making mischief,
He is sure to be promoted,
And they choose from out their number
One to rule supreme and mighty.
This supreme one thus is chosen
For some special, cruel torture
He has caused to be inflicted
On some weak and helpless mortal.

“At the present time, my Chieftains,
He who rules supreme and mighty



RETROSPECTION.

In the hearts of all the mortals,
Rules as well among Immortals,
And is sought for, late and early,
By the rich and by the starving.
He, for whom so many people
Rob, and steal, and lie, and plunder,
Bears the diabolic title,
Known among all Chiefs and Warriors,
As the never-dying Bee-ess.

“After this brief explanation
We resume our painful story:
At the time, when I was resting
In the forest, after urging
Bold Pal-met-tah and the Tam-a-rack
To forego all thoughts of vengeance
On the fiery Car-ne-yah-quah,
And to labor to o’ercome him
By still greater words of boasting,
Then I left the sullen Warriors
And was seated in the forest,
When the Bee-ess came before me.

“At a distance he was walking
In a circle there before me,
And he smiled when gazing on me,
Looking backward o’er his shoulder—
Never looked he any stronger.
When the circle led him from me
He would twist his neck, and always
Keep his eye turned full upon me.

“Never once, while I sat watching,

Was his face hid from my vision ;
And his eye was large and lustrous,
While his skin was soft and tender,
And his fair hair floated backward
O'er his shoulders, while he circled
There before me in the forest.
Tall and handsome is the Bee-ess,
And his smile is sweet and winning.

“When I rose, as though to call him,
Stood he still and silent, waiting
For some word which I might utter.
On his heart his right hand rested,
And his head inclined in bowing ;
Thus he stood while I addressed him :

“‘O thou crafty, cunning demon !
Well thou knowest I am master,
And at last, in meek submission,
Thou shalt bow to thy creator.
All thou art is mine, and shall be,
It is useless to elude me :
If thou carest now to prosper,
Thou wilt surely heed my warning
And will yield to my dictation.’

“Now the Bee-ess, bowing meekly,
Said 'twould be his greatest pleasure
To surrender on the instant.
Would I come with him this morning
For a stroll to Os-ar-o-ga—
To the Devil's gorge, and, resting
On the cliff, we could at leisure



"SPRANG THE BEE-ESS, LEAPING FORWARD."

RETROSPECTION.

Talk about his full surrender.

“Then again he bowed before me,
And his manner was the sweetest
Ever known, so mild and humble;
Then we took the trail together,
And I followed close behind him,
Thinking how I best could bind him
And enchain him safe forever.

“Soon we came upon the rock-cliff
Which o'erlooks the Devil's chasm,
And, behold! a thick fog, filling
All the valley now before us.

“On the instant, without warning,
Sprang the Bee-ess, leaping forward,
Quick as lightning I sprang after,
For I felt the treacherous demon
Would elude my grasp and leave me,
Should I let him thus escape me.

“As I sprang I felt my error,
For my foot, instead of landing
On hard rock, went through a crevice;
And, behold! my foot was fastened
In the crevice, which the dense fog
Had then hidden from my notice,
And, thus held, my body plungeth
O'er the cliff, and thus suspended
I was found by Au-die-ne-ta.

“When I found what dire disaster
Had befallen me that moment,
As I swung beneath the crevice,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

My first thought was on the Princess.
It was then my ears were greeted
With the wildest shrieks of laughter
Ever heard since first the sunshine
Gave the red skin to the Indian.

“Taunts and jeers were heaped upon me
By the handsome Bee-ess demon,
Who upon the fog was dancing,
Laughing like the Klu-ne-o-lux,
And he asked me, in derision,
Would I come and take him captive?
Then in scorn he called attention
To my foolish waste of effort
In the crazy undertaking
Of his capture without wampum.
Thus, again, my trusty Warriors,
I was vanquished by the Bee-ess.

“Though his voice was growing fainter,
Yet in clear and ringing accents
He was singing of the wampum,
Till at last I heard no longer;
And I fast was losing power
To retain my voice and senses,
And, the last that I remember,
I was calling for the Princess.

“Of the rest it has been told you,
And there is no need to tell it
O'er again, nor bring the horrors
To our minds of that dread chapter
In the life of U-ri-on-tah.

RETROSPECTION.

“Let the Warriors hold the council,
Let us smoke the sweet tobacco:
When 'tis finished I will tell you
Of a strange, eventful epoch
In the life of U-ri-on-tah—
Sempiternal U-ri-on-tah!”



CHAPTER XIV.

SONG OF THE CYCLOPS.

“LISTEN now, my Noble Warriors,
Sit in silence while I tell you
Of the birth and secret story
Of the Oom-paugh and the Bee-ess
And the one-eyed U-ri-on-tah.

“There are those among the Warriors
Who are gathered here to listen,
Some who heard the U-ri-on-tah
Tell the story of the she-wolf,
When he passed the fearful ordeal
And became an O. O. T. T.,
And henceforth became Immortal ;
Told he how his she-wolf mother
Nursed him in the gloomy forest,
Near the spot where we are sitting.

“Now the U-ri-on-tah speaketh
Of a life which came before this—
Long before the she-wolf mother
Ever knew the U-ri-on-tah.

“When the world was young and ardent,
And the verdure fresh and fragrant,
When all Nature was a hot-house,
Forcing trees, and plants, and people
To a wondrous growth in stature

THE CYCLOPS.

By her warmth of air and water ;
When the Ton-a-wan-dah valley
Was a sea of boiling waters ;
When the hill where stands this wigwam
Formed the shore-line of its borders ;
When the Dugong swam at leisure
Near the shore in search of victims ;
When the Ichthyornis wandered
On the beach, and sang his sweetest
Songs to cheer the Brontotherium ;
And the festive Hesperornis
Joined the chorus, singing hoarsely
In his fine profundo basso ;
When the serpents and the wild beasts
And the birds of all descriptions
All were grown to wondrous sizes,
Mastodon and great Behemoth
And the Mammoth, huge and surly,
And the pompous Nototherium
And the happy Megatherium,
Glyptodon and Armadillo
Sported in this land of wonders—
These and others were the creatures,
Living in those days of marvels,
Underneath the glowing ag-ni,
Where the summer lasted always.

“ Those were days before the glaciers
Crept from out the chilly Northland,
Crushing rocks and plowing furrows
Deep along the old lake borders ;

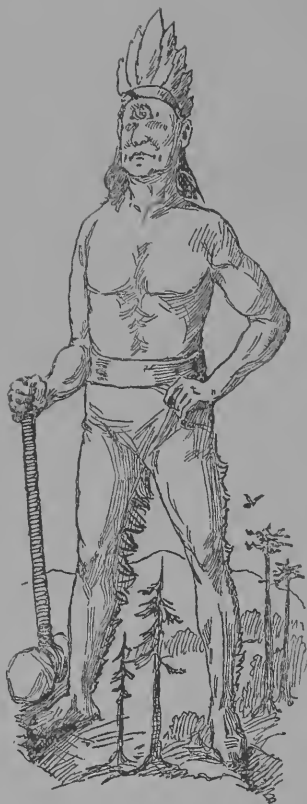


Rolling granite into boulders,
Which lie scattered round about us,
Driving men from out its pathway,
Leaving deep seams in the limestones
Over which the ice-floe traveled,
As it moved across the hill-top
Where the Warriors now are sitting,
'Mid the rocks of On-ta-ro-ga.

"It was long before this happened—
In the hot days long before this,
That the huge and ponderous creatures
I have mentioned lived and flourished ;
And those strange and curious tribesmen
Who ruled o'er the brute creation
Were the true and only Cyclops—
Were the mighty One-eyed Giants.

"In those days the U-ri-on-tah
Was a giant, and was taller
Than the pine-trees which are singing
Mournful music round this wigwam.
In those days the smallest creatures,
Which were like our little squirrels
Of to-day, were then like lions ;
All the forest beasts were monsters—
When they walked upon the green earth
It was shaken by their footsteps.

"Dread abomas filled the forests,
And their bodies oft were larger .
Than the largest trees around us ;
Rivers flowed in all directions,



THE CYCLOPS.

Narrow strips of land between them,
And the summer lasted always.

"Then the palm-trees grew profusely,
And the alligators scrambled
Up the banks along the rivers,
And they seized the little children
And devoured them by the thousands.



"When the Giant U-ri-on-tah
Walked along beside the river,
Leaving huge and mighty footprints,
Then the sun would come and harden
All the places where the Giant
Had been walking in the morning,
And the river, rising, flooded
All his tracks, and then new matter
Soon o'erspread the huge depressions.

"Then, as time rolled on, the rivers
Would dry up, as underneath them
Were huge fires which never slumbered;
And the river sand was hardened
Into sandstone and, for ages
Which came after, it lay dormant
Till at last the stone was quarried
By the pale-face with his rock-drill
And his dynamite and powder,
Laying bare the tracks and markings
Of the feet of U-ri-on-tah,
And the gaping people wondered
Who could make such monstrous foot-prints,
For each stride would reach much farther



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Than the distance made by arrows,
When they leap from off the bow-string
Drawn by strongest Warrior living.

“ And the eye of U-ri-on-tah
Was an octagon, and stood out
From the forehead like a boulder
Which projecteth from a hill-side,
Where the rains have bared its surface
Till 'tis ready to pitch headlong
Down the rough and rugged mountain.

“ Thus the one-eyed U-ri-on-tah
Looked, when lounging as a Cyclops
Under palm-trees near the river.
When his eye was closed in sleeping,
His great eyelids came together
In an upright line, and lashes
Formed a row, which from his forehead
Stood out stiff and black as midnight,
Like the stub manes of our ponies
Only half-grown after shearing;
And the arms of U-ri-on-tah
Were much longer than the branches
Of the largest trees about us.

“ In those happy days the people
All were large, and strong, and handsome;
When in anger every Cyclops
Wore a smile of sweet contentment,
And, when marching forth to battle,
All would sing the Giants' war-song.

“ When they sang, the whole world trembled.

THE CYCLOPS.

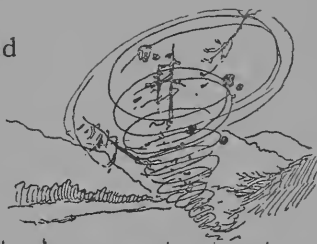
Not the roar of On-qui-aah-ra
Could drown out the wondrous music,
Heard for miles, when this great people
Marched to battle down the river.

“When the battle raged the fiercest
Men would pull up trees for war-clubs;
With one hand they held the weapon
By the roots, then slid the other
Toward the top and stripped the branches
In a twinkling from its body.

Then they swung the mighty war-clubs
Round their heads with savage fury.
When they fought the sun was clouded
By the dust which filled the heavens,
Mingled with the cloud-like vapor
Pouring from their heated nostrils,
Darkening all the field of battle.

“Now the tribe which U-ri-on-tah
Found himself in, when he wakened
From a life and death before this—
When he wakened as a Cyclops—
Was the On-que-bon-whe people,
Which, in Cyclops language, meaneth
‘Men surpassing all before them.’

“And this clan had waists which measured
Round about as large or larger
Than the girth of this great wigwam.
These strong men could form in battle
When the cyclone came, and turn it
By main strength from out their pathway.



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

“ These great Warriors wore no clothing,
But their skins were well protected
By the scales which grew upon them,
Lapping one upon another.
And the scales were even larger
Than the skins of bear and panther
Lying now within the wigwam.

“ And the blood of this great people
Was as black as darkest midnight,
And 'twas hot as boiling water.
When 'twas spilled in deadly combat,
All the earth was covered over
With the blood of these brave Warriors,
Which at last would slowly settle
Into pools, which, after cooling,
Formed the substance known as asphalt.

“ When the U-ri-on-tah sitteth
Here in silence by his wigwam
On the hills of On-ta-ro-ga,
And, in looking toward the southwest,
Sees the black clouds rolling upward,
Fierce and angry, and the lightning
Darting forth in forks, and thunder
Rolls along the earth which trembleth
As the awful crash resoundeth,
Then the U-ri-on-tah thinketh
Of the On-que-bon-whe people,
For, when they were speaking mildly,
In a low and quiet manner,
Even then their voices sounded

Like the thunder from the black clouds,
And their eyes, like mammoth diamonds,
Gleamed and sent forth brilliant flashes
Like the lightning we have mentioned.

“ And the women of that people—
When they marched in solid phalanx
From one river to another,
Long before they showed their faces
O'er the sand-dunes, all the Warriors
Knew the women were approaching,
By the rays of light which mounted
Up above the earth, and painted
All the sky with lurid colors.
Like the Northern Lights of Autumn,
Were the rays of light which darted
From the eyes of those fair women.

“ Even now the U-ri-on-tah
Meeteth men who transmigrated
From the wondrous Cyclops people.
When they sit with him at midnight
On the hills of On-ta-ro-ga,
Smoking pipes of sweet tobacco,
And the Northern Lights are dancing,
They exclaim, with depths of fervor
And with words which burn with meaning :

“ ‘ Look! the On-que-bon-whe women
Round the North-pole now are dancing.
See how bright their eyes are flashing!
O, great Oom-paugh, canst thou tell us,
Will those dear old days of glory



E'er come back to cheer and bless us?
Mark how cold, and pinched, and hungry
Grows the world, how mean and little
Since the On-que-bon-whe people
Trod the earth in stately grandeur! "

" In those days when all were happy,
All the Gods which then existed
Were created by the Cyclops.
Each tribe had a God to worship,
Made to suit its own caprices
As to size and shape and beauty.
Yet each God, whenever molded,
Took upon itself a power
Which the Cyclops did not furnish.
For when any God was finished,
And was ready for the people
To bow down to in submission,
Then the dull and stupid image
Seemed possessed of life, and beckoned
Spirits from the outer regions
To draw nigh and stand around it,
Till the God should choose a spirit,
Which should enter in and rule it
For all time and through all ages.

" Thus it happened that the people,
When a true God they had molded,
Could not tell what kind of spirit
Might be chosen for their ruler.
Much depended on the temper
Of the clay, when being molded,

THE CYCLOPS.

What should be its future action.

“ Thus it came that evil spirits
Would draw nigh at time of choosing,
And, with sweet and honeyed phrases,
Oft induce the Gods to take them. *
Then, forsooth, when once they entered
And had taken full possession,
Oftentimes then strife and discord
Would break out among the people,
Bringing war and dire destruction
In its train ; and thus the people
Killed each other for no reason
Other than to sate the vengeance
Of some vile and evil spirit
Ruling in the very image
Which the men themselves had molded.

“ It was thus the Cyclops builded
Gods to worship, which have lasted
During all the many ages.
None have dared to make or unmake
Any God which was created,
By the On-que-bon-whe people.

“ Even now the pale-face people
Have four Gods—three good, one evil ;
And, according to the teachings
Of the pale-face, it is certain
That the evil God is stronger
Than the good ones, and defeats them
In the struggle and the contest
For possession of the people.



And these Gods were all created
By the On-que-bon-whe people
In the manner here related.

“ Now the U-ri-on-tah cometh
To a time when, as a Cyclops,
He was sitting by a river
In the bright and pleasant sunshine,
With a lump of clay beside him.
At his feet there flowed a brooklet,
Which came leaping from the hill-side,
And went laughing to the river.



“ Now the U-ri-on-tah taketh
In his hands the clay, and molds it
With the water from the brooklet,
Which from out a bed of limestone
Had been hardened for the purpose ;
And the Chieftain used this water
And none other for the moistening
Of the clay so he could mold it.
Thus with patience toiled the Cyclops,
In his efforts toward the molding
Of a God which he might worship.
When, at last, the form was perfect
It was left beside the river,
Till it well had dried and hardened
With the sunshine full upon it.

“ Then the U-ri-on-tah taketh
Calcium water from the brooklet,
Which he sprinkled o'er the image.
Day by day he thus did labor,

THE CYCLOPS.

Till at last the clay was changing
Into stone through infiltration.

“Then the U-ri-on-tah, standing
Face to face before the image,
Thought he saw a disproportion,
As one cheek was molded larger
Than the other, and the jaw-bone
On that side was more protruding.
Still the Cyclops hesitated,
For 'twas known among the people
How great danger always followed
Any change, when once the image
Had begun to grow in hardness.

“Now the U-ri-on-tah taketh
In his hands his clay-made model,
And he tried to press the left side
Of the face of this dark image
Till that side should be the equal
Of the right side in proportions,
But, alas! the clay had hardened
And refused to be thus shapen.

“Then the U-ri-on-tah riseth
And, with wrathful arm uplifted,
Brought his open hand in contact
With the left cheek of the image,
And he cleft the larger portion
Of the cheek and jaw-bone also.

“Now the piece which had been severed
Fell in fragments by the brooklet
At the feet of U-ri-on-tah.

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

These the Cyclops quickly gathered :
In one hand he held the pieces,
And he softened them with water,
While he crushed them with his fingers.
Though the work was slow and tiresome,
Yet the Giant U-ri-on-tah
Did not dare to cease his labors,
For he knew what dire disaster
Would befall if, by his failure,
Should the smallest bit be scattered.
So he slowly toiled and molded
All the pieces to an image,
Which was smaller than the other,
Yet in every detail perfect.

“ Then the Giant Chieftain hardened
Each alike with calcium water,
Till at last the two were finished
Hard as any stone around them.

“ Now the U-ri-on-tah waiteth,
And he looked with anxious longing
On the Stone Gods he had builded.
Day and night he sat beside them,
Watching for the time when spirits
Should be called around his idols.

“ Now the awful hour approacheth,
And the U-ri-on-tah trembleth,
Lest an evil spirit findeth
An acceptance and a welcome
From the Stone Gods he had molded.
But at last the trembling Cyclops

THE CYCLOPS.

Sees them beckon to the spirits.

“Who can tell the awful anguish
Of that hour and live to tell it?
See the sweat stand on the forehead
Of the suffering One-eyed Giant!
While he has no fear of evil
From the large God, yet suspicion
Fills his bosom when he thinketh
Of his troubles in the molding
Of the small God, for he knoweth
That all errors in the molding
Must continue through the ages.

“Now, at last, the U-ri-on-tah
Rises from the sloping sand-beach;
And he stands beside the river,
Looking back, in anxious silence,
On the work his hands had finished,
For he sees that both the Stone Gods
Had made choice among the spirits;
It was written on their faces.

“Could the U-ri-on-tah gather
All the worlds throughout the heavens,
And should fold them to his bosom,
And could own them for the asking,
He would give them all and gladly,
Could he blot from out his memory
All the horrors of that moment—
That dread moment when he waited
For a sign of recognition
From the Gods his own hands molded.



“ Now the sun is shining fiercely
On the faces of the Stone Gods;
Every line and every feature
Stands out clear in open daylight,
And the U-ri-on-tah shudders
Even now when he recalls it.

“ He will now describe the greater
Of the Gods, as they stood looking
At their maker by the river.
On the right side of his huge face
Was a sinister expression,
Which was heightened by the glitter
In the right eye, cold and cruel.

“ Now the One-eyed Giant turneth
In despair and desperation
To the left side of the image.
There the eye was glad and smiling,
And the happy One-eyed Cyclops
Thanked his stars that he had molded
This strange God, with two eyes looking
Out upon this world of wonders;
For he saw, if he had copied
After all the Gods and people
He had seen since first created,
This Stone God he had been molding
Might have been a one-eyed monster.

“ Now the Dusky Giant gazeth
On the left eye and is gladdened,
For its smile is sweet and tranquil,
And the cheek which had been broken

THE CYCLOPS.

Seemed to join the eye in smiling.

“ Thus the U-ri-on-tah findeth
This strange God a curious mixture
Of a kind yet cruel nature ;
One side tells the Giant Cyclops
To beware of what he doeth,
Lest some evil may befall him,
While the other side is saying :
‘ U-ri-on-tah, take thy comfort,
Drive away the gloom which gathers
Round thy footsteps through the ages.’

“ Now the Stone God, gazing steadfast
In the eye of U-ri-on-tah,
Speaks at last in tones of thunder
To the wonder-stricken Cyclops.
These the words the Stone God uttered :

“ ‘ O thou great and Mighty Cyclops,
Stand thou still and heed my warning !
Thou didst bring great care and trouble
On thine head, when thou didst sever
My left cheek, then took the fragments
And didst mold another image.
For a spirit vile has wandered
Up and down for countless ages,
Waiting, watching for a Stone God
To be molded by some creature
Who was careless as to detail,
And would make the molded figure
In a way which left it easy
For a spirit with no scruples

To make changes in the image,
Which should better serve the purpose
Of an evil-minded spirit.

“ ‘ Now, behold ! thou art the creature
Who has furnished such a spirit
With an image to his liking ;
Turn thine eye and thou wilt wonder
Why thou ever wert created.’ ”

“ Now the Cyclops Giant, turning
His great eye upon the object
As directed by the Stone God,
Started back with fright and horror ;
For, behold ! the little image
Had grown tall and very handsome,
And his large, gray eye was shaded
With long lashes black as midnight.

“ Now he danced along the river,
Calling loud upon the Cyclops
In a voice both shrill and cutting,
Meantime skipping back, then forward,
Never standing still an instant,
Always restless, always skipping,
Leaping, dancing, singing, whistling.
Now this imp of darkness shouteth
To the speechless One-eyed Giant :

“ ‘ Hail ! thou great and lofty Cyclops !
I could not refuse to greet thee,
For I owe it to thy blunder,
That I found a way to enter
This bright world, to take my chances

THE CYCLOPS.

Of success among its people.
Many ages have I wandered
Through the realms of space, long searching
For a chance to tread this planet.

“ ‘Now, forsooth, thou shalt admire me,
For the world must bow before me.
I will stir up strife and envy,
I will bring on wars and famine,
I will pinch the poor and needy,
I will make the rich grow restless—
Make their hearts turn green with envy
When their neighbors shall outdo them;
I will make the whole world chase me,
I will break the hearts of women,
I will make men hate each other,
I will never tire or falter,
I will foster lies and slander,
I will own the whole creation—
Now that I have gained my freedom,
I will raise the very devil.’

“ All the time the imp was speaking
He was dancing round the Cyclops,
Who would turn and face the demon
As it circled round and round him.
Then at length the Cyclops speaketh :
‘Wilt thou tell me what dread monster
I am guilty of releasing
From the lowest depths of darkness?
What great crime have I committed?’

“ Then the demon shrieked with laughter,

As he danced and capered sidewise ;
Yet his eye was sharp and piercing,
And he closely watched each movement
Of the Cyclops, who was trying
Hard to lay his hands upon him.

“Once again the imp is speaking :
‘ I will tell thee what my name is,
Trusting thou wilt not forget it.
Shouldst thou leave this race of Giants,
And through transmigration enter
Other tribes, there I must follow,
For I could not live without thee.’

“With this taunt the supple demon
Chuckled, and, with keen sarcasm
On his lips and in his manner,
Danced away and, then returning,
Laid his hand upon his bosom
And, with studied, mock politeness,
Bowed his head and uttered sweetly :
‘ In the world I left behind me
I was called the Prince of Devils.
Now, behold, I am the Bee-ess !’

“On the instant, when the demon
Ceased to speak, he leaped and bounded
On the sand beside the river,
Looking backward o’er his shoulder,
Dancing, prancing, whirling, laughing,
Down the river moving swiftly,
Yet his eye was on the Cyclops,
Till at length the winding river



“STANDING DUMB BESIDE THE RIVER.”

THE CYCLOPS.

Swept around a promontory ;
And the bold, exultant demon
Mocked and laughed, still dancing lightly,
As his lithe and supple figure
Disappeared and left the Cyclops
Standing dumb beside the river.

“ Now the greater God spake kindly,
And his tones were soft and gentle,
For he saw and knew the trouble
Which the Cyclops must encounter ;
And his cruel side was softened,
For he made a solemn promise
When he saw the depths of sorrow
Which the hapless Giant suffered.
These the words the Stone God uttered :

“ ‘ O thou great and Mighty Cyclops !
Thou who first conceived the beauties
And advantage of the having
Two eyes for the Gods to see with !
Now, because I am the first God
Ever known with more than one eye,
I will not forget my maker.
And although thou didst deprive me
Of a portion of my left cheek,
And didst mold from it a demon
Who already turns against thee,
I will cling the closer to thee.
Where thou goest I will follow,
I will watch thy every footstep ;
Therefore listen to my teachings.

“ ‘ Well thou knowest what the law is :
When the people mold an image
And shall sever any portion,
Then the maker shall be holden
For the mischief which resulteth.
And, when thou didst see the demon
Dance away to stir up trouble,
Well I knew thy need of turning
Unto me in times of peril.

“ ‘ Not alone whilst thou art living
As a Cyclops, but in ages
Yet to come, thou wilt require me
In thy efforts to recover
And return to me the portion
Which was used to form the Bee-ess.
For the law is : thou canst never
Rest content nor cease thy labors,
Till thou shalt retake it captive
And restore it to my image.

“ ‘ Now behold the demon whirling
Down the river where our people
Have grown rich, and fat, and lazy.
When the Bee-ess gets among them
He will stir up strife and envy,
And will make the people eager
For more riches, and will cause them
To resort to crime and bloodshed
In their haste to gain more riches.

“ ‘ Then, indeed, the On-que-bon-why
As a race shall cease to flourish ;

THE CYCLOPS.

And decay will mark the passing
Of the people, slowly marching
Down to death and desolation.
Thus, alas ! the Bee-ess conquers.

“ ‘ I have known the crafty demon
Since beginning of creation
Dawned upon the empty spaces
Where the sun and moon are shining.
Once the pale moon you now worship
Was a part of your own planet :
'Twas a sweet and tender portion,
Which the avaricious Bee-ess
Tried to capture without wooing.
But the portion we have mentioned
Shrank away from his embraces,
Till at last 'twas forced to wander
In the empty space around you.

“ ‘ Every month she comes to see you,
Barely peeping o'er the hill-tops
To the westward where she hideth.
Then each night she groweth bolder,
Till at length her round face looketh
Down upon you, sweet and tender,
With a look of anxious longing,
She is looking, ever hoping
That the Bee-ess may have vanished,
Leaving her to seek her mother.

“ ‘ But alas ! she sees the demon
Always watchful, always ready,
And with saddened heart she fadeth ;

Every night she groweth fainter
Till you see her face no longer:
Thus, alas! the Bee-ess conquers.

“‘ Now, look up, thou Mighty Cyclops,
While the sun is brightly shining
On the face of him, who holdeth
All the power and all the glory
Over all the Gods now living.
For, behold, when thou didst fashion
Two eyes for my use and comfort,
When all other Gods have one eye,
Then the greatest of all spirits,
Called the Oom-paugh, took possession
Of my image and is happy.

“‘ Many æons has he waited
For a two-eyed God to offer
Him a home among the mortals;
And the Oom-paugh to the Cyclops
Is most grateful and will ever
Bless and comfort his creator.

“‘ Now, stand forth, my noble Cyclops!
Take thy war-club and go quickly
To the rescue of the people:
Spend thy life in constant struggle
To o’ercome the wicked Bee-ess.’ ”



FAREWELL ADDRESS.

CHAPTER XV.

U-RI-ON-TAH'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

"NEED the U-ri-on-tah tell you
How the Cyclops fell and perished
In a battle with the Bee-ess,
And his restless spirit wandered
Through the ages till it entered
Into life, by she-wolf nursing,
In the land of Ton-a-wan-dah?
How he met the Bee-ess demon
Many times in deadly combat—
How at last the Bee-ess conquered,
And the U-ri-on-tah, smarting
With defeat, at last was buried .
Near Quin-ñip-i-ac the tranquil,
In the wild Mo-he-gan country,
Lying still between the mountain
And the sea, with Mon-to-we-se
Looking down, in silence waiting?
How at last the sea and mountain
Joined together in the rearing
Of the child, the U-ri-on-tah?
How in time the Dusky Chieftain
Found the Princess Au-die-ne-ta,
And at last was made Immortal
In the secret O. O. T. T.?



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

How the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Pleaded with his mountain father
For a task to be accomplished,
When the Chieftain had grown weary
Of inaction, not believing
That his father knew the Bee-ess?
How the father then in sorrow
Stripped the Chieftain of the powers
He possessed as an Immortal,
And condemned him then to battle
With the never-dying Bee-ess?
How the Chieftain had kept secret
From the trusting Au-die-ne-ta
All his knowledge of the Bee-ess,
Hoping thus from woe to shield her?
How the Chieftain now adviseth
All the Warriors, ere they marry,
First to tell the Squaws their secrets,
Lest they find much trouble later?.

“All the rest, my faithful Chieftains,
Has been told in song and story,
And it now remains to tell you
How, when lying in my wigwam,
While the winter storms were raging
Through the nights so long and dreary,
On my couch in pain and anguish,
Waiting, longing for the morning,
I would listen to the howling
Of the wolves who wander hungry
Through the forest, vainly searching

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

For the peace which never cometh
Till the day when all the living,
Whether man, or beast, or reptile,
Bird, or tree, or rock, or flower,
Each and all are made Immortal.

“ And the Bee-ess, who is roaming
O'er the earth in search of victims,
He destroys more Squaws and Chieftains
Than all other Gods beside him.
I shall never seek my Ha-nih,
Never more behold my Noh-yeh,
Never more sit in my wigwam
In the foot-hills with the Princess,
Till the Bee-ess is made captive.

“ Raise your eyes, my noble Chieftains.
See! the Oom-paugh now is smiling.
He has heard my vow to conquer,
He forgives the erring Warriors
Who were lax in their devotion,
And allowed the crafty Bee-ess
To approach and seize the Oom-paugh.
Surely now the U-ri-on-tah
Has been punished by his father,
For not warning all the Warriors
Of the coming of the Bee-ess
By arriving here before him.

“ Will the Warriors heed the lesson
After losing half their number
In the foolish, wicked battle?
Every mortal there was slaughtered,

Those surviving were Immortals.
Will the O. O. T. T. Chieftains
Hear the voice of U-ri-on-tah,
While he pleads for greater knowledge
On the part of every Warrior?

“ Know, alas! it was the Bee-ess,
Working in our hearts and nursing
Our unholy greed for wampum,
Which he quickly turned to discord,
Followed by the awful slaughter.
Is there one among your number,
Can look back to that dread battle,
And recall the reason for it? ”



“ O the shame of such a conflict,
When the cause is once considered—
Cause so trifling that the Warriors
Who are sitting in this council
Are ashamed to have it mentioned !

“ Where in all the world of nature
Can be found such wicked folly?
Shall we look for vice in virtue?
Shall we find it in the flowers ;
In the rocks, and trees, and brooklets?
Shall we find it in the forest,
Where the wolf, and bear, and panther
Roam at will and live and flourish?
Where among all these, our kindred,
Can be found a vice or folly ?

“ We must look for these, my Warriors,
In the lower forms of nature—



"CLOSER DRAW AROUND THE CHIEFTAIN."

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Look within ourselves, my brethren,
You will find there all the vices
Known in all this land of beauty.

“ Do the forest trees or flowers,
Or the rocks, or birds, or brooklets
Ever seek to gather wampum?
Know, alas! that vice is only
Found among the Chiefs and Sachems:
Only these the Bee-ess tempteth.

“ Know you not that greed for wampum
Brings disaster now and always?
Let this thought be ever with us.
Let the Chieftains, then, remember
Never more to fight each other.
Every Warrior slain among us
Goes to aid the hated pale-face,
Who is pressing on our borders.

“ Let us now draw nigh each other,
And with red blood from the Warriors
Paint the hatchet, and when buried
Let no Chieftain dare disturb it.
Let the young men take a pine-tree
To the mountain-top, and plant it
As a sign of peace forever.

“ Now draw nigh, thou Bold Pal-met-tah,
Also thou, the Mighty Tam-a-rack,
And the Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah,
With the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah.
Closer draw around the Chieftain,
Let him feel your loving presence,



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

While he speaks these words of parting.

“ When the great and wondrous future
Shall unroll before your vision,
And, behold, your feet have wandered
Far away, with no returning,
And you sit in quiet twilight
With new friends around your wigwam,
Smoking pipes of sweet tobacco,
Then the time will come, my Chieftains,
When the memories of this council,
Like a dream of by-gone ages,
Will come back refined and softened.

“ Should you then, for one brief moment,
Think of Dusky U-ri-on-tah,
And have wishes for his welfare,
Let the Chieftains give attention.
Should a new God come among you,
Borne aloft on belts of wampum,
Belts of wampum for his altar,
And, behold, the Mighty Chieftains
Of the land are bowing meekly
To this God and paying homage,
While their eyes, with eager hunger,
Watch the ponderous belts of wampum
Which on every hand surround him,
You will know, without mistaking,
That the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Has o’ercome the Bee-ess demon,
And a God among Immortals
Has become, as had been promised

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

By his loving mountain father.

“ Yet should you, in future ages,
Meet no God of this description,
You will know, without inquiry,
That the Dusky U-ri-on-tah
Somewhere on the earth is battling
With the never-dying Bee-ess.

“ Now let each and every Warrior
Cast the sign and give the signal,
Each one rising at the moment,
While their hands are joined above them
In the air one single instant :
Each one on his left foot poising,
He salutes the wondrous Oom-paugh.

“ It is done ! May peace be with you
And the De-a-non-da-a-yoh !
Hail ! Farewell ! beloved Chieftains.”

Now the silent Warriors, rising
Slowly from the Ho-de-os-seh,
One by one glide out unnoticed
From the wigwam to the forest,
And, behold, the U-ri-on-tah
Sits alone, awhile the south-wind
Fans his cheek, and thus he resteth.



CHAPTER XVI.

SONG OF AU-DIE-NE-TA.

NOW is seen the Au-die-ne-ta
Just emerging from the forest.
In her hands she brings sweet blossoms,
Violets deck her hair and bosom,
And she sings a low, sweet carol,
As she answers back the wild-birds
That are singing in the branches
Of the trees along her pathway.

Soon she comes upon the wigwam,
And she finds the U-ri-on-tah
In the doorway, soundly sleeping.
Drawing nigh, she weaves a blossom
In his hair, then forms a necklace,
Which around his neck she places,
Hangs it down upon his bosom.
Then she glides within and wakens
U-ri-on-tah from his slumbers.

When the Chieftain sees the necklace
And the Princess standing smiling,
He recalls the Indian custom;
And he draws the Princess closer,
Asking, "What shall be the favor
I shall grant on this occasion?"

Then the Princess answers softly:





PRINCESS AU-DIE-NE-TA.

“Go, I pray, before the Oom-paugh
And beseech him for a favor.
Knowest thou the Mes-ses-sa-gen
Lies in chains beneath the dungeon
Of the frightful At-a-ho-can?
Surely thou canst not forget him,
How he helped us when in trouble.
Thou didst promise to remember
His hard lot, and ask the Oom-paugh
To release him from his bondage.”

Now the U-ri-on-tah, rising
On his crutches, seeks the Oom-paugh
On his mystic shrine now ruling;
And he sees the Dusky Chieftain
Drawing nigh, so lame and halting.
Well he knows the Chieftain's errand
And, before it can be spoken,
Lo! the Oom-paugh greets him smiling,
And he tells the U-ri-on-tah
That his prayer is freely granted—
That he overheard the Chieftain
When he spake before the Warriors,
And the speech had pleased the Oom-paugh
Who resolved to grant the favor;
And the gentle Mes-ses-sa-gen
Had already joined his people
Round the Hon-e-oye, the golden,
And his people are rejoicing,
And the happy Mes-ses-sa-gen
Sends a long and loving message



To the Chieftain and the Princess.

Now the U-ri-on-tah asketh :

“ Will the Great and Mighty Oom-paugh
Grant the Chief another favor?

He would ask the restoration

Of the band of brave Mo-he-gans,

Who are held in vile subjection

By the monster At-a-ho-can.”

Now the Oom-paugh's brow is clouded

And he frowns upon the Chieftain,

Yet his speech is soft and gentle :

“ When the Dusky U-ri-on-tah

Comes to me from out the westland,

Bearing in his belt a trophy,

Which shall be the scalp of Bee-ess,

Then, indeed, the Dusky Chieftain

Shall have every favor granted.”

Now the Chieftain and the Princess

Sit alone beside the wigwam,

And the day is slowly fading

Into night in solemn quiet.

Long they sit beside each other,

Till at length the Au-die-ne-ta

Speaketh sweet, and low, and gently

In the twilight to the Chieftain.

Thus the Au-die-ne-ta speaketh :

“ Lift thine eyes, my Dusky Chieftain.

Dost thou see the black crows flying

Overhead, and harshly calling

To their mates who, flying slowly,



Linger on their homeward journey?
Dost thou see that every evening
All the crows are flying eastward,
And when comes the early morning
They are flying to the westward,
Always joyous, always happy?
Each day brings its own enjoyment,
Never care they for the morrow.
Will the Dusky Chieftain listen
To his Princess while she pleadeth?
Will the U-ri-on-tah tell me
Why it is the crows are happy,
While our lives are filled with sorrow?
Are the crows more wise than we are?
Are we doomed to wander always,
While the pains and aches beset us
And the cares of life annoy us?
Why should we think of the morrow?
Let the crows teach us a lesson.

“Will the Dusky Chieftain listen
To his tired and care-worn Princess?
Why cannot the U-ri-on-tah
Change his mind about the Bee-ess,
And abandon further effort
Toward the capture of the demon?

“Let us go before our father
And implore him to forgive us,
And restore to us our powers
Which he took from us in sorrow.
Once again, my U-ri-on-tah,

THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

Let us dwell within our wigwam
In the foot-hills and be happy.

“There forget the dreadful Bee-ess
And become once more Immortals,
Never caring for the morrow.
We will sing beside the brooklet,
We will wander on the sea-shore,
All the livelong day and always.
Free from pain, and care, and trouble,
We will live the days so blissful,
Happy from the dawn till even.

“Then again, my Dusky Chieftain,
Your poor Princess will be happy
In the life she fondly hoped for
When she wed the U-ri-on-tah.”

Now the voice of Au-die-ne-ta
Dies away, until a murmur
Scarce is heard above a whisper.
Then again she gently speaketh,
But a shade of sadness enters,
And her voice is faintly trembling,
For she feels her words are falling
On cold ears while she is pleading:

“Does the Chieftain not remember,
How the very joy of living
Filled our hearts with love and gladness?
Does the Chieftain now consider
How the time has flown since starting
On this feverish, footless errand,
With the Bee-ess still unconquered,

While our lives are being wasted?
What can pay us for the anguish
And the pains we suffer daily?

“O my Chief, my U-ri-on-tah,
Dost thou know how sad my life is?
How my heart is rent with anguish,
And my nights are passed in weeping
For the days now gone forever?

“Must we always be unhappy?
Has the Bee-ess then destroyed us?
What would be our lives, my Chieftain,
Shouldst thou take the Bee-ess captive?
How can wampum make us happy?
Even though it brought us comforts,
It could never cure our heartaches,
Never heal the painful memories
Of the past, nor even give us
Back our years now spent in sorrow.

“Neither would my U-ri-on-tah
Be the same as when we wandered
In the forest and the foot-hills
Round our own dear We-kou-om-ut.
For I see his heart is changing;
Day by day it groweth harder,
And his face, which once was comely,
Now is seared with many furrows.
Let the Chieftain seek the brooklet,
And behold himself reflected
In the waters, he will scarcely
Know himself with cheeks so hollow.



THE SONG OF U-RI-ON-TAH.

“ In the days before this horror
Came upon us we were happy.
When the sun shone on our wigwam
In the morning, then the Chieftain
Sang and shouted, and with laughter
Filled the forest with rejoicing.
When the night came and the pale moon
Up from out the sea was climbing,
Then the Chieftain and the Princess
Sang their love-songs to each other :
All was joy and sweet contentment..

“ Now, alas ! the Chief is silent,
And his eyes are cold and stony,
And the heart of Au-die-ne-ta
Is fast breaking, breaking, breaking.”

Ceaseth now the weeping Princess,
Lying there before the Chieftain
On the ground, while stifled sobbings
Break upon the silent evening.

Now a night-hawk sweeps above them,
Whirls and turns and, swiftly diving,
Passes close where U-ri-on-tah
Sits in silence, never moving.
Yet his eyes are on the Princess,
Who lies moaning there before him.

Though his heart is torn and bleeding,
Yet his face is cold as marble.
Had he worlds of wealth and wampum,
He would give them all and freely,
Could he make the Princess happy.

But, alas! he was infected
With a cold, relentless passion
To achieve an undertaking.
He had set his heart upon it ;
It would bring him wealth and power,
He would make the world applaud him.
Glory, honor, all would follow,
And a God among Immortals
He would be, could he but conquer.

All these thoughts rushed in upon him,
And his resolution strengthened.
He must conquer or be conquered ;
He had sworn it, and he never
Would retreat while life was spared him.

Then his thoughts dwelt on the Princess,
And he thought how long and fruitless
Were his efforts, while the Bee-ess
Was now further off than ever,
And was fresh and growing younger,
And, alas! his own health failing ;
Yet he swore he would not weaken,
Though the battle lasted always.
Then his head fell on his bosom,
He was weak, and worn, and weary.

Now the Au-die-ne-ta, rising,
Sits beside her Dusky Chieftain,
And she draws his arms about her ;
Now the moonbeams fall upon her,
Full upon her upturned features.
Tears were trembling on her eyelids,

Yet a smile was faintly gleaming,
And her head is resting lightly
On the shoulder of the Chieftain,
While the soft wind from the southwest
Gently swayed the slender branches
Of the birch-trees standing near them.

Nature, always sweet and charming,
Here was at her best and perfect,
Yet the heart of U-ri-on-tah
Was distraught with wretched torment.
Conflict dire and unrelenting
Was now raging in his bosom,
And his face was drawn and wrinkled
By the agony of knowing
That the Princess was unhappy.

Now he rose, with voice unsteady,
Whispered hoarsely to the Princess
Of his love and true devotion,
Yet no word of his intention ;
And they walked around the wigwam,
At its entrance hesitated,
As an owl was softly calling,
With a low and mournful whistle,
To its mate, who sweetly answered
At the borders of the forest.

One last look upon the verdure
Glistening in the radiant moonlight,
One fond look upon the Princess,
In whose eyes strange shadows flitted,
Then they passed within the wigwam.



APPENDIX.

The figures in parentheses refer to pages in the text.

Mo-he-gan. The Mohegans were a branch of the Algonkian race. They lived on both sides of the Hudson River for seventy-five miles above and below Albany.

In 1628 the Mohawks drove the Mohegans to the Connecticut River. Some years before, a part had gone east to the Thames River, and there they called themselves Pequots. "Mohegan" means Wolf. Uncas was a Mohegan.

It is probable that "Mohican" is the more correct pronunciation, but, inasmuch as it is among the earliest recollections of the Dusky Chieftain to be called a "Mohegan," he prefers the latter vernacular, and, in honor to his parents and tribe, will adhere to it. (15)

Co-i-o. *Seneca.* Beautiful falls. (18)

Ha-wea-ne-o. *Seneca.* God, the Great Spirit. The Creator and Ruler over all. (19)

Tum-na-he-gan. *Mohegan.* Tomahawk. (21)

Nda-ho-at-ell. *Mohegan.* I love thee. (41)

Kda-ho-al-i. *Mohegan.* Thou lovest me. (41)

Ki-sa-kih. *Algonquin.* Thou lovest me. (41)

Ki-sa-kih-in. *Algonquin.* I love thee. (41)

Te-ti-a-ta-te-non-wes. *Iroquois.* We love one another. (41)

King Wi-daagh, otherwise known as **Great O-ret-ty-agh.** A great Chief of the An-das-tes; a powerful tribe known subsequently as the Sus-queh-an-nocks. They were of Algonkian stock.

Wi-daagh, the King, owned the land on both sides of the Susquehanna River, west of Williamsport, Penn. He loved to stand on King's Rock. It was one of his favorite haunts, as from this rock he commanded a most magnificent view up and down this grandly beautiful valley.

APPENDIX.

It was here that the Great King would come day by day, only to return at night to his wigwam beside the Enchanted Spring in the forest of Lochabar, where he was born, where he died, and where he was buried, and where a stately stone monument was erected to his memory by the Great Chief Tam-a-rack. (43)

Ot-zin-ach-son. The ancient Indian name for the river now known as the West Branch of the Susquehanna. (64)

Cal-u-met. *Algonkian*: Chal-u-mea-u. The word was corrupted by the French Canadians to Cal-u-met, which was finally and universally adopted among the Indians as the word to designate the National Pipe. The Sioux call it the "Cal-u-met E-yan-sha." It is a tobacco-pipe with a stone bowl and long reed stem, ornamented with eagles' feathers. It is used by the Indians at conferences, usually as a symbol of war or peace. The stem is made from certain reedy plants, and sometimes from the quill of an eagle.

"As the smoke from the Calumet moves westward, I behold in it nations of red-men moving toward the caverns of the sun." (68)

Ho-yar-na-go-war. *Seneca*. A Sachem, or Councilor of the people. A Sachem is a chief whose duties relate to the affairs of peace, and the office is hereditary. A Great Chief or Chieftain is a fighter. The title is bestowed as a reward of merit and it dies with the owner. (79)

O. O. T. T. A secret order. The initiation ceremonies of this order are conducted only in the forest of Lochabar. There is no other known forest which contains naturally all the requisite paraphernalia for this most unique ceremony. When it is known that the chief purpose of this order is to create Immortals, it will be readily understood that the conditions must be perfect, and in no other forest on the globe can these conditions be found. Therefore the forest of Lochabar stands out unique and alone. Where else can be found wolf-dens forty feet in diameter and eighty feet deep, with perpendicular walls, with subterranean streams, and caverns leading from one wolf-den to another? Where else can be found a

APPENDIX.

veritable sheol, with its sulphurous fumes, rising night and day forever? Where else can be found a Giant's pool, with perpendicular walls of limestone and a known depth of three hundred feet, over which one may leap at a single bound? Where can be found another that can compare with that great mystery, the "Enchanted Spring," in the forest of Lochabar? Where else can be found all the requisites for the proper workings of the sublime degrees of O. O. T. T.? (81)

On-qui-aah-ra. *Seneca*. Niagara River. (98)

On-ta-ro-ga. *Seneca*. Place of hills and rocks. Two wigwams stand on the brink of the hill, where is obtained an unobstructed view of many miles up and down the ancient valley of the Ton-a-wan-dah. In the northwest the mists of Niagara Falls may be seen rising above the horizon, and the blue haze overhanging Lake Ontario is distinctly visible in the north, while eighty miles away, when the air is clear, the highest peaks of the Alleghenies, in Pennsylvania, are distinctly outlined against the southern sky.

For more than a mile the famous Red Jacket trail winds its tortuous way across the hunting-grounds of On-ta-ro-ga. From the valley below it trends up through the Stone God cañon and on to the west, passing close by the wigwams of the Great Chiefs. An hour on the trail brings one to the lands of the Tonawanda tribe of Senecas, where, as youths, the Dusky U-ri-on-tah and Bold Pal-met-tah whiled the time away.

On-ta-ro-ga, the home of the Great Stone God, the Oom-paugh! Who can tell whence he came or whither he goeth? We can tell only that of which we have actual knowledge. We know that a spirit entered in and took possession of the great stone image, as has been truthfully related in Chapter XIV. But, unlike the Bee-ess, he has never imparted any knowledge as to his previous existence, and it is not unlikely that this portion of his history will forever remain a mystery. It is quite clear, however, that the spot where he stood when he took possession of the image, was in almost the identical place where he now dwells among the rocks and hills of On-ta-ro-ga.

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There upon a great stone altar, with a benign smile of peace and contentment upon his altogether grand and handsome face, he dwells and rules. In all the years of his existence he was never known to have committed an error. He has never been heard to express a regret at the result of his own doing, and in this respect he stands alone, unique among all the known Gods. The last that was seen of him during the Cyclopean period, he was left standing alone on the banks of the river where he had entered and taken possession of the stone image. It was here the Cyclops left him and went down the river in search of the Bee-ess.

Early in the present epoch of time he was discovered sitting upright in the Stone God cañon, smiling at the sun. It is quite conclusive, then, that the river-side where he entered the stone image was the left bank of the ancient Ton-a-wandah, which is now called On-ta-ro-ga, the home of the Oom-paugh. Whether he will remain on his present altar forever, who can tell? Since time began gods and idols have been overthrown and shattered. But it is enough to know that where the Oom-paugh is there is heaven. While the day lasts he is silent and immovable, but with the setting sun he becomes animated, and as the midnight hour approaches he is stirred to his very depths. His wise sayings and proverbs are reverently recorded as fast as they fall from his lips, and in due time will be published for the uplifting of all true believers.

At last the midnight bell is tolling, and the Dusky U-ri-on-tah and the Bold Pal-met-tah are seen to rise from their recumbent postures at the feet of the Great Oom-paugh, and they silently glide from the wigwam and away into the dense forest. When they come upon the Red Jacket trail, at the haunted cross-roads, they move rapidly along toward the west until they approach the Great South Gate. Here they "cast the sign and give the signal," and the venerable keeper, with his mighty tomahawk, smites the western tower three sharp raps, three times repeated. A silent moment passes, and then a portion of the massive wall of the tower is seen to slowly open, and spirit hands and arms are extended bearing the

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life-giving Aqua-ignis. Without the slightest hesitation the Great Chieftains accept the proffered nectar, and, holding it aloft for one brief instant, they ejaculate "Yo-hah!" then for a few blissful moments there is nothing to break the stillness of the night air save a half-inaudible, purling, gurgling sound, as of a small rivulet, struggling to find its winding way down, through and among the rounded pebbles that obstruct its peaceful flowing.

In the meantime the Ancient and Illustrious Keeper of the South Gate, standing still within the darkly-shadowed niche of the lofty tower, the bright moonlight beaming full upon his upturned features, his long, black, luxuriant hair falling upon his ample shoulders, his pigment-reddened cheeks contrasting strangely with his dark and tawny skin, with snow-white plumes waving gracefully around his classic head, and the beads and spangles upon his breast glistening in the silvery moonlight, gazes serenely down upon the brave Warriors and in a low, deep, sonorous voice exclaims :

Ah, ye Great Chieftains, drain the cup that clears
The night of vain regrets and ghostly fears !
O quaff the nectar sweet, the wine that cheers,
And thus your hearts keep young for future years !

Once again these brave Warriors glide into the dark forest and, taking the trail which leads them across the wild On-ta-ro-ga toward the north, they at last behold the massive towers of the Western Gate looming darkly against the northern sky. Here they salute the Great Do-ne-sho-ga-wa, the "Keeper of the Western Gate," who, from his time-honored place in the dark recesses of the wall, turns his melancholy gaze upon the Warriors as they move silently on. Now the trail leads along the high cliffs and the Warriors steal noiselessly away toward the Eastern Gate, which is reached just as the wild-birds with a burst of song welcome the coming morn.

There, with the triangle formed by the Great Chiefs and the Oom-paugh, they silently await the sunrise. On the instant when the disk is half above the distant horizon, they utter the mystic word, "Yo-hah," and simultaneously vanish.

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And such is On-ta-ro-ga, the "place of hills and rocks," nine hundred feet above the sea; where two wigwams nestle at the edge of the forest; where at night "the owl whistles low to his mate." On-ta-ro-ga, "the home on the hill," where is rest and peace forever. Blessed On-ta-ro-ga! (98)

Go-no-sa-aw-wa. *Seneca*. Wigwam. (101)

Noh-yeh. *Seneca*. Mother. Daughter is Go-ah-wuk. (101)

Go-ne-ga-da. *Seneca*. Mortar and pestle. It is also used for pestle alone. (101)

Ha-nih. *Seneca*. Father. Son is Ho-ah-wuk. (102)

Da-ya-gwa-dan-no-da. *Seneca*. Brother or a sister. (102)

So-non-ton-he-ron-ons. *Seneca*. The Seneca Nation. The Senecas also called themselves Tson-nun-da-wa-o-no. (102)

Te-o-sah-wa. *Seneca*. This is the Seneca Indian name for the place at the foot of Lake Erie, where now stands the city of Buffalo, N. Y.

Lake Erie derived its name from the Erigh or Cat Nation of Indians, who dwelt on the south shore of the lake, and who, after a fierce struggle, were destroyed by the Iroquois. (103)

Ca-ho-ha-ta-te-a. *Mohegan*. The Hudson River. The Mohegans also called this river Sha-tem-uc. (112)

Ta-wa-e-gun. *Iroquois*. The drum and rattle used by American Indians in making music for dancing, usually accompanied by chanting or singing. The word "tom-tom," so frequently used to designate this musical instrument, is not of American Indian origin, and was never used by these people for such a purpose. Tom-tom is a native drum used in India and other oriental countries. The pale-face, instead of adhering to the word "Ta-wa-e-gun," persisted in calling the drum "tom-tom," and it soon came into general use. (115)

Snig-e-i. *Seneca*. The meaning of this word is eloquently described by the late Robt. G. Ingersoll, who thus speaks of it in a letter to a friend whom he presented with a barrel full of very fine quality. The letter reads as follows:

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"Dear . . . : I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from a feast, or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn ; in it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of night, the wealth of Summer and Autumn, rich content, all golden and imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voices of men and maidens singing 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the star-led dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to kiss the lips of man."

This beautiful interpretation of the word Snig-e-i will appeal to the poetic nature of the Chieftains, but, in closing the subject, it may be well to add that whenever they may happen to mingle with the pale-face people, the Chieftains have but to use the expression, "The same," and they will readily be understood.

The first American Indian who tasted the "Aqua-ignis," and was "wafted to the Elysian fields on the wings of Comus, where he beheld the rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora in the land where all the rainbows that have ever been or are yet to be, forever drift to and fro, evanishing and reappearing like immortal flowers of vapor," was a Mohawk War Chief, at the place where Albany now stands, who in October, 1609, was invited to partake of the Elixir-vitæ, or, in pale-face language, "The same," by Captain Henry Hudson, who had induced the worthy Chieftain to come aboard his vessel, which was lying in that great arm of the sea now bearing his name. (116)

Nip-pen-ose. A famous War Chief of the ancient tribe of An-das-tes, which afterwards became known as the "Susqueh-an-nocks." They were a branch of the Algonkians. Nip-pen-ose was a great Warrior who lived and died in what is now known as the Vale of Lochabar, which is located in the most charming portion of that grandly beautiful valley bearing the illustrious name of the Great Chieftain Nip-pen-ose. (117)

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Wos-gwah. *Seneca.* Bridge. **Wos-goauh** in Seneca means "a bridge across the creek." (127)

Locharab is the name of the fair hunting-grounds of the Great Chief Tam-a-rack. It comprises about 1,000 acres, and it is within its borders that the most famous trout stream in the entire country takes its rise. Its forests and streams are most enchanting; and its mountain scenery, its cañons and rock-cliffs, are unsurpassed in beauty and attractiveness.

The Enchanted Spring, which is located in the forest of Locharab, has a mean diameter of over sixty feet, and its depth is unknown. Its surroundings are weird and beautiful. Its steep, rocky banks, surrounded by stately pines and hemlocks, lend an air of mystery to this strangely fascinating spring. There is a charm about it that is indescribable, and no one can visit it without falling under its influence. It was here that the Great King Wi-daagh sat beside his wigwam and meditated until long after the sun had gone down behind the Bald Eagle Mountains. Grief filled his sorrow-stricken heart, as he pondered on the foolish disposal of his lands to William Penn in exchange for "a parcel of English goods," and, with head bent on his bosom, and his eyes fixed steadfastly on the strangely moving waters of the Enchanted Spring, he repeated the lines:

"For who but learns in riper years
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected";

and the pine-trees above him murmured a sad response, while the head of the King sank still lower on his bosom.

The hunting-grounds of the Mighty Tam-a-rack are reached by passing up through a deep and narrow passage known as the Mystic Cañon, which is cut through the Bald Eagle range of the Allegheny Mountains. In many places this cañon is only wide enough for a trail and the swift-running stream which flows from the Enchanted Spring, while on each side the mountains rise abruptly, and in the sudden turns or bends of the cañon they seem to block further progress until a nearer approach dissipates the illusion.

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On the right of the Mystic Cañon as we ascend, Mount Covenhoven, by a sudden bend of the passage, comes into plain view. It rises abruptly beside the cañon, until it lifts its head 1,950 feet above the sea level. As we approach the head of the Mystic Cañon, Leadpoint Mountain, 1,560 feet high, looks calmly down upon us from the right, while on our left rises Mount MacClintoch, 1,875 feet high. The three mountains named stand within the hunting-grounds of the Great Chief. In the Autumn the sides of these mountains, which are covered with a dense growth of forest trees, assume hues of color that are surpassingly beautiful.

Emerging from the head of the Mystic Cañon, the Vale of Lochabar suddenly bursts upon the vision. Here the mystic stream comes noisily down over its rocky bed and dashes against the base of Mount MacClintoch, which rises sheer from the bed of the stream. Yonder, nestling in the foothills, gleaming white against the dark-green background, rests the wigwam of the Mighty Tam-a-rack.

There is an air of mystery surrounding this home of the Tam-a-rack that is difficult to describe, and it is with extreme diffidence that the Dusky Chieftain approaches the subject. Many a time has he tried to sleep within the walls of this picturesque old place, and he has been unwillingly brought to the conclusion that the house is haunted. After a night of startling surprises he extracted from the reluctant Tam-a-rack the following extraordinary confession :

"As certainly as there is a God in Israel the headless horseman gallops into the wigwam, the door opens, there is a draft of air, and the measured strides of the rider pass on to the chamber. And so also does the 'Sentinel' come and go with silent tread, doing the duty assigned him. As for the family they are used to the ghosts and like them, just so long as Tam-a-rack is within calling distance. In recent years there was discovered in the northeast corner of the wigwam a secret chamber, enclosed by thick stone walls. An opening forced into it disclosed evidences of a tragic human ending. The manifold legends and mysticisms which are centered

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around the wigwam, are difficult to reconcile with modern intelligence; nevertheless exhaustive investigation has failed to disclose the phenomenon which exists here. The 'galloping horseman' and the 'specter sentinel,' as in the past, continue to come and go.

"The theory cannot be denied, and, as it is not an uncomfoting one, it may reasonably be accepted that the spirits of the departed do not go far away from their former earthly abode. The living cannot see the inhabitants of the spiritual world, but they may love to think that their friends who have gone before are always near and cognizant of their being."

This frank avowal on the part of the Mighty Tam-a-rack must be accepted as conclusive that the house is haunted.

The story told on page 167, where the Chieftains stood over the waters of the Ap-pe-u-ne and saw the spirit form of Saint Nip-pen-ose rise slowly from beneath the water, is literally true. The Dusky Chieftain once saw the same phenomenon when sitting alone at midnight beside the Enchanted Spring, while the gentle south winds were making mournful music among the overhanging pines and hemlocks.

The haunted wigwam of the Mighty Tam-a-rack stands alone among the mountains. The air pervading this dim, mysterious dwelling is of such a ghostly nature as to readily recall the following lines:

"Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

"It might be only on enchanted ground,
It might be merely by a thought's expansion,
But in the spirit of the flesh I found
An old, deserted mansion.

"No human figure stirred to go or come,
No face looked forth from shut or open casement,
No chimney smoked; there was no sign of home
From parapet to basement.

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- "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear :
' The place is haunted !'
- " Howbeit, the door I pushed or so I dreamed,
Which slowly, slowly gaped, the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.
- " The startled bats flew out, bird after bird,
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter.
- " The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.
- " Such omens in the place there seemed to be,
At every crooked turn or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some apparition standing.
- " For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear :
' The place is haunted !' "

That the Enchanted Spring is haunted there can be no question . Let the Warrior stand on the south side and look across the spring in a northeasterly direction at precisely three o'clock in the afternoon, and gaze steadfastly at the face of the rocks which tower up from the water's edge, and he will behold the gleaming eyes of the God of Wi-daagh. This strange scene is mentioned on page 136.

Locharbar cannot be adequately described within the limits of a few pages, and in this brief space allotted to the task the Dusky Chieftain feels keenly his inability to do the subject

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any but scant justice. There is very much to be seen and heard among the mountains and streams of this wonderland that must be left for more gifted pens to describe. When the Dusky U-ri-on-tah stood beside the Mighty Tam-a-rack on the topmost cliffs of Leadpoint Mountain, and gazed down upon the Vale of Lochabar, he was moved to exclaim :

Search the earth's remotest borders,
Visit each and every star,
Yet you will not find its equal ;
Nothing equals Lochabar !

The scene before them recalled the following lines from the pen of a young Australian poet, long since dead :

" Rifted mountains, clad with forests, girded round by gleaming pines,
Where the morning, like an angel robed in golden splendor, shines ;
Shimmering mountains, throwing downward on the slopes a mazy glare,
Where the noonday glory sails through gulfs of calm and glittering air.

" Stately mountains, high and hoary, piled with blocks of amber cloud,
Where the fading twilight lingers, when the winds are wailing loud.
Grand old mountains, overbeetling brawling brooks and deep ravines,
Where the moonshine, pale and mournful, flows o'er rocks and evergreens." (135)

Ap-pe-u-ne. The An-das-te name of an Indian Princess who long, long ago lived in the Vale of Lochabar. After her death she became a fairy, and to this day she presides over the beautiful stream which bears her name in that vale of wonders and enchantment—Lochabar. (137)

Ha-wa-e-yoh. *Seneca.* A dead man, or a dead human being. (141)

Hollow-tree Trail. This is a trail leading from the Ot-zin-ach-son over the Bald Eagle Mountains east of the Mystic Cañon to the summit of Mount MacClintoch, and

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thence descending the precipitous mountain-side to the mystic stream which beats against its base.

This trail is noted principally as the one taken by an Indian without a soul many long years ago (see page 145), and later, during the nineteenth century, it was taken by a famous Sioux Chieftain, known as Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah, who was on a visit to the O. O. T. T. wigwam, and who was warned to avoid the Mystic Cañon trail, as a band of hostiles were there lying in wait for him. (145)

Ne-ha-ha. A renowned Andaste Princess. A niece of Great Chief Nip-pen-ose; she is represented as having been very beautiful when living as an Indian Princess. She now presides over the diamond field in the Vale of Lochabar.

The mound which contains the earthly remains of this sweet Princess rests on the right bank of the mystic stream at the edge of the diamond field. It is reached only by a winding tortuous trail which to the true Indian is smooth and unobstructed; but whenever it is desecrated by the tread of a pale-face, in whose heart there is no trace of veneration for the memory of the departed Princess, then the trail becomes filled with concealed objects and obstructions, and oftentimes the pale-face, from no visible cause, will suddenly fall prostrate on the ground beside the trail.

Many times will this strange phenomenon occur before the pale-face can enjoy the rare privilege of standing beside the mound of this beloved Princess, on the borders of that great mystery, the forest of Lochabar. (152)

Te-i-o. *Iroquois*. Beautiful waters. (164)

Tar-at-ar-o-ga. *Iroquois*. Place of the rocky vale. (164)

As-to-at-yea. *Seneca*. Narrow pass of a river or stream in a valley. (164)

De-a-non-da-a-yoh. *Seneca*. Brotherhood. (169)

Yo-hah. The national exclamation of the Iroquois or Five Nations. The French Canadians bestowed the Indo-Gallic name "Iroquois" on these nations, which had for its root form the exclamation "Yo-hah." The name (Iroquois) was coined in 1535. (169)

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On-ti-o. *Iroquois*. Beautiful hills. (170)

Be-ess. A Cyclopean word of obscure translation. Nothing could afford us greater pleasure than to be enabled to unravel the mystery surrounding the origin, real motive, and future destiny of this marvelous demon. It will be noted that on page 392 he stated that in some other locality he "was known as the Prince of Devils, but that now he was the Bee-ess."

This statement was undoubtedly intended to deceive, as it is painfully evident that the Prince of Devils is still doing business at the old stand. Furthermore, it must be clear to the most casual observer, that there is no similarity in the revealed purposes of these two devils. The Prince of Devils devotes his energies to the task of saving souls by alluring them away from angry gods, while the Bee-ess will unhesitatingly destroy a soul, if by so doing he can gain his nefarious ends.

Whether the Bee-ess purposely deceived the Cyclops in order to more effectually conceal his identity, or merely for the pleasure of deceiving, has never been satisfactorily explained; and it is extremely probable that the truth will not be divulged so long as he remains unconquered. (179)

Quin-nip-i-ac. *Mohegan*. A great Chief who lived in the land of Uncas. When he died his spirit was said to have taken possession of a beautiful stream in the heart of the Mohegan country. It was beside this stream that the Dusky U-ri-on-tah dwelt when he became Immortal. (183)

Ma-ha-qua. *Algonkian*. The name of the Mohawk River. In Mohawk language it is Ag-me-gu-e. In Mohawk "Iroquois" is Ho-ti-non-si-on-ni. As a tribe the Mohawks called themselves Gan-ni-ag-wa-ri, "The She Bear." Whence they were termed by the neighboring Algonkian-Mohegan tribes, Ma-ha-qua. A name corrupted into "Mohawk" by the English. (185)

Ac-qui-no-shi-o-nee. The ancient name of the Iroquois for their Confederacy. (185)

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Wek-ou-om-ut. *Algonkian.* Mohegan "wek," his house or dwelling-place. With possessive and locative affixes it becomes Wek-ou-om-ut. The Mohegans sometimes pronounced it Wee-ku-wuhm, and this pronunciation was corrupted by the English, at first into Week-wam, and finally into Wig-wam. (187)

De-can-e-so-ra. A famous On-on-da-ga orator, principal speaker of the Five Nations. In person he was tall, and of fine features. He had great fluency of speech and a graceful elocution. His style of oratory, it is said, "would have been pleasing in any nation." In grace, manner and appearance, he bore a striking resemblance to the great Cicero. (195)

At-a-ho-can. A great but wicked Chief of the On-on-da-gas, who at death was doomed to assume the form of a monster and inhabit mines and caverns. He posed as a god, and he had great power for mischief. (195)

Ta-do-da-hah. A famous On-on-da-ga Chief and Warrior. He was cotemporary with the formation of the Iroquois Confederacy. He made his name illustrious by his great military achievements, and he would not consent to the Confederacy being formed, unless his position as the head of the nation should be perpetuated by the Five Nations, and this was done. Down to this day among the Iroquois his name is the personification of heroism, of forecast, and dignity of character. His title has been regarded as more noble and illustrious than any other in the catalogue of Iroquois nobility. (197)

Mes-ses-sa-gen. An On-on-da-ga deity who raised the land up from beneath the waters, but for some offense committed against other gods was condemned to assume the form of a beast and wander in the darkness of caverns—a slave to wicked gods. (197)

Gui-yah-gwaah-doh. A great Seneca Warrior. The name signifies "Smoke Bearer." The messenger of the Confederate Council to kindle the Seneca Council-fire on business of the Confederation. (197)

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Ta-ren-ya-wa-go. An On-on-da-ga Chieftain, whose remarkable history will greatly interest all the Warriors of the O. O. T. T., and will doubly interest the Warriors of the Wa-kon-tee-pee, who dwell in the land of Min-ne-ha-ha. And to the Great Lock-ar-do-no-mah, whose home is among the lakes and streams mentioned in the story, it is of more than common interest. It is derived from the verbal narrative of Abraham LeFort, an On-on-da-ga Chief. It is entitled "The Story of Hi-a-wa-tha; or, the Origin of the On-on-da-ga Council Fire."

"Ta-ren-ya-wa-go taught the Five Nations arts and knowledge. He had a magic canoe which moved without paddles. It was only necessary to will it, to compel it to go. He taught the people to raise corn and beans. He improved the water-courses and made fishing-grounds clear. He helped the people to subdue the monsters which overran the country, and thus he prepared the forests for the hunters. His wisdom was as great as his power. His people admired him greatly and followed his advice gladly. He gave them wise instructions for observing the laws and maxims of the Great Spirit. Having done all these things, he laid aside all the high powers of his public mission, and resolved to set an example of how they should live. For this purpose he selected a beautiful spot on the southern shore of Lake Ti-o-to (Cross Lake), so called by the natives to this day. Here he built his lodge, planted his corn, kept his magic canoe, and selected a wife.

"In relinquishing his former position as a subordinate power to the Great Spirit, he also dropped his name and, according to his present situation, took that of Hi-a-wa-tha; meaning 'a person of very great wisdom,' which name the people spontaneously bestowed upon him. He now lived in a degree of respect scarcely inferior to that which he before possessed. His words and counsels were implicitly obeyed. When Hi-a-wa-tha assumed the duties of an individual at Ti-o-to he had elected to become a member of the On-on-da-ga tribe, and chose the residence of his people in the

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shady recesses of their fruitful valley as the central point of their government.

"Years passed away in prosperity. Suddenly there arose a great alarm at the invasion of a ferocious band of Warriors from the north of the Great Lakes (Al-gon-ki-ans). As they advanced an indiscriminate slaughter was made of men, women and children. Destruction threatened all alike, whether they resisted or submitted. The public alarm was extreme. Hi-a-wa-tha advised them not to waste their efforts, but to call a general council of all the tribes that could be gathered from the east and west; and he appointed a meeting to take place on an eminence on the banks of On-on-da-ga Lake. Accordingly all the Chiefs assembled at the spot. The occasion brought together vast multitudes in expectation of some great deliverance.

"Three days had already elapsed, and there was great anxiety lest Hi-a-wa-tha should not arrive. Messengers were despatched for him to Ti-o-to, who found him in a pensive mood, and to whom he communicated his strong presentiments that evil betided his attendance. These were overruled by the strong element, and he set out for the Council, taking his only daughter with him. She timidly took her seat in the stern, with a light paddle to give direction to the canoe; for the strength of the current of the Seneca River was sufficient to give velocity to the motion till arriving at So-hah-hi, the On-on-da-ga outlet. At this point the powerful exertions of the aged Chief were required till they entered on the bright bosom of the Onondaga Lake. The Grand Council sent up its shouts of welcome as the venerable man approached and landed in front of the vast assemblage.

"An ascent led up the banks of the lake to the place occupied by the Council. As he walked up this, a loud sound was heard in the air above, where a spot of matter was seen descending rapidly and every instant enlarging in size and velocity. Terror and alarm were the first impulses, for it appeared to be descending among them and they scattered in confusion. Hi-a-wa-tha stood still and caused his daughter

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to do the same. The object was an immense white bird, and it came swiftly and crushed the girl to death. Not a muscle was moved in the face of Hi-a-wa-tha. The bird had buried its beak and head in the earth. It was covered with beautiful white plumes. Each Warrior stepped up and decorated himself with a plume, and it henceforth became a custom to assume this kind of feather on the war-path. Succeeding generations substituted the plumes of the white heron, which led this bird to be greatly esteemed. On removing the dead bird not a trace of the child could be found. She had completely vanished. At this the father was greatly afflicted, but he roused himself and walked to the head of the Council with a dignified air, covered with his simple robe of wolf-skins, taking his seat with the Chief Warriors. One day was given to discussion; on the next Hi-a-wa-tha arose and said:

“My friends and brothers: You are members of many tribes and have come from a great distance. We have met to promote the common interest and our mutual safety. How shall this be accomplished? To oppose these northern hordes in tribes, singly, while we are at variance with each other, is impossible. By uniting in a common band of brotherhood we may hope to succeed. Let this be done, and we shall drive the enemy from our land. Listen to me by tribes:

“You, the Mohawks, who are sitting under the shadow of the great tree, whose roots sink deep in the earth and whose branches spread wide around, shall be the First Nation, because you are warlike and mighty.

“You, the Oneidas, who recline your bodies against the everlasting stone, that cannot be moved, shall be the Second Nation, because you always give wise counsel.

“You, the Onondagas, who have your habitation at the foot of the great hills, and are overshadowed by their crags, shall be the Third Nation, because you are greatly gifted in speech.

“You, the Senecas, whose dwelling is in the dark forest and whose home is everywhere, shall be the Fourth Nation, because of your superior cunning in hunting.

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“ ‘You, the Cayugas, the people who live in the open country and possess much wisdom, shall be the Fifth Nation, because you understand better the art of raising corn and beans and making houses.

“ ‘Unite, you Five Nations, and have one common interest, and no foe shall disturb and subdue you. You, the people who are as the feeble bushes, and you who are a fishing people, may place yourselves under our protection, and we will defend you. And you, of the south and of the west, may do the same and we will protect you. We earnestly desire the alliance and friendship of you all.

“ ‘Brothers! if we unite in this great bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us and we shall be free, prosperous and happy. But if we remain as we are, we shall be subject to his frown. We shall be enslaved, ruined, perhaps annihilated. We may perish under the war-storm and our names be no longer remembered by good men, nor be repeated in the dance and song. Brothers, these are the words of Hi-a-wa-tha. I have said it. I am done.’

“The next day the plan of union was again considered, and adopted by the Council. Conceiving this to be the accomplishment of his mission to the Iroquois, the tutelar patron of this rising Confederacy addressed them in a speech elaborate with wise counsels, and then announced his withdrawal to the skies. At its conclusion he went down to the shore and assumed his seat in his mystical vessel. Sweet music was heard in the air at the same moment, and, as its cadence floated to the ears of the wondering multitude, the vessel rose in the air higher and higher till it vanished from the sight, and disappeared in the celestial regions inhabited only by Ha-wea-ne-o and his hosts.”

It was the reading of this story, which was first published in Schoolcraft's "Indian Tribes of the United States, 1847-51," that inspired Longfellow to write his "Song of Hi-a-wa-tha." He transferred his chief character, however, to the south shore of Lake Superior, and placed him among the Ojibways, at or near the Pictured Rocks and the Grand

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Sable. Had this illustrious author ever visited the Onondaga country, it is probable that he never would have removed Hi-a-wa-tha from his native heath, for there is no more beautiful region in all the world than that known as the "Country of the Onondagas," with its innumerable hills, valleys, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, streams and forests. The Great Chief Lock-ar-da-no-mah has but to stand beside his wigwam and gaze about him, and his eagle eye will rest on the scene where the events transpired which are related in the "Story of Hi-a-wa-tha." Happy Lock-ar-da-no-mah! to be able to stand on the identical spot where stood the multitude who gazed upon the only Hi-a-wa-tha, when he, in his magic canoe, ascended to the happy hunting-grounds, bearing with him the love and veneration of a united people.

It is not difficult to imagine the exultation of the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah, when, with rod and gun, he hies him away to the streams in the forest, knowing, as he so well does know, that his feet are pressing the same soil where trod the saintly Hi-a-wa-tha.

This is indeed historic ground. Oftentimes does the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah stand where stood the wigwam of Hi-a-wa-tha, there to contemplate the great sorrow that has overtaken his race and kindred since the day when the pure-souled Hi-a-wa-tha took his departure for the happy hunting-grounds. Many a time has the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah paddled his birch-bark canoe over the identical course taken by Hi-a-wa-tha, from Lake Ti-o-to, or Cross Lake, down the grandly picturesque and historic stream, known as the Seneca River, to the spot where it is joined by the outlet from On-on-da-ga Lake, at So-hah-hi, thence up that stream to the banks of that ever memorable lake, where, hundreds of years before the white man set foot on American soil, the Grand Council was held which formed the union of the Five Nations under a system of government which, to a large extent, was copied into the system adopted in the Constitution of the Great American Republic. It is on this spot that the Great Lock-ar-da-no-mah sits and lives over again the golden days of the Great Confed-

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eracy. Happy Lock-ar-da-no-mah ! to know and to feel that where his wigwam now stands is the spot where the race of mankind first emanated. When he looks out on the hills and forests, he has the proud satisfaction of knowing that here is the very center of the Universe.

And "you, the On-on-da-gas, who have your habitation at the foot of the great hills, and are overshadowed by their crags," happy indeed are you to have for your Great Chief so wise a counselor, so illustrious a Warrior as he upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Hi-a-wa-tha, the great and wondrous Chief Lock-ar-da-no-mah. (197)

Tam-an-end. A famous Algonkian Delaware Chieftain, who eventually became the Patron Saint of Tammany Hall. (217)

At-o-tar-ho. *Onondaga*. Meaning the Five Nations. (218)

Ho-de-no-sau-nee. *Iroquois*. The Five Nations. The Iroquois also called their Confederacy **Ac-qui-no-shi-o-nee**. It signifies a league of tribes, a term in use long before M. Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence in 1535. It could then be traced back fifty years and longer, according to the memories of the older Indians. Their traditions taught them that the Confederacy had always existed. Where can there be found a more perfect system of government in all history than was founded by the Iroquois, of whom it has been said: "Like a great island in the midst of the Algonkians lay the country of tribes speaking the genuine tongue of the Iroquois?" The Confederacy grew and prospered, until it comprised in Canada the Hurons or Wyandots, Tiontates and Attiwanarunks. In New York the Iroquois Ho-de-no-sau-nee, or Five Nations. In Pennsylvania the Minquas, Andastes or Susquehannocks. In Virginia the Nottoways and Meherrins. In North Carolina the Tuscaroras, who fled to them for protection in New York in 1712.

The Algonkians occupied the vast area from Hudson Bay to North Carolina, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River, with outlying tribes in the Rocky Mountains. North

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of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes the Nasquapees, Montagnais, Algonquins, Ottowas, and Kilistinors, or Crees. On the Atlantic Coast the Micmacs, Abenakis, Sokokis, Massachusetts, Narragansetts, Mohegans, Delawares and Virginia tribes. In the West the Chippewas, Menomonees, Pottawatomes, Miamis, Illinois, Sacs, Foxes, Blackfeet, etc.; and the Shawnees in the South.

When the Dusky U-ri-on-tah sits by his wigwam in the quiet evening and dwells on the dim, mysterious past, he finds it a source of deep regret that the history of his race is enshrouded in doubt and obscurity. In all the legendary lore with which his race is imbued, there is no record beyond that of "many moons" by which to arrive at even an approximate estimate of the time when the red-men first formulated the most beautiful languages ever spoken by any races of men under the sun. The Dusky Chief can only draw conclusions.

Our soil is but one vast cemetery of our ancestors. There is scarcely an excavation made in either North or South America, that does not disclose the bones of our kindred, while arrow-heads, pipes, beads, gouges, pestles, and stone hatchets are found everywhere. The bones of the red-man, his works, the skeletons of the mammoth tropical animals, the cassia-tree, and other tropical plants, are reposing together beneath our feet. Who can tell by what catastrophe they were overwhelmed and buried in the same strata?

In the valley of the Mississippi the monuments of buried nations are unsurpassed in magnitude and melancholy grandeur by any in the known world. Here were cities containing hundreds of thousands of souls. Mounds are scattered throughout the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Almost anywhere in all this vast domain the plow upturns the skulls of our ancestors. That the Aztecs and the American Indians were of the same family there is no question or doubt.

Ancient forts and fortified towns, from one-half mile to four miles apart, extend from the southern portion of South America northerly through Central America, Mexico, Texas,

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along the Gulf, and up the valley of the Mississippi; thence up the Ohio River valley and north to Lake Erie; thence easterly, close to the borders of that lake, and down the Niagara River to Lewiston, New York, ten miles below Niagara Falls; thence easterly, following along the Ridge Road about seventy-eight miles to the Genesee River near Rochester, and on to the Black River in northeasterly New York. For several miles to the east and west of this chain until Lake Erie is reached, and then southerly from it, the rest of the course, many forts have been built.

In Western New York they extended south of the Ridge Road some fifteen to twenty miles, as shown at Akron, Oakfield and Batavia, etc. Strewn in and among these fortifications were cemeteries, temples, altars, camps, towns, villages, race-grounds and other places of amusement, habitations of chieftains, vedettes, watch-towers, monuments, and innumerable well-worn trails. These remains of art are the connecting links of this great chain, which extends over this vast range of more than five thousand miles. Where else on the earth can be found monuments of ancient skill of such magnitude? On the ramparts of many of the forts trees over one thousand years old have frequently been found. This precludes the possibility of their having been built by Europeans since the days of Columbus.

There is every reason to believe that the old Ridge Road from Lewiston to Rochester, which is elevated about thirty-five feet above the land lying north of it, was the ancient boundary of Lake Ontario. The gravel with which it is covered was deposited there by the waters, and the stones everywhere indicate by their shape the abrasion produced by wave action. Along the borders of the Ridge there are small mounds or heaps of gravel, erected by the fishes for the protection of their spawn. These fish-banks are found, in a condition that cannot be mistaken, at the foot of the Ridge on the side towards the lake. On the opposite side, none have ever been found. This Ridge lies about an average of eight miles from the present shore of the lake.

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Here, then, is a strip of land, eight miles wide and seventy-eight miles long, that would certainly have been selected for its great advantages for navigation, for subsistence, for safety, and all domestic accommodations and military purposes, and yet it does not contain a single fortress, except one or two, which were built during the French and Indian wars, and these are quite unlike the ancient forts.

Throughout the entire length of the Great Chain the fortifications followed the water-courses and lakes, except in the strip mentioned, and the conclusion is irresistible, that the chain of forts was built before the time when the Ridge Road was the southern shore of the lake, and when the Niagara Falls was at Lewiston, ten miles below the present location. Since a record has been kept, in 1842, the Falls have receded at the average rate of four and one-half feet annually. This gives the time as 11,733 years. How long before this period the fortifications were built, who can tell?

The Dusky Chieftain, for want of space, finds it impossible to give the Warriors any more than this brief sketch concerning our Worthy Ancestors, and it must be left for further discussion around our council-fires. (218)

Oom-paugh. Described under On-ta-ro-ga. (230)

Yan-ge-yoh-ar-gwer-do-wers-tanke. *Seneca.* The happy hunting-grounds. (260)

Mon-to-we-se. *Mohegan.* A Great Chief who lived in the land of Uncas. On account of his great impetuosity in battle, he was known as "The Whirlwind." When he died, his spirit took possession of a mountain, whence he often looked down upon the Dusky U-ri-on-tah when the latter was gliding up and down the Quin-nip-i-ac in his birch-bark canoe, and he called the Dusky Chieftain "Ha-yan-wan-deh," meaning "My Nephew," who, in returning the salutation, would exclaim, "Hoc-no-seh," which, in pale-face language, is "My Uncle." These were expressions of endearment, as no blood relationship existed. (265)

Ha-ne-sha-o-ne. *Seneca.* The Evil Spirit, or Devil. (266)

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Sa-go-ye-wat-ha. Red Jacket. A famous Seneca Indian, whose bones are now resting beneath a beautiful monument in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y. His original name was O-te-ti-an-ni, meaning "Always ready." That of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, meaning "He keeps them awake," had been conferred upon him on his election to the dignity of a Sachem. The name "Red Jacket" arose from a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, presented to him by a British officer, which he always took great pride in wearing. He was remarkably swift in the chase, and he was an orator of surpassing eloquence. (274)

Klu-ne-o-lux. An exceedingly fierce and vicious spirit or devil. He first appeared among the Oneidas, but he traveled from one tribe to another, and woe betide the mortal or immortal who crossed his path. (277)

Hen-nun-do-nuh-seh. *Seneca.* A mourning council. (280)

Do-ne-sho-ga-wa. *Seneca.* Meaning "Keeper of the Western Gate." It is one of the fifty illustrious titles bestowed by the Iroquois Confederacy or "Long House," reaching from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. At each end and the south side were a "Keeper of the Gate." General Ely Parker, a Ton-a-wan-da Seneca Indian, was "Keeper of the Western Gate" for fifty years, from 1846 until his death in 1896. His successor is Thomas Poudry, a Ton-a-wan-da brave, a member of the Wolf Clan.

General Parker served on the staff of Gen. Grant during the Civil War, who, after becoming President, appointed Gen. Parker Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He was a gentleman, a distinguished soldier, a Knight Templar, a high type of his people, who, notwithstanding the high honors he had earned, lived and died loyal to his Indian ancestry and his inheritances. (284)

Wa-kon-tee-pee. In the Sioux language, a cavern in which dwells the Great Spirit, or "Cavern of the Great Spirit." This cavern is situated in the side of a mountain overlooking the Blue Earth River, near Mankato, Minnesota. Mankato, a corrupted pronunciation of the beautiful Indian word "Mah-

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kah-to," is the name of a charming city, resting at the mouth of the rushing Blue Earth River where it joins the mighty Minnesota. It is chiefly noted for being the home of the Great Sioux Chieftain known as Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah. The existence of this Mighty Chieftain is the unavoidable sequence of a natural development. With such an environment he could not be otherwise than as he is. To a marvelous degree he partakes of that which, on every hand, he sees, feels and touches. When he stands on an eminence overlooking the wonderfully grand valley of the Minnesota, where the river "sweeps around the purple mountain," insensibly he becomes a part of his surroundings. He has no thought of the Great Chief himself except as a part and portion of the whole. On the spot where he is standing huge rocks abound, and great forest trees wave their strong arms in the wind. The Chieftain stands among the rocks and trees as a portion of the whole. He sees, so also do the rocks and trees see. They feel the glow and exaltation of the wondrous scene spread out before them, so also does the Chieftain feel the same glow and exaltation, for indeed are they each and all a portion of the whole, and this is the land where dwells the Fiery Car-ne-yah-quah.

Go where he may in that weirdly, strange Undinal country, and he will meet with rivers, streams, lakes, cañons, hills, valleys, mountains, forests, rocks, cliffs and waterfalls that smile upon him, whichever way he may turn, for he is a part of them, and they of him. Is it any wonder, then, that the Chieftain is what he is? How could he be otherwise in this wondrous region, where there are seven rivers and twenty-nine lakes, and forests everywhere? And this is the fairy-land where Undine, after wandering all over the earth, searching in vain for a place to her liking, at last came, and here she made her home.

Undine, a female water-spirit without a soul, with which she might be endowed only by marrying a mortal and bearing a child. She prefers to remain soulless rather than marry a mortal, and so she wanders by subterranean passages from

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lake to river and river to lake, a sad and melancholy spirit. On moonlight nights, when youths and maidens float in gondolas on the bewitching waters of Madison Lake, Undine has been seen to rise slowly from out the water and gaze mournfully upon the maidens, as though warning them not to marry, but to live the life she lives. Then, when the maidens smile derisively upon Undine, she looks reproachfully at them with her lustrous, gazelle-like eyes, and slowly sinks beneath the surface where the moon-glade is gleaming and the youths and maidens sing :

“ Oh, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles.”

And such is the land of Car-ne-yah-quah.

Oh, land of the poet's dreaming,
Land of the Wa-kon-tee-pee,
Land of the Mighty Red Cloud,
Land of the midnight twilight,
Land of the snow-white moonlight,
Land beloved of Car-ne-yah-quah ! (292)

Ha-seh-nō-wa-na. *Seneca.* A Chief of doubtful standing, or, more correctly speaking, a Chief of the second grade. One who, by some means, has secured the title, and who is always ready to quarrel, but who had a little rather run away than stay where there is any likelihood of a fight. (333)

Tar-at-ar-o-ga. *Iroquois.* Place of the rocky vale. (342)

Con-at-a-ra. *Seneca.* A tree at a gorge. (342)

Co-at-a-ra. *Seneca.* Cascade at a gorge. (343)

Tar-i-o. *Seneca.* Beautiful rocks. (345)

Os-ar-o-ga. *Seneca.* Place of the view of water and rocks. (368)

On-que-bon-whe. This word, when interpreted or translated into Seneca, becomes **On-que-hon-we**, meaning “men surpassing all before them.” (379)

Ho-de os-seh. *Seneca.* The Civil Council. (407)